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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Volume XXVII Number One

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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the College.

Changes may be made in advertisements by notifying the Business Manager.

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The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., October, 1913

Langeweile

Scarlet poppies undulating,
Waving sleepily;
Heavy perfume, senses sating,
Almost stifling me.
Golden bees a-seeking treasures
Buried in the flowers;
These alone mid idle pleasures
Grasping fleeting hours.

Sunset painting all the west
Like a flaming sea;
Dreary feeling of unrest
Quite possessing me.
All the sky aglow with light
Makes my spirit yearn
That the coming of the night
Find sweet rest's return.

Purple-shadowed evening falls,
Heavy, somberly;
From the copse a night-bird calls,
Sadly, plaintively.
Dreadful dreams distorted break
Into my fitful doze;
Heavy eyelids burn and ache—
Heaven! grant repose.

An Unusual Co-ed

FRANK B. BROWN

The usual dull atmosphere of absolute sluggishness hung about the campus of old Whiting College. The dilapidated old buildings with their clinging growth of ivy stood there like some ancient ruin of the old world. The very air was heavy and dull; the river, which ran by the western edge of the campus, seemed to be flowing lazily, and was ever murmuring to itself like a stubborn child because it had to flow at all. The whole tenor of the scene was dull, lifeless, and inert. The pupils were lounging about as if their sole care in this world were to eat and sleep, and to rest between times.

That was at eight o'clock on the opening day of college. Classes had not yet begun, and even the little appearance of work which did assert itself when the college year was in full blast was not yet evident. At length, however, the bell rang for the first meeting of the pupils of the school in the chapel, and slowly and demurely they strolled to their places. The usual motley array of Gibsonville co-eds filed in and took their seats without attracting any special attention from the boys. The gray-haired old dean of the college, who, in his slow movements and halting speech, seemed to incarnate the spirit of the place, arose and began a long, tiresome, monotonous exposition of the hopes of the college for the year to come and of its achievements in the year just passed. To this erudite lecture the freshmen listened with wide-open eyes and gaping mouths, while the other classmen talked quietly among themselves without giving any heed to the slow orator before them.

While the speaker was even in the very midst of his talk, suddenly there came a great change over the audience. The sluggishness of the men seemd to fall off, and every one of them turned, as if impelled by some attraction which was irresistible, towards the door. In the door's center stood the inocent cause of all the tumult. It was a new co-ed—a co-ed who did not come from the college village of Gibsonville, either—and she was standing there with the calmest expression imaginable, as if she had not the slightest notion that anyone had

noticed her. As a matter of fact, however, she was the cynosure of all eyes, and, as she left the door and walked majestically down the aisle to the co-eds' section of the chapel, her dainty form was followed by the admiring glances of two hundred boys, each of whom said to himself, "Gosh, but she's a queen!"

The boys were not far wrong, either. She was indeed beautiful enough to have been a queen. With a perfect and graceful figure, she seemed as neat and trim as a Parisian model. Her hair was jet black; and her eyes—those eyes which went wandering about over the crowd of boys with such a frank and open gaze, and which, in their course about the room succeeded in smashing two hundred hearts beyond repair—they, too, were black and shining. As for her lips—no sooner had the boys of the Whiting College seen them they absolutely forgot that "last kiss" from "the girl they left behind them," which they had so solemnly sworn never to forget; and now they were each longing for something better in the way of osculatory satisfaction.

Needless to say, chapel and the chapel lecture held no further charm for the men of Whiting College that day. With a rush they left the building when the nine o'clock bell rang, and they crowded around the entrance like a crowd of little boys about an Italian with hand-organ and a monkey, in order to see the new co-ed when she came out. And when she did make her appearance, such a bowing and scraping as took place was never seen before nor since. Each man outdid Lord Chesterfield himself, and prostrated himself before this new idol of the school almost as literally as the Hindu bows low at the feet of his beloved and adored Buddha.

But among all the crowd that beheld the beauties of the new co-ed that day, it so happened that only three of them succeeded in getting introduced to the fair being. These three were a Preacher, a Student, and a young man of the Bowery sport type, whom I shall designate here by the term Roughneck.

When the Preacher met the handsome young lady, the first thing which flashed into his mind was, "Make a date." Accordingly, during the few minutes' conversation which he had the opportunity of holding with her, he said:

"My dear young madam, it seems to me that your influence has worked mightily for good in my soul. I think that your company will help me in my future life, and I want to ask that you allow me to see you at some early date."

A very mannerly, dignified, and preacher-like request it was, and to this earnest plea she could not refuse a favorable answer; so she said to him:

"I am indeed glad to know that you feel that way about me. I should be glad to see you soon. Meet me on the bank of the old river tomorrow afternoon at five."

When the Student met the young woman, he too felt that he must arrange for some future meeting between himself and this goddess of beauty who had charmed him away from his books. He said to her, with an expression of the most erudite love imaginable:

"My most bewitchingly pulchritudinous enchantress, thou who exceedest even the classical and mythical goddesses of the ancient times in the gleaming splendor of thy countenance, may I be so bold as to request of you that you will be so considerate of that mighty passion which has suddenly broken loose within me and stirs my soul to its very foundation as to grant me the privilege of beholding thy visage once more and holding sweet converse with thee?"

"Why, certainly," said the girl, unable to resist such a speech of love. "Meet me on the bank of the old river tomorrow afternoon at five."

Almost the same thing occurred when the Roughneck met the co-ed. With a typical Bowery swagger he addressed her thus, as he was about to leave her after his first introduction:

"Say, pal, where can a fellow find you some time when he wants to spoon a bit? Where do you hang out around here? I want to see you some more."

"Well," said the girl, "I'll tell you what to do. Meet me on the bank of the old river tomorrow afternoon at five."

On the eventful day on which all this happened—on which the new co-ed put in her first appearance—on which these many meetings took place and when these dates were made—on this day, I say, a great change took place about the campus of Whiting College. Thus can one girl create a great dis-

turbance in a college community. Her influence will permeate the whole scheme of things.

This was especially the case in this instance, anyway. The old buildings that day seemed to have thrown away their morose inertia, and truly to live; the pupils no longer showed any symptoms of taciturnity, but there was a continual chattering about the beauty of the new arrival; the air seemed to have become lighter and freer with the coming of this beautiful girl; and even the river now seemed to tinkle merrily along as if highly pleased with the whole situation.

The same condition prevailed on the following day. Every one was admiring the co-ed and each was wishing that he had met her. The Preacher, the Student, and the Roughneck, however, each kept religiously to himself the fact that he alone had succeeded in making a date with the beauty.

At last five o'clock came. The pretty co-ed was sitting calmly on the bank of the old, merry trinkling river, and was looking with an expression of motherly love at a little boy who was sailing toy boats on the surface of the river not far off.

As said above, five o'clock came. The Preacher, precise to the second, came walking through the trees from the direction of Gibsonville, with a big bunch of roses in his hands and a bigger bunch of smiles on his face. He approached the fair one with his face literally overwhelmed with expressions of undiluted rapture inspired by the mere presence of such a wonderfully beautiful creature; and with many a flourish, he presented her with the huge bunch of roses. Then suddenly he stepped back from her with a look of surprise on his face. He had heard a footstep, and he turned about to see who it was that dared to interrupt this little affair of the heart.

From among the trees stepped the Student, carrying under his arm an immense box of candy. With a side-long glance at the Preacher which boded that gentleman no good if the Student happened to be the better man physically, the Student walked over to the Co-ed and presented his box of candy to her with an outburst of oratory worthy of Cicero in his palmiest days, and which would have made old Demosthenes blush with shame at being so thoroughly outstripped in the handling of rhetoric.

Just at the conclusion of the Student's rhapsody, another sound of quick approaching footsteps was heard. With fiercely glaring eyes the Student and the Preacher turned about, and behold, from among the trees came striding the Roughneck. In one hand he bore a bunch of roses which far outshone the paltry twelve-dollar bunch which the Preacher had brought with him; and, "unkindest cut of all," in his other hand he bore a box of candy which, compared with the box which the Student had brought, was like a modern Dreadnaught compared with one of the frail and useless ships of Columbus' days!

Indeed, this was a most peculiar and embarrassing situation. How the Student and the Preacher looked daggers at that Roughneck, and how that Roughneck looked daggers at the other two, and how the first two looked daggers at each other! If the tenseness of the situation had continued to increase, there is no telling what would have been the outcome. But fortune intervened to relieve the situation. The child, which had been playing unnoticed on the edge of the river, suddenly slipped and fell into the water. With a scream of anguish the fair young Co-ed sprang to her feet, exclaiming as she did so:

"Save him! Save him!"

Instantly there flashed into the minds of all three men the same thought. "If it is her will that the boy be saved, I now have a chance to play the hero: save the boy, and thereby win the lady's love. I'll do it! I'll do it, and get the best of my rivals!"

With a simultaneous motion the three men threw off their coats; exactly in unison they pulled off their shoes; in a line they ran to the river's edge; and at the same moment they turned and spoke in short, quick sentence.

Said the Preacher: "For the sake of your love, I go to rescue this perishing soul."

Said the Student: "In order to obtain some portion of your affections, I proceed."

Said the Roughneck: "Your love's worth it. I'll get the kid."

Then they all three turned back, and their three bodies struck the cold waters of the river at the same instant. With a single stroke, each of them came to the body of the child; each of them grasped its clothes; together they carried it to shore.

With a cry of joy, the Co-ed sprang to the child and hugged it to her bosom. For a few moments the three dripping men watched her; and then they began to wish to get rid of that child which was drawing the lady's attention away from their heroic personalities. They would find out whose child it was, and would take it home. Then they would come back to their loved one and fight out their love affair on their individual merits.

"Who is the woman whose breast is rejoiced by this child as a son?" queried the Preacher.

"Indeed, yes," said the Student. "Pray by what woman is this lovely bit of infantile innocence claimed as her offspring?"

"Whose kid is it?" asked the Roughneck.

"Whose child?" exclaimed the beautiful woman before them, looking up at them with a look of feigned astonishment in her eyes. "Why, didn't you know? It is *my* child! My own Horace! And so like his father!"

"Heaven forbid!" sighed the Preacher. "And yet it is undoubtedly true."

"Why, who could have imagined such a thing possible!" queried the Student with a sickly grin.

"Oh hell!" said the Roughneck emphatically.

Next morning the college again seemed dead and lifeless; and the river murmured on as if it loathed the fact that it had to run at all.

The Derelict Ship

MARY YEULA WESCOTT

O, the derelict ship lies alone on the strand,
And the wavelets but touch her side;
There was once a day when she sailed the main
As proud as the haughtiest galley of Spain,
And bountiful wealth she brought again,
With each voyage o'er waters wide.

O, the derelict ship, her masts are broke,
And her sails are tattered and brown.
Full many a day she drifted alone,
As banked seaweed by wild winds blown,
Her cargo over the sea is strewn,
Her crew long since went down.

O, the derelict ship, when the moon shines bright,
And the stars come one by one;
I think of her then as proud and free,
Once more a sail on the bounding sea,
Riding the white crests merrily
As she oft before has done.

O, the derelict ship, the night time through,
She sails from the sandy shore,
Her cordage creaks, the waves rush high,
She dashes ahead through the storm's loud cry,
But at dawn in the sands she again must lie,
Her voyage never o'er.

A Scurvy Trick of Fate

Trebor Yarrum

Percy Danvers was an exceedingly popular chap and really quite an entertaining young fellow in his own particular line of small talk. He could sling baseball slang and evolve the evolution of the tango dance with all the fervor and enthusiasm of the connoisseur. Hence, he was the lion of the hour among the co-eds of old Brighton. But when it came to determining an angle in geometry or untangling a Latin ode, Percy was not always sure of his ground.

However, he managed to get through his freshman year without any serious mishaps, for, be it understood, Percy had a number of friends among those who felt it their duty to work occasionally, and these friends, with the able aid of a first-class interlinear jack, simply carried young Danvers over the rough places without any violent effort on his part. Had Percy been content to let matters progress as they had started, he would doubtless have secured a sheepskin as big as anybody's else in due course of time. But, owing to his own popularity and his deceased father's pile, young Percy was given a bid into the Kappa Eta Pi Fraternity. Of course, he accepted the invitation gladly and in due course of time was initiated into that eminent society, and, as a matter of course, he straightway began to get an exalted opinion of himself, and discovered that it was altogether beneath his newly acquired dignity to associate in any way with the students who were addicted to the plebian art of work in any form. So, he either dropped or was dropped by his old friends. He thought the former was the case, though the other fellows state the case differently. Anyhow, Percy ceased to have anything to do with the fellows who had pulled him through his freshman year, and had only his faithful jack and a number of fellows equally as rattle-brained as himself to connive with.

About this time Percy came to the conclusion that there was no need for him to attend chapel. He didn't have any particular interest in what went on there anyway, and he decided that it was simply a waste of time which he might use to advantage in catching up a little sleep which he lost at night in

keeping up the appearances of his fraternity in attending every dance and show in town. However, Dean Billy Ranford didn't seem to look at the matter from the standpoint of Percy, and he was actually inconsiderate enough to post a letter on the bulletin board requesting Percy to call at his office and get the matter of his chapel absences straightened out. Of course, Percy paid no attention to such an inconsiderate summons. He passed it over as one of the good dean's failings which he must overlook with good-natured tolerance.

When Percy invariably failed to show up in answer to the dean's repeated attempts to get an interview with him, the good old gentleman was troubled. He jotted down a note in his inevitable book, shook his head sadly and ruminated upon what course to pursue. Finally, he brought himself to mention young Danvers's laxity to one of the faculty members, the Latin prof, to be specific. But the latter showed no surprise. In fact, he said that he had been noticing the young fellow's growing tendency to neglect his work for some time. Then it was that Dean Billy began to keep a watchful eye upon Percy.

So, when a few mornings later the water tank and several trees about the campus were discovered disporting the numerals 15 in various styles and sizes but all in bright green paint, and an investigating party had been formed, it did not take the dean long to put down Percy as one of the suspects. When the party reached his room, they found the door open and saw Percy lying in bed fast asleep, even though it was near on to ten o'clock. But what attracted the dean's attention most just at that moment were Percy's shoes. There was no doubt about them being Percy's, for only a very few fellows on the campus wore low tan pumps of that particular style. They were splattered with bright green paint.

Of course, Percy and his friends put up an able defense, and even went so far as to explain in a perfectly logical manner how Percy had been attacked on the campus when coming in on the previous night by someone carrying a bucket of paint. But Dean Billy would not be convinced. So Percy gave it out with considerable bravado to a big audience of students that he simply would not stay at a college where they had for dean such an inconsiderate old bear as Dean Billy Ranford and

that he was going home, and would probably finish his college career at either Harvard or Yale, he hadn't exactly decided which.

Thus ended Percy's career at old Brighton. Percy wasn't especially troubled about being prohibited from attending classes. The question that was bothering him was how he was going to explain satisfactorily to his mother his sudden demise from old Brighton. Some women were so hard to make understand and would persist in asking foolish questions. Brighton had been his father's Alma Mater, and since the latter's death, it had been the dearest wish of his mother's heart to see her son carry off high honors as had his father before him. The disillusionment!—aye, there was the rub.

Percy shrugged his shoulders and looked at the matter philosophically. What had happened had happened; he couldn't help it now. And he hied him off to the florist to get a bunch of roses to carry home as a peace offering.

II.

Now, Percy was a young fellow who almost always acted upon the impulse of the moment. He had thought himself desperately in love dozens of times in his short career, and had proposed to the girl in question as often as he had felt the love thrill. But there are some fellows whom a girl will not take seriously, no matter how ardent and tragically serious they may appear. Percy was one of these fellows. For the most part, the girls to whom he had proposed had met his ardent advances with a kind of motherly sympathy—patted him on the back, so to speak, and let him down easy. And so Percy had arrived at the age of the average sophomore, bearing no more marks of the conflict than the average fellow of his age. No, I'm not going to tell you all about Percy's love affairs. I merely state this in order to prepare you for what follows.

Percy wasn't even thinking about girls when his eye fell upon *the* girl. He says he wasn't, and he can be relied upon in a case like this. He was sitting there in the car staring moodily out of the window and playing listlessly with the bunch of flowers in his hand, trying to frame up some sort of plausible tale with which to meet his mother's inevitable questions. The train began to slow down, and he looked up to see what station

it was. It was then he first caught sight of her, and he swears that she smiled at him, though of course that is not necessarily true, for a fellow of Percy's vanity can imagine almost anything. However, that smile, if there was one, acted upon him in the same way an electric shock might have. He says that every nerve in his body seemed to give a mighty jerk in unison, and the blood rushed to his head. How long he gazed at her he never knew, but when he came to himself he saw her throw up her head with a gesture of anger and look the other way. Then it was that he realized that he had been staring at her open-mouthed, with inexcusable rudeness. He dropped his eyes in confusion, and fumbled with the roses. Then he looked out the window again. There she was talking with a funny looking little old woman and she didn't even deign to favor him with a glance.

A sudden inspiration came to Percy. Here was the one girl in the world for him. Who she was or what didn't matter to him. She was the one girl, and he could not afford to let her slip away from him. Even in his excited state Percy had presence of mind enough to realize that, barring the lone fifty-cent piece and the slick dime in his pants pocket, he was dead broke. So it was not at all practicable that he pursue the most logical course: stop off at the station and stay until he had managed to get an introduction to this paragon of girls; and he could not think of letting her slip from his sight with the dark prospect of never seeing her again. So Percy did just what he usually did under exciting circumstances—threw discretion to the winds and acted upon primal impulse.

Searching feverishly through his pockets he finally brought to light one of his cards. He found a stubby pencil and scribbled the following legend upon it:

Beautiful Lady:

Pardon this unconventional note. As I gaze upon you there on the platform, so angel-like, a feeling of awe surges over me, and I realize that I am looking upon the one woman God meant for me. Believe me, dearest, I am sincere. Please drop me a line to Greensboro, and make me the happiest man alive.

In an agony of suspense until I hear from you, I am,

Your soul-mate,

PERCIVAL DANVERS.

The train was moving off, and in a fever of excitement and deadly determination, Percy snatched up the bunch of roses which he had bought as a peace offering for his mother's forgiveness, thrust the card among them, and threw the bouquet from the window toward the spot where he had last seen the girl.

III.

Now, it happened that Miss Sophronia Sue Sorghum, of Efland, had been to the city on a trip which extended over a period of two days. And when she got back home, she'd been somewhere and had tales galore of the sights she had seen with which to regale the sluggish minds of her neighbors.

Miss Sophronia Sue (Fronie, for short) had had a grudge against pretty Sallie Day for near on to two years, and it was with a distinct sense of elation that she held the spotlight for awhile, while Sallie lingered on the outskirts of the crowd and listened to her tales with envy written on her pretty face. Sallie was young, and Miss Sophronia Sue wasn't; that was enough to cause Miss Sorghum's grudge, but that wasn't the only reason Miss Sophronia Sue had it in for Sallie. Sallie had usurped the affections of one Hank Smith, which had formerly belonged to Miss Sorghum and which the latter had held on to doggedly and desperately as her last hope, and, although Sallie had repeatedly rejected Smith, who was about twenty years her senior, she had gained the undying hatred of Miss Sorghum.

So, Miss Sophronia Sue was in her glory, taking for herself, or rather for her tales of the city, the attention that was usually accorded Sallie by all the masculine inhabitants of Efland.

"Yes, sir, I had my fortune told," declared Miss Fronie (for short), "and what's more, I believe in it. I don't care what you say agin fortune tellin', Hank Smith," as a slow grin appeared on the face of her erstwhile beau.

"That fortune tellin' man told me my affinity was somewhar nigh, and, ef you want to know it, that's what I'm down here at the station for. He 'lowed as how my soul-mate might put in his 'pearance at any minnit, and you jest bet yer lift, I ain't goin' to let him slip by without seein' him." At which light laughter rippled through the crowd, emanating from Sallie Day.

"Oh, you can laugh, Sallie Day," snapped Miss Sophronia, angrily, "but if I was like you, goin' round stealin' other girls' beaus, I'd keep my mouth shet tighter'n a stopper in a ketchup bottle." Miss Day's face flushed, but she laughed again. She was used to Miss Sorghum's temper, as she had had occasion to feel the sting of the old maid's tongue many a time.

"What else did the fortune teller tell you 'bout yer 'finity?" asked one of the loungers, with a sly wink at the crowd.

"He said as how red roses would be the token o' his identity," answered Miss Sorghum, shortly.

"You fellows better be careful how you tote red roses whar Miss Fronie can see 'em," advised one of the villagers with a loud laugh.

Miss Sophronia Sue flushed to the roots of her thin reddish yellow tresses, and started to give vent to a sharp retort, when the whistle of the train coming around the bend put an end to the discussion, and the crowd scattered to secure the best points for observation.

The train came in with the usual rush, and for awhile mild excitement reigned in Efland. Miss Sorghum and Sallie, in some way, managed to get next one another, and it was at this moment that our hero's gaze fell upon buxom Sallie. The girl was smiling in derision at Miss Sophronia Sue, and probably that was the smile that young Percy thought was given for his special benefit. Be that as it may, Sallie hadn't as yet even looked toward Percy, but as he kept staring at her, she raised her eyes altogether involuntarily. Every girl alive can tell when someone is gazing at her, especially if the gazer happens to throw as much ardor into his stare as did Percy on this occasion. Yes, Sallie looked up, and her eyes met Percy's; she dropped her eyes and turned her head away half angrily, as any nice girl would have done under the circumstances. But she wasn't actually mad. No indeed. Trust a girl to know intuitively when a fellow is trying to flirt and when he is in earnest. Had Percy had any intentions of starting up a mere flirtation, Sallie quite probably would have given him just the tiniest bit of a coquettish smile before dropping her eyes. But Sallie didn't do anything of the kind, as I have told you. She turned to Miss Sophronia Sue instead and actually asked

her a friendly question about her sojourn in the city—a question without the slightest trace of sarcasm—and showed so much interest in that lady's reply that the latter was almost tempted to forgive Sallie on the spot for being young and for having taken away Hank's affections.

Miss Sophronia Sue was a much abused old maid, and it had embittered her toward everybody; but most of her attitude toward the world was assumed, and she would have thawed, even as the snow on a warm spring morning, at the least show of kindness or affection offered her. There are many poor, little starved souls of Miss Sophronia Sue's type. Outwardly, unloving and bitter, but in reality, if given the opportunity, the most sympathetic and loving of creatures. So engrossed was Miss Sorghum in relating her trip to an apparently sympathetic listener, and so vividly aware of the attention she was attracting in at least one mind was Sallie, that neither of them glanced toward the train again until with a clanging of the bell and creaking of cars it began to move on.

Both women were startled by something whirring through the air, and both stepped back involuntarily to avoid contact with the missile, and a bunch of flowers, wrapped in green tissue paper, fell at Miss Sorghum's feet. Through the green of the paper gleamed faint traces of pink, which when unwrapped proved to be beautiful red roses. Had a visitation from the gods appeared Sallie could not have been more dumbfounded; but not so with Miss Sophronia Sue. With a gasp of surprised pleasure she reached down and picked up the bundle and held it up proudly for the inspection of the crowd.

"Didn't I tell you so?" she exclaimed triumphantly.

"And ye try to make me believe there ain't nothin' in fortune tellin'," she proceede as no one ventured a remark.

Finally, Hank Smith recovered his mental equilibrium enough to blurt out, "Wal, what in tarnation has them things got to do with fortune tellin', I'd like to know?"

"Didn't I tell you that that man said as how red roses was the token o' the comin' o' my affinity? See them?" holding the flowers out under her erstwhile swain's nose. "Them's flowers o' fate."

"Flowers o' h——," returned the exasperated Hank. "Them ain't nothin' but ordinary red roses." And his face expressed the contempt he felt for Miss Sophronia Sue's silly sentimentality.

Miss Sorghum began to investigate, feeling sure that the fates would deign her some other token than merely the flowers, and she soon came upon Percy's card hidden among the roses. She read it, and could not forbear offering it to the unenlightened and unbelieving crowd for proof of her contention that destiny was bringing along her soul-mate to her. And Miss Sophronia Sue's romantic love note and token was the theme of conservation for days around Efland; in fact, till its sudden and tragic (for Miss Sophronia Sue, at any rate) termination, though the Eflandites never did know exactly how the end of the affair came, as Miss Sophronia Sue never would explain why she had given up hopes of her unknown knight-errant. However, I will tell about that next time, as I am getting tired of writing, and you are doubtless tired of reading. So au revoir, till next month.

(To be continued)

A Distant Song

N. I. White

So sweet and wonderful and low,
  The song drifts down to me
(As fairy-whistled breezes blow
  Across a fairy sea),
It seems—just how, I do not know—
  But yet it seems to me
Like fragile petals in the snow
  Beneath an apple tree.

So silence muffled from afar
  The silver chords are ringing;
Have angels left a door ajar
  When Israfel was singing?
Or, in a grape vine hammock are
  The cherub children clinging,
Beneath a silver frosted star,
  And humming tunes in swinging?

So faint, so faint, and far away;
  So sweet and low and tender—
It seems the singer's heart was gay
  With joy it couldn't render;
And yet . . . the woes of yesterday
  Have found a sorrow-mender,
So trouble-wise, so far away,
  So sweet and low and tender.

The Rose of All the World

Many, many years ago, in a far distant land, famed throughout all the world for its brave lords and gentle ladies, there dwelt a knight of such bold and stately bearing, but so gentle and courteous withal, that by many he was called the very best knight under the sun, and by many it was rumored that he was worthy a seat at the Round Table of Arthur of England, even Siege Perilous itself. But I shall not go for to tell you of that adventure by which he crossed to England and won a seat at the Round Table—not Siege Perilous—one nearer Arthur's, for this adventure which I shall relate brought to him far deeper joy than even Siege Perilous could give. I pray you, listen attentively, the while I shall tell how this great joy came to him, and in what manner this knight of such worshipful bearing won for himself his Rose of All the World.

It was a bright morning in merry May. All the world seemed to join in his gladness and singing as he cantered easily along, looking always to right and left that no adventure might escape him. Truly, it was a gladsome sight that he beheld, for his path lay through fields which stretched from the walls near which he rode, while for many miles, touched also with the gold of the hearts of millions and millions of daisies. And all the while the birds sang freely, and the snowy clouds drifted lazily across the blue sky. Also, he seemed strangely glad, although I doubt if he himself could have told the reason. Soon he saw a bright gleaming in the sun, and riding nearer, lo, he beheld it to be a mirror suspended from the wall, and his heart leaped, for he knew it to be a magic mirror, and never before had he chanced upon one.

Now, many years before, long ere even the coming of Arthur, Merlin had visited this country, and so pleased was he by the quiet virtue of the people that here and there over the land he had placed these mirrors. They had strange powers. Sometimes they were invisible, and at times they seemd covered by a heavy veil, or fitful shadows would come and go across them now well nigh obscuring their contents, now let-

ting the watcher catch faint glimpses, according to his virtue; but always if one might see within their depths, there appeared, not his image only, but some scene that should influence his actions.

The heart of the knight beat rapidly as he drew rein, for he knew right well that something lay waiting for him there within the magic mirror. Springing lightly to the ground, he drew nearer, and looked, and lo, within the mirror there appeared a rose garden and seated there was the most beautiful lady he had ever seen. Within her golden hair were twined roses of the faintest pink which matched the color of her cheeks. Her hands, which were white and shapely, held other roses that she had gathered, and in the dim twilight glow which enveloped the picture, she seemed but a rose herself. The knight knelt down before the magic mirror, and with his sword across his knee, he whispered, "Thou art the Rose of All the World, and never shall I be content until thou art mine. I will ride throughout all the world in search of thee, nor shall I cease until at last thou hast been won." A long while he knelt there before the mirror, gazing into it, and the passerby, unseeing, murmured, "That is some good knight at prayer."

Presently he rode on, only now he did not sing, for he was buried in thought. All day he rode and for many days, and always before him shone the face of the lady of the Rose Garden, and always he pondered how she might be won. Often he met knights and in merry tilts overcame them; then the face would beam smilingly upon him and he would be much uplifted, but at times it seemed that she looked appealingly at him, and he thought, "I must ride forward and rescue her, for she is in distress." Every time he met a cavalcade his heart beat joyously, for he thought she might be among them, and always when he met those in distress he rescued them, for he said, "Thus also would I rescue my Rose of All the World."

One day he met a band of robber knights bearing with them a fair prisoner, and he rode to them and asked them why they abused one so fair, and they gave him rough answers and fell fiercely upon him; but at last he proved a match for them all, and every one lay slain or sore wounded about him. Then he turned to the lady and loosed her hands and said, "I pray

thee tell me how this wretched plight came upon thee, and whither this robber band was conducting thee."

And the lady answered, "My lord holds vast estates in these parts and because he holds to the lands which cruel Ranfird falsely claims to be his, these robber bands are sent against us. My lord has been left to die outside his castle walls and I was being taken to the castle of Ranfird, where, 'tis said, he keeps imprisoned more than five score knights, whom he has overcome in battle, and ladies taken forcefully from their homes. Among them is my youngest sister, whom he has sworn to wed. And O, I pray thee," she cried, suddenly falling upon her knees before him, "get some good knights and ride forward to rescue her, for she is very dear to me," she added, pleadingly, "and she is young and fair to look upon."

The heart of the knight was sore touched. He rode back with the lady to her home, and then set out to find the castle of Ranfird. All the while the eyes of his dream-lady looked appealingly upon him. At times she, too, appeared upon her knees as if asking a great boon, and this the heart of the good knight could not bear. Spurring forward, he came before many hours to the castle of the wicked knight. As he gazed at the wall of the castle, a veil seemed to be lifted from off one side, and there appeared a mirror and in it her face, lifting sad eyes to him which seemed to say, "Be brave and conquer." He looked around and saw nearby a hunting horn, and above it swinging in the breeze a card which bore this legend:

"Whoso shall blow a blast upon this horn, shall receive sore hurt to his body."

Straightway the knight took down the horn and sounded it right merrily three times; full soon the bridge was lowered, and there rode out of the castle, full equipped for fighting, a knight of mighty proportions, who called out in insulting tones, "Ha, sir knight, I perceive right well thou canst not read clearly. Upon that card is written whoso bloweth the horn shall be sore wounded, and now thou hast unwittingly blown upon it. Yield thee to my behest and come into my castle. There await already five score knights and ladies who will yield thee goodly company." The good knight answered boldly, "Right well did I know of my danger, wicked one. I shall

not yield until it has been proven in fair fight that thou art the stronger. I am come for to do battle with thee, and to punish thee for thy wicked practices."

Then put they lance in rest and three times rushed at each other, and such was the force of the onslaught that at each time they broke a spear; they then descended from off their horses and fought on foot, and so evenly matched were they, that a goodly time had elapsed ere Ranfird lay upon the ground, slain by the sword of the good knight. Then he shouted for the bridge to be lowered, and on he went into the castle, nor paused until he came into a room where was assembled a goodly company of men and women, and all their faces were thin and pale from fear and imprisonment, and as they beheld him they said, "Alas, that thou, too, hast been conquered, who seem a gallant knight." Then he answered, "Conquered by Ranfird I am not. Without these castle walls he lies slain by my sword, and ye are free to go and come as ye will." They looked at him in doubt and wonderment, but he showed them that all he spoke was true, and they departed joyously for their homes. Then the good knight went back into the castle, until he came to the room where was kept one, whom they told him was even more cruelly abused than they. He rapped upon the door, but no answer came save only a little frightened movement, and then silence. So he rapped again, and this time he spoke, "Fear not, Ranfird is dead, and I am come to rescue thee from this darksome place." Then the door was slowly opened, and the face of the most beautiful lady he had ever beheld appeared—the face of the Lady of the Rose Garden. And the good knight fell upon his knees before her, even as he had before the magic mirror, and he bowed his head until his lips all but touched the hem of her trailing white robe. "O, my lady," he said, "it is thou at last. I have wandered far in search of thee, from every mirror thy face looked out to guide me, and now I have rescued thee from the clutches of wicked Ranfird, who even now lies without the wall slain by my sword. I pray thee come with me, for far away I have a stately castle, and there we shall abide happily together, and I shall ever be thy true and faithful knight, and thou shalt be my Rose of All the World." Thus he spoke to her gently so that her heart was moved, and

they left that darksome place and journeyed afar through the joyous fields and past the magic mirrors which always gave back to them their reflections riding side by side; and at last they came to the castle of the good knight, and for many years they lived there in great happiness, and much good was done by them throughout the land.

* * * * * *

Now many other stories might be told of him, for as I told you in the beginning this is but the tale of one adventure which befell the good knight—that gentle adventure which brought to him much joy, whereby he rode to rescue others and won for himself his Rose of all the World.

A Kite and a Heart

M. B. ANDREWS

With two expensive gems and bright
And very, very rare,
She bought a worthless little Kite
And sailed it through the air.
She loosed the cord, and in its flight
It wandered—who knows where?
Although the Toy was gone all right,
She didn't seem to care.

And as the Kite sailed on and on,
Its motion seemed to spell
A message meaning ever gone—
Farewell, farewell, farewell!
Although the Kite she gazed upon,
No crystal teardrop fell;
I wonder was her heart of stone—
I wonder who can tell?

Editorial

Enthusiasm

The old Greeks thought that the invigorating sense of elation which every one of us feels more or less and which we, making use of the Greek root, call enthusiasm, was a manifestation of the direct influence of a god upon man. Many centuries have passed since the old pegan philosophers set forth this explanation of this spiritual phenomenon, and man has arrived at no better or more satisfactory explanation of enthusiasm to this day. Enthusiasm is a spiritual essence. Whence it comes and why, we know not. We merely know that it is divine. Truly it is a gift of the gods. But, like all divine gifts, it can be used or abused, according to the character of the individual man. The real essence can never be lowered, but it can be sadly distorted.

Many people think that enthusiasm must be evidenced by great outward show and confuse wild fanaticism with the purer and more spiritual quality. And we see the former masquerading in the garb of the latter, like Falsehood wearing the garments of Truth, until sane, serious-minded men become disgusted and try to suppress all show of zeal and enthusiasm, deeming it but an expression of the fanatic and the crank. We are prone to forget that real enthusiasm comes into our souls in a strong, though subdued, stream which permeates our entire beings and carries us over all obstacles toward the lofty goal of our ambition.

Enthusiasm is like a mighty undercurrent which moves silently, but with invincible force, through the deep waters of a mighty lake; fanaticism is like the noisy ripples on a shallow sea, which fly in all directions and are set agoing upon the slightest provocation. In other words, enthusiasm expresses depth of soul and loftiness of character, while fanaticism is the expression of the little mind, the puerile soul and the weak character.

How often do we see men permit themselves to go almost completely wild with enthusiasm, or, perhaps, it would be better to term it pseudo-enthusiasm. To be enthusiastic does not

imply that you be a crank. By no means. Man is so constructed that, if he does not keep a grip upon himself he is likely to become a crank before he realizes it. This is especially true of college men. It is so easy to become such an enthusiastic baseball or basket-ball fan that the mind becomes dominated almost entirely by that particular sport and cannot give proper attention to more important things of life. Nothing is more boring to a sane, serious-minded person than the unceasing talk of the fan upon his one topic, baseball, or basketball, as the case may be. We do not condemn these sports by any means; we merely implore the fan to remember that there are other things in the world equally as important as his particular hobby.

Not only among college men do we find fans of the most radical sort, but all over the United States as well. Since our great national game has spread to such proportions over the country, so many fans of the most cantankerous variety have developed, that men of meditative and peaceful disposition look about them in dismay for places of refuge from the pests. Men who heretofore were energetic business men intent on the chase after the almighty dollar, during the baseball season forget all about their business affairs and seek the bleachers where they yell themselves black in the face, guying the visiting players and hooting the umpire; dignified preachers, loafers, bankers and all degrees of humanity mingle in wild fanaticism on the bleachers and perforce inflict upon all whom they meet their personal account of the game. Such is the American democracy during the ball season, and we come to the conclusion that there is about us much difference between a fan and a fanatic as there is between a lunatic and a madhouse patient. And we are constrained to cry out with Cicero, *"O tempora! O mores!"* whither are they leading us?

We need and we want enthusiastic men on athletic teams, at games, in the classrooms, in the laboratories, and in every phase of college life, but we want men who are broad-minded enough to hold a comprehensive view of life and work. We do not need cranks nor fanatics among us. The students are better off without them, the college is better off without them, and the world is better off without them.

The Knocker

In every community, college or otherwise. there is usually found that infinitesimally small type of mankind known as the "knocker." However optimistic we may be, it isn't an easy matter to persuade ourselves that this particular corner of the material universe is rid of its share of this kind of being. The knocker is self-assertive, and his true character forcibly projects itself upon others, even though the acquaintance be casual. His existence is so universal as to gain him the epigrammatic appellation, "a necessary evil," although it is extremely difficult to determine in what respect he is essential. He never renders any service to society, being altogether too much occupied with sowing the seeds of dissension, which germinate everywhere he lends his presence. Always ready to find fault and criticise, he poses as a self-appointed critic of any work or plan undertaken, whether or not the work be commendable, or whether or not the end in view be meritorious.

This social pest is a burden on society, of no use at all, and very much in the way. A failure all through life, no door of success opens to him, despite the scriptural injunction, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." His eye is so blinded by his overestimation of self as to render him incapable of seeing merit in anyone else or in anything except his own self-devised plans. If his vision were not blurred by the mist of conceit and bigotry that permeates his being, he would see himself as he really is, and as others see him, a clog of dust that clogs the wheels of progress. Another notable characteristic: the knocker is also a quitter, one despised in the eyes of his fellows. That is, he quits everything except knocking, and knocks everything except quitting. Be a power for good in your community. By silent admonition let the knocker know that he is not wanted. Don't knock the college organizations, its athletics, its magazines, nor anything that is the college's. Stand by them; give them your support, for they are yours, and upon you their success depends. —B. W. R.

Alumni Department

My Literary Career

As I am this day passing a milestone which reminds me that I have entered the early part of middle life, I am inclined to give an account of my stewardship in the use of a literary talent which some fond friends have thought me to possess. Be it understood that the autobiography to follow is not intended to disclose any secrets of my life, except those pertaining to writing. No writer ever tells "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" about himself. While many authors have given a record of their lives, in which they have confessed many weaknesses in general terms, all are careful not to utter any facts that might attract the attention of the grand jury or lower them in the estimation of their fellowmen. Confession of sin by the literary conscience is of the purely conventional prayer-book kind. Even an author so morbid, introspective as Augustine seems to pause in his confessions from time to time in order to see how his utterances are going to sound. Perfect candor, unless able to serve dramatic effect, must stand aside. As I am not braver than my fellows, I do not feel disposed to face the plain, unvarnished truth about myself.

Suffice it to say that the facts of my life place me in the class of the generality of mankind. Unlike the father of our country and like the average boy, I have told a few stories in efforts, often vain, to avoid the rod of correction, and as a matter of natural course, I have been as guilty of "the conventional lies of civilization," commonly known as white lies, as the average man. While, according to the recapitulation theory, it is natural at a certain period in every boy's life to steal, I remember to have offended against the rights of property only three times. When I was a boy of tender age, I took possession of twenty cents, which did not rightly belong to me, but, after the lapse of a few years, my desire to be square with all the world became so strong that I returned to the victim of my youthful delinquency one dollar, thus restoring, accord-

ing to the law of the Hebrew commonwealth, five-fold. My second offense arose in connection with a long-used, much-abused Barlow knife. Another boy lost it, and I found it. Instead of returning it to the owner, I swapped it for another equally worthless, but carrying with it the advantage of undisputed title. A few years later I attempted to make restitution by buying from the former owner of the barlow an article worth about fifty cents for $1.00. I realized at the time that he thought me an easy mark, but "the heart knoweth its own bitterness," and I was attempting in a crude way to square myself with my conscience. The purchased article, proving worthless, I returned it to the owner, who failed to return the dollar, thus proving himself to be a bigger rascal and of more primitive instincts at twenty-one years of age than I had been at fourteen. The third act of depredation was committed in a turnip patch within hailing distance of the classic walls of Trinity College. I was then older and knew better, but yielded to the temptation to "follow a multitude to do evil." Of this wrong I have bitterly repented, and would be glad to make restitution, but as I recall the quality of the turnips, I realize that it is impossible to do so without making the owner of the patch guilty of receiving something for nothing.

As to my literary career, I hasten to correct any misleading impression that might grow out of the heading of this article, by saying that the greatr part of my record in this field, like an iceberg, is still outside the range of vision. While a part of that career is definitely outlined against the sky of the past, seven-eighths, or some such portion, yet lies in the formless deep of the future. Whether this larger part shall become actual depends upon continued opportunity and the strength of a good intention. Remembering the uncertainty of human life, and recalling Dr. Johnson's opinion that the thoroughfare to an undesirable region is cobbled with good intentions, I face the possibility of my literary career remaining largely a phantom.

The silence now about to be broken reaches over a period of more than seven years. Although this is a long time, when measured by the brief span of human life, I would have been willing to extend that silence even further, if certain friends

had not goaded me to the point of breaking it. For while I had my own reasons for retiring from the literary field, these friends have not ceased to accuse me of laziness, dry-rot and other distasteful qualities of which I am as innocent as an angel. If this second entrance should prove premature and the public should complain of suffering inflicted by my writing, I would justify myself by saying that I had suffered also because of my silence.

My literary career began about twenty years ago, and while the number of productions has not exceeded fifty, they have ranged all the way from erotic poetry to scientific speculation. The only form excepted is blank verse. The scientific incorrectness of Milton's conception of the universe gave me an early prejudice against blank verse. This much at least I owe to Milton. But while Milton's devils and angels seemed to me to be stilted and artificial, the forms and faces of many damsels were so real that my admiration burst forth in effusions, some of which lie buried in past issues of periodicals, others of which happily never saw any light save that kindled by their own flame. Ah! the dear, dead days, the rosy cheeks and lithe bodies. The gentle maidens—some of them are fair, fat and forty; others are thin and brown. Alas! in every instance, save one, they married another, and lived happy ever after. So did I. How much do we owe to this miraculous power of transfiguration, which enables the youthful imagination to take an ordinary pug-nosed girl, with a wart on her cheek, and transform her into an epitome of the beauty of the whole world—that enables Don Quixote to see in a buxom milkmaid the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso! For while the beauty fades and the halo passes, their idealizing power becomes the ladder on which men climb from the dark pit of egoistic devotion to the high tableland of universal truth and love.

While the flame of fancy burned bright and high, it did not last long, for I soon passed on to more ambitious efforts of an ethical, philosophical, scientific kind. It is but fair to myself to say that I met with encouragement and that my cessation from attempts at authorship was not due to the coldness of editors. For when I knocked at the door of one of the leading dailies with a carefully prepared manuscript for the Sunday issue,

the editor not only published it, but renwarded me with five extra copies of the paper. He was kind enough also to make editorial mention in a complimentary way of the present achievement and future promise of the young writer. Thus encouraged, I continued for several months to furnish articles until my efforts came to a climax in a paper on the present status of the theory of evolution. Imagine my astonishment and chagrin when I read in the issue of the following Sunday a reply to my article by an ignorant gentleman, who had evidently never read a book on any scientific subject and had not the remotest conception of the meaning of the subject in hand. If some writer of ability had replied and utterly demolished my arguments, I would have felt flattered, but to be annoyed by gnats and other insects was more than I cared to stand. My pride at having been able to get a hearing was much abated. I had gotten into the paper, but so had he, and if he could get in, why not anybody? But while my ardor was somewhat dampened, my efforts did not cease until about two years afterward when a large increase in the duties of my regular profession suddenly put an estopage to the first stage of my literary career.

The public did not seem to take it to heart. Instead of murmured complaints and frequent requests for more, there was almost unbroken asquiescence in my silence. The only direct demand for a product of my pen from that day till this, so far as I recall, was in one case from THE ARCHIVE and in another from the *South Atlantic Quarterly,* and these were not repeated, urgent, insistive. In fact, the request never came a second time. In each realm there has arisen a new king, one perhaps who knows not Joseph, and while the former editor of THE ARCHIVE requested an article, the fate of this production will depend upon the temper of the present occupant of the seat vacated by him.

But if the public was satisfied, no less was I. My retirement was not so much deliberate as unavoidable, made necessary by the pressure of labors connected with my regular vocation. And while this pressure meant literary loss, it also meant financial gain, which was not by any means to be despised. For my literary activity had not been remunerative, the only loss en-

tailed by its cessation being the failure to receive the customary extra copies. This, of course, I did not mind, for of all publications, except those containing articles from one's own pen, a single copy is sufficient. Financially, I had fared about like Poe's poet, who launched his boat upon the literary sea, furnished with the articles of a barber shop. His ship did not come home. Neither did mine. But if my literary venture was not a financial success, I learned that many of far wider experience and greater pretentions fared but little better. One author, whose production was widely advertised as the most readable book of the day, told me that he was poorer on account of it by several hundred dollars. Another was hopeful that he might break even by selling a second thousand copies. Still another confessed that he often found it difficult to connect himself with the price of a meal.

I was all the more ready to quit the field, because I was disqualified by birth and circumstances for producing literature of the favorite kind, which was autobiography in some form. Such themes as "Up From Slavery," and "The Making of An American" had a vogue. I could not write on my ascent from slavery, for I had never been a slave. I was not even a colored man. I could not give an account of how I became an American, because that event took place before the days of my conscious recollection. In fact, I was born an American of ordinary German, English and Scotch-Irish extraction. Being thus handicapped by birth, and having neither means nor leisure to hunt bear in the Rockies or wild animals in Africa, what could I do but retire and leave the field to those more highly favored by fortune?

But neither pressure of duties nor lack of remuneration nor absence of uniqueness in the facts of my experience furnished the chief reason for my temporary retirement. This reason I am about to mention not only to render complete this account of myself but also to drop a hint to others who may aspire to authorship. I saw the vast number of books and periodicals poured forth annually upon a gullible and long-suffering world. I heard the sad complaint of Solomon, as he contemplated the deluge of books in his day and realized that the complaint was a hundred fold more justified now than then. I noted the poor

quality of paper upon which most books and periodicals were printed and found in that fact ground for congratulation. Thousands were rushing into print who had no qualification for it other than that they happened to belong to the species of talking animal. Having nothing else to do, they wrote. Consumed with a lust for talking, they uttered their half-baked notions upon every occasion and in every form of periodical, thus swelling the noise and adding mightily to the confusion of this madcap world. How many times had I purchased a book because of the title, only to find after perusal that money and time were wasted, because of the fact that the author knew nothing of the subject about which he was presuming to write. What if I should be found in the same condemnation? Would it not be wise to pause long enough to subject to the test of time many of the things that I thought I knew? I began to discover in these vast stores of literary metal a few that had the ring and mintage of the genuine coin of the realm. Had I not better sit at the feet of these select few until such time as I might think I had a real ray of light to shed? My conscience was being aroused on the matter, and I began to believe that no man had a right to ask the ear of the public unless he really had something to say. If large numbers of would-be public teachers were of this same opinion, profound and edifying silence would reign in many quarters now bedlamized by noisy clatter.

For the informing, underlying substance of all literature—that which gives it body and staying power—is truth, reality, fact, and the best literature is that which handles the best facts in the best way. It is this element of truth which prevents writing from degenerating into mere words. Three methods of writing have been illustrated by the different ways in which an Englishman, German and Frenchman of the nineteenth century would discuss an elephant. The Englishman would take the animal, watch its habits, dissect its body, and record carefully every fact that could be ascertained. The German would take the idea, elephant, retire into his study and educe from his subjective consciousness what an elephant ought to be. The Frenchman would go out to the zoo, take a casual look at the elephant for five minutes, and then go home and

write a delightfully readable essay upon the subject. Now, good literature is produced by a combination of all three methods. It is not enough to seek out and record facts; nor is it enough to formulate theories; no more is it enough to be able to write about nothing in a perfectly entertaining way. In all really good writings, there are acquired facts, arranged according to law or theory and stated in clear, attractive style. But if one should complain that while he was acquiring a knowledge of the underlying facts, his pen might rust and the fleetness of his flow of language grow tardy, I would have to acknowledge that his complaint is just. And yet the preventive does not lie in flooding the public with a flow of language. Go into thy secret place, and write about such facts as thou hast acquired in as patient and accurate a way as thou art able. Having done thy best, go and dig for the fond fledgling of thy brain a little grave, in which thou mayest bury it out of thy sight. Accomplish thy days of mourning, and return to thy place of work. Having repeated the process for the seventh time, thou canst then take the public into thy confidence by furnishing an article for the press.

But to return to my career. I realized that I was at one with the vast majority of writers in not knowing enough about the subjects I felt inclined to write about, and I resolved to arrive at definite and certain knowledge "or else hereafter forever hold my peace." I would be a learner to good solid purpose even if it required the rest of my days. Where doctors disagreed, I would not be content to identify myself with some sect or school and echo the voice of some Sir Oracle, chosen for my guide. Such partizan devotion to truth at second hand "tendeth to poverty" and lack of self-respect, like second-hand clothing of any kind. I determined to enter the field of observation with my own pickaxe and shovel, and in the light of given facts arrive at my own conclusions. This I have been diligent to do. As a result, I have in my soul's possession some things that are eternally true. Whether the expression of them through my pen shall find a welcome, I do not know. Nor do I greatly care. For truth's reward is with it always, and its great enrichment is within. It is enough to hear amid the Babel noise of earth the one clear note proceeding from the

Master's voice and know that I must follow it through all the world should turn a deaf ear to its call.

I was born into an agnostic, timid, non-committal world, devoid of mighty purpose and conviction. It had not always been so, for history bears record of times when mighty men unified the world's life, bringing order out of chaos and life out of death. But for historic reasons upon which I cannot enter now, the world into which I entered was one of hesitation and confusion. There were eddies of conviction, but the vast flow of the world's current was without direction or shore. While the great minds were subtle in their power to analyze the faiths of former ages, the unity of the faith was gone, and the world, so keen in the analysis of every "Credo," was not able so much as to lisp one of its own. It was a vagrant world. It could not put its hand down anywhere and say, "This I know; on this I stake my life for weal or woe." It said its prayers, but they were parrot prayers. Its very religion was largely a sham, to which such as Carlyle, Ibsen, and Nordau administered caustic almost in vain because they could give no positive word. Its advice was, "Analyze everything, but hold yourself aloof. Study everything, but do not choose anything." Things are somewhat better now. Eucken, the world's foremost philosopher, says, "You live by choice; choose or die; bestow yourself." And Eucken has the ear of the thinking world.

As every man must start with the world into which he is born, I could not but be affected by the tainted atmosphere into which I had come. And I had to reckon with the whole world. Sweet and seemly devotion, nurtured at the pious fireside, may suffice for childhood, but sooner or later one must deal with the whole world situation either in harmony with it or in opposition to it, as his soul's case may demand. How was I to work my way out of this wide-extended bog to solid ground? I recalled the *Cogito ergo sum* of Descartes, but remembered that functional psychology had placed the reality of the Ego in doubt. I must therefore start further back than that, and going back behind all systems and persons, I planted my feet firmly on this: "Something is." When Carlyle was told concerning the faith of a certain woman, "She accepts the uni-

verse," his reply was, "Egad! she'd better." I am not so certain about that, but certain I am that Something is. The universe may not me, at least, as we conceive it to be, but the Eternal Something, the Last Reality, The I am that I Am, Essential Being, is. If, therefore, I was to be rescued from the general drift and saved from being only a succession of sensations, that Last Reality must reach forth his arm. This He has done. He has not only revealed, declared and defined Himself, but he has come forth to the rescue in a way, so startling that the wonder never fades from the face of its power. To render whatever service I may that all the world may realize this fact, I now dedicate my pen, as also long ago I dedicated my voice and life.

Now that my confession is finished, nothing remains but to affix my name. The frequest recurrence of the first personal pronoun moves me to take refuge in an appellation other than that by which I am commonly known. What shall it be? As I recall the names of history, I find myself closely drawn by nature to the philosopher of the tub. By nature, I say, for while I am no cynic, little credit do I claim for being able to view with better hope the progress of human life. I am optomistic only by the grace of God. My observation of the world both as it is today and as its actions are recorded in history shows plainly

> Unless above himself he can
> Erect himself, how mean a thing is man.

An ancient writer said in his haste, "All men are liars;" Diogenes went about with a lantern, looking for a man, and did not cease his search after standing face to face with the conqueror of the world. My experience with mankind, myself as well as my fellows, leads me to believe that the Psalmist might have taken due deliberation and arrived at the same conclusion toward which his hasty judgment pointed. The cynic also had much ground for his snarl. The greatness of man lies not in his constitution, but in his call; not in his worth, but in his destiny; and in a destiny not so much achieved by him as conferred upon him. Therefore, making due allowance for the effect upon me of the gracious dispensation in which I live, I subscribe myself DIOGENES.

Ode to the Columbian Badge

BY TAPSCOTT, '64

Hail Columbia, beaming star,
Cast thy steady light afar;
Shine on with unrivaled glory
Shine throughout the ages hoary.

Like the stars that downward shimmer
Let thy rays of Truth out-glimmer;
Brilliant emblem, send thy light
Blazing through the darkest night.

As Jove's planets splendid roll
As the rainbows tint the pole—
So thy luster lights the sky;
So thy light shall never die!

Lift thy name and lift thy college
On the highest wings of knowledge:
"Ingenium usu splendescet"
Be thy watchword—all embrace it!

Grave these words upon your walls,
Stand by them whate'er befalls—
Till the stars of night are set—
"Ingenium usu splendescet."

Note.—The name Tapscott is not, as some may infer, a nom de plume. In the early sixties there was in Trinity College a young man from Virginia by that name. The above poem was written by him shortly before he gave up his college career to join the Confederate Army. This little poem was given to us by Mr. G. W. Woodward, Class '64, of Durham, N. C., one of the author's college friends, who relates a rather striking incident connected with the poem.

Mr. Woodward, as was Mr. Tapscott, was a member of the Columbian Literary Society. One Friday night he called around at his friend's room to see if the latter were ready to go to the society meeting. Pausing outside the door, he heard some one reciting an ode in oratorical tones. He walked in and found Tapscott rehearsing the above poem, which he delivered that night in the society hall. Mr. Woodward was struck with the spirit of the poem and memorized it. For thirty years and more he kept it in his memory, and it was only in recent years that he wrote it down lest he should forget the only memento of his friend. Tapscott left college in the spring of 1862 and enlisted in the Southern cause. He never returned. He was among the many Southern heroes who sleep in unmarked graves throughout the land. Only as Tapscott, the modest, good-natured Virginian, is he remembered, and this little poem has been instrumental in the preservation of this vague remembrance. Even his Christian name, his birth-place, and his relatives are lost in the general confusion which marked the years subsequent to his college days.—Editor.

Wayside Wares

Dream dreams and see visions, for by them you live anew the past and create new hopes for the future. How dark and dreary the hour of loneliness would be if we had not the power of looking into the future, and if our minds were cut off by the narrow limits of fact and reality as we know them!

Sad indeed would be the Freshman, who, as he went to bed, could not believe himself the stuff and hold his opinions of himself so optimistic that his imagination could play him no trick. He sees himself parading forth in all his glory,

> Wiring in and wiring out,
> Keeping the co-eds all in doubt.

and he awakens in the morning with the solemn belief that Ariel has whispered in his ear new fields of conquest and he confidently sallies forth to storm the citadel of some fair maiden's heart, and there will shortly steal over his face a complacent smile that he believes only indicates to the world that he is something exceptional.

Then again, how much greater the past does seem, as on an early September night you are retiring to make the time pass more swiftly, and in your dreams you are carried in sight of the happy scenes of the summer past, and as night comes on apace, you stealthily make your way to the idol of your heart, and are emboldened by her welcome smile as she stands beneath the honeysuckle vines on the porch, her loving handshake to you as the hair on a young caterpillar's back.

TO WOMAN

Man can imagine no softer, lovelier fabric than the velvet of a woman's cheek.

He can emagine no warmer, color than the ruby of her lips.

He can imagine no jewel one half as radiant as the lustre of her eye.

The sky has not the blue of her eye.

The sea has not the depth of her glance.

And the mountains do not compel such awe as when she looks over the distance with that inscrutable glance of attunement with the infinite.

Mental Images

Henry A. Johnson

What is imagination? Webster briefly defines it as "the image-forming power of the mind," and for present purposes this is a sufficiently accurate definition.

Doubtless, everybody uses this power. It is with much difficulty, however, that some people exercise it; such people are properly called dull, stupid, prosaic, cold, and distant. Others have to put forth conscious effort to exercise this strange power of the mind, but it is with ease that they do so; people of this class may become artists or poets, if they choose, and are usually all round good folk. There are others still who not only can imagine, but they must—they cannot control their imaginations; these are variously termed cranks, fanatics, idiots, fools, and geniuses.

To which class do you belong? Frankly, I belong to the latter. I know I am a genius, though others vow I am a fool.

Everybody recognizes "An English Opium Eater" as a genius, and I belong to his class. Often this image-forming power of his mind carried him, in spite of the protests of is will-power, deep down into caves and bottomless chasms of space from which it often failed to bring him back. Almost daily it forced his shrinking body to face wild beasts, fiends, and devils; day and night it tortured him. True, he was a genius, but a miserable one.

With all due modesty, I assert that I am a more fortunate genius, but not an ideal one; for my imagination bodies forth pleasant as well as unpleasant actions and scenes. As proof of this, let me describe a few of my mental images.

1. At public gatherings where many strangers are present, I often picture myself going from one person to another, speaking, shaking hands, and making friends; it is often extremely difficult for me to prevent myself from doing these things—so much so, in fact, that occasionally I do butt in with a girl on a train or in a passenger station.

2. Trifles worry or annoy me much more than matters of great import do. Often when I become annoyed, I imagine

that it would help my condition for me to chew rocks and nails; at these times I almost feel and hear those things crashing between by teeth.

3. Though I do not belong to that class of people of Eastern Carolina known as the sanctified folk, I sometimes become so happy that it is almost impossible for me to refrain from singing; in fact, some of the men in my section of the dormitory have really accused me of doing so, but—many thanks for the compliment—that is a mistake. I can't sing.

4. A man owes me some money. I go to him for it. He denies the account and talks roughly. My passion of anger is aroused, and it so overpowers me that I fight him with all my strength, but—cursed be my imagination in this case!—he whips me scornfully, showing neither grace nor mercy.

5. On another occasion, the offender, like a saucy gamecock, attempts to crush my dignity by boasting of his manhood. My hand goes into my pocket and comes out. Bang! and he is not. But for months I flee from justice—or, rather, from injustice, for who would say that it is just to punish a man for defending his dignity? Finally I am captured, publicly scorned and hissed at, and finally burned at a stake. Twice cursed be such an imagination!

6. Frequently, when somewhat lonely and unnoticed, I picture myself walking up and down the streets, breaking window-glasses, and destroying other valuable property, just as a certain class of English women are doing today—women who, by the way, are a kind of wild geniuses.

7. I never stand upon a high building, a cliff, or upon an elevated bridge that my mind does not hurl me, as the eagle hurls her young, adown to the rocks of earth, or water beneath, comforting myself with the assumption that the angels will have charge of me, lest I dash my foot against a stone.

8. I am very fond of riding a bicycle. Mentally I dash down the road almost at lightning speed. An automobile whizzes around a curve. Zip! crash! Fragments of my clothes, a few pieces of rubber, and a key or two are found by the coroner—that's all. My people lament my death, speak of me as the best one of the boys, and the home paper describes

me as an ambitious, clean, honest, and upright young man. Oh that such mental images might sometimes be realized!

8. Lastly, my mind sometimes takes me far into the future. A beautiful little cottage, snow-white and trimmed with green, appears upon a gracefully sloping hill at the foot of which is a picturesque lake. Vines are climbing upon the front porch, and the rose bushes of the yard are loaded with white and red roses. The lake is calm and peaceful and teeming with thousands of fishes.

So real becomes this picture at times that I seem to breathe the fragrant perfume of the roses and to hear the sweet voice of the queen who proudly addresses me as King of the World.

Presto! and the vision is gone.

The average student knows more about baseball scores than mathematics, or English grammar. That's why he's average.

Hit's good in winter ter see de rabbits race;
But I longs for Mister Summer wid de hot sun in my face!
De winter win' blow throo me—too cool fer sayin' grace;
Oh, give me Mister Summer, wid de hot sun in my face!

Wanted—To know who wrote the gospel of St. Luke.—Sam Jordan.

Wanted—To know if heat can be raised to such a temperature as to generate enough water to put it out. Tell Bob Courtney about it.

Frosty Maddox says that the principal use of mica is for the manufacture of Mica Axle Grease. Of course, Frosty knows what he is talking about.

Editor's Table

We find ourselves rather at a loss for something to do in taking up the work of this department, since no exchanges have as yet reached us. We realize that it is easy enough to criticise after a fashion. Almost anyone is capable of pointing out the weak points in a composition, but it is not so easy to explain in a clear and logical way how the theme might be improved. We shall attempt this year to offer suggestions in as helpful manner as possible, and we feel sure that what criticisms we see fit to make will be received in the same spirit in which they are offered. We intend to be perfectly frank, and we hope that our exchanges will feel no hesitancy in dealing with us as we deserve. We realize that we are weak in many respects, and what we want to know is how we can remedy our defects.

It is remarkable how few stories of any real merit one runs across in scanning the pages of the various college magazines. It is a lamentable fact that the fiction of our college publications is undeniably poor; and when one comes to think of it seriously, he cannot but wonder why this should be the case. There are hundreds of short-story magazines and publications throughout the country which print comparatively good stories all the time, and sometimes splendid pieces of fiction, from the pens of hundreds of practically unknown writers, appear in these publications.

Now, it seems to us that the colleges throughout the country ought to be the centers from whence these writers come; but, if this be so, then why is there such a dearth of good fiction among contemporaneous college students?

Many persons, and we believe that the younger people are especially prone to fall into this class, are possessed of the malconception that a proper short story can deal with nothing but love, that the stiuation must be altogether unusual, and the plot far-fetched, or absolutely impossible. This mistaken idea probably accounts in some measure for the low standard of fiction in our college magazines. Then, too, an amateur cannot write convincingly of a subject with which he is only

slightly acquainted. This accounts for the well-nigh ludicrous productions of some of us who try to handle a story beyond our ability with an intricate plot and side issues. But, as a usual thing, the college writer does not attempt anything particularly intricate. The usual college magazine short story might be justly called an accident, as an accident is the usual turning point, or climax, in such a story. We say such a story, for the college magazine short stories for the most part fall into one class. The treatment of the subject is about the only difference that exists between most of such stories. As a rule, a man, a woman and an accident constitute the foundation for the majority of such stories. We do not wish to appear cynical, but what is the use of calling white black?

Do not mistake us, we are not condemning the efforts of our contributors by any means. They are laudable, that is, so far as the intention is concerned, and we appreciate all the contributions we can get highly; but we beg to suggest that the amateur writer try his hand at first at something not quite so intricate as the short story. Build up a style first, and the plot can be perfected later with greater ease and clearness. Try, as a beginner, something that does not have to be worked out by the sweat of your brow. Give us, for instance, an account of some incident of your summer vacation in the mountains, or of your exciting trip to the seashore last summer, or even of the little episode which occurred on your way back to college this fall. An element of truth does not detract from the interest of a story; it adds to the charm immensely.

We want to conduct this year, for the first time in the history of THE ARCHIVE, a department in which will be printed the true accounts of actual events. In doing this we hope to develop the latent talents of some of us in recording actual happenings in the most attractive style possible, and to cut down to a minimum the artificial fiction which more or less gracefully has decorated our pages as well as those of our contemporary magazines for so many decades. While such a procedure may not seem exactly in keeping with the popular idea of a college magazine, yet we feel sure that it will not prove altogether valueless in building up an easy, flowing style among contributors to our magazines.

Now, we have talked to considerable extent about the poor standard of college magazine prose. We will not leave off without mentioning the other form of contributions to our own and contemporaneous publications—poetry. The poetry of most of the college magazines is far better than the other forms of literature printed in them. Why this should be the case we do not know, unless it be that poetry now, as in the early days of civilization, is the earliest stage of literature. Be that as it may, it remains that we have good poetry and poor prose. What we want is to excel in both, and with proper teaching, training, and subject matter, we do not see why the college men of the country should not attain unto a high degree of efficiency in literary production.

R. B. M.,
Pro tempore.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

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MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the College.

Changes may be made in advertisements by notifying the Business Manager.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *Alma Mater*. If you do not wish to become subscribers, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of the old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

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TRINITY COLLEGE, DURHAM, N. C., NOVEMBER, 1913

The Passing of the Gate

M. B. ANDREWS

Over the nations in silence,
  Broad as the world in her range,
Mystic and awful and speechless,
  Formless and lifeless and strange,
Broodeth the Goddess of ruin—
  Goddess of progress and change.

Greece had her walls made of marble,
  Gates that were finished with gold;
Rome in her glory expanded
  E'en as sweet roses unfold;
Now there is left of that splendor
  Naught but a tale that is told.

Went from the halls of this College,
  Passing her glorious gate,
Dreaming of serving the future,
  Planning to win against fate,
Men who by labor and learning
  Honored their College and State.

Now we behold she is passing,
  Presently she will be gone;
But we experience no sorrow,
  Nor do we utter a moan:
Learning and Truth and Religion
  Pass not as metal and stone.

A Modified Dream

TOM GILL

Mr. Herndon, proprietor of the Osborne Hotel, came down the stairs with his usual buoyant step. He bore himself with that good-natured, confident air which an easy success always produces. A voice hailed him from the lobby as he reached his office door; turning he saw Mr. Timkins beckoning to him. Timkins was a stranger in the city. He had been trying to secure a situation in the hotel in order to bring his family down from Virginia. Herndon naturally thought that Timkins was going to bring up this matter again; he crossed the room and waited for him to speak.

"Say, Herndon, do you believe in dreams?"

"Dreams!" exclaimed Herndon, "Why, man, I haven't heard of a real connected dream story in years. I believe folks have lost the art of dreaming."

"You're wrong there," said Timkins, "I had a rip-snorter last night myself. Would you like to hear it?"

"Yes, let's have it," said Herndon.

"Well," said Timkins, "I dreamed that I was hunting out here in the country, and the dogs had treed a big coon. Since no one would climb the tree, I seized an axe and began to cut it down. It was hollow; a chip flew out at the first stroke. I put my hand in the opening to see how far it extended, and my fingers touched some hard, round, metallic objects. I drew some of them out, and, to my amazement, they were perfectly good gold twenties. I can see them now glittering in the moonlight."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Herndon. "I didn't know the quality of my board was that bad. What did you eat last night?"

Timkins grinned sheepishly; then his face assumed a serious expression.

"Say, Herndon, I know it sounds childish, but I would like to be satisfied about that tree. I would know it among a thousand. It was a big black gum, with a hollow in its top, standing right at a bend in some small stream. The whole affair is so very real. If you'll lend me an axe and direct me to the nearest stream, I'll go and satisfy my curiosity."

"Well, the axe is easy; the only creek within ten miles runs right through my own place," said Herndon. "'Tell you what I'll do. I would like nothing better than an outing myself. This October air sets a fellow's blood to running. If you'll wait a few minutes, I'll get the car; then we'll take a look for your treasure."

An hour later they were tramping through the woods. Herndon led the way along the bank of the stream, and Timkins followed with the axe on his shoulder. Several hours passed in this manner, and the hollow gum had not been located. The noon hour was approaching, and Herndon was both hungry and tired.

"Old man," he said, "I guess your dream was of the usual kind. Hadn't we better give it up and get back to town in time for dinner?"

"Let's go a little farther, Herndon. That's a likely looking bend up the creek yonder."

"Very well, but after we see the other side of this bend, I'm going after my dinner," said Herndon.

They were turning the bend; Herndon was in the lead and spoke in a joking manner.

"Here is your tree, Timkins; it has a hollow in the top and a patent medicine sign on its trunk."

Timkins came around the bend and stood there; he was a ludicrous sight with his staring eyes and gaping mouth. It required a full minute for him to gain control of his faculties; then he spoke in a vigorous, confident tone.

"I'll be damned if you ain't right. That's the very tree I took the gold out of in my dream. The only difference is that tin sign at the base."

Herndon was impressed by the man's earnestness. He seized the axe, which had fallen from Timkins' hand, and began to pry off the tin sign so that he could cut into the tree. The tin came off with a rattle, and a stream of silver poured forth from a hollow behind it. A sharp cry came from Herndon; Timkins jumped up and down in his excitement. Both men knelt in front of the tree and looked into the cavity; it was almost full of bright silver dollars.

"Your dream is somewhat modified," said Herndon.

"Yes; it's not gold, but a fair substitute," said Timkins. "How are we going to dispose of it?"

Herndon thought for a minute.

"We had better not try to take it to town now," he said. "Wait till dark, and we'll take it to the hotel and put it in the vault."

The town clock was striking seven; a car drove up in front of the Osborne, and two men got out. They talked for a few minutes in low tones; then they took some heavy looking bags out of the automobile and went into the office by a private door. Several trips of this kind were made; but at last the door of the office was shut, and the shades drawn. Ten bags containing a thousand dollars each lay in the center of the room. Herndon knelt by the safe and began to work at the lock.

"Look here," said Timkins, "I've been doing some thinking during the last few hours. This money will set me on my feet here, and I can afford to bring my family down. If you could give me greenbacks for my half of this stuff, I would catch the next train north and get things in shape."

"I would be ungrateful if I didn't do that much for you," said Herndon. "I haven't that much cash, but I can make it half government bonds. Will that do?"

"Certainly," replied Timkins, "I'll be more than obliged to you."

Herndon handed him the money; Timkins shook his hand and hurried off to pack his suitcase.

Next morning Herndon carried the whole amount of silver to the bank in order to deposit it. The cashier was surprised to see so much new money. He took one of the coins and dropped it on the marble counter; it gave forth a dull, hollow sound. He tried several other pieces, and each gave out the same sound. Every coin was counterfeit.

Catullus XXXI

(On coming home from foreign travels.)

N. I. White

O Sirmio, gem of all the isles
  Of limpid lake and open sea,
After these many, many miles,
  How pleasant is your sight to me!
The Thynian and Bithynian fields
  Seem scarcely faded from my view;
Scarce can I think the distance yields
  So soon the wholesome sight of you!

O what is better than from cares
  And weary journeys reaching home,
To drop the mind's intense affairs
  And to the olden Lares come!
To rest upon the bed desired
  So often from a foreign state—
Such is the one reward required,
  And such can fully compensate.

Hail, splendid Sirmio, rejoice!
  Rejoice, O lake of Lydian foam,
  And save, against my coming home,
The silver laughter of thy voice!

Peter Stewart Ney—Marshal Ney

B. D. McCUBBINS

In the little rustic graveyard of Third Creek Church, N. C., there is a grave marked by a rude stone bearing this inscription:

IN MEMORY OF
PETER STEWART NEY
A NATIVE OF FRANCE AND A SOLDIER OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION
UNDER NAPOLEON BONAPARTE
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE
NOVEMBER 15TH, 1846
AGED 77 YEARS

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

About ninety-one years ago a political election was taking place in Mocksville, N. C. During the course of events, several citizens became involved in a heated controversy. One of them, a Dr. Schools, becoming enraged at a remark passed, seized his opponent by the throat and, drawing his dagger, swore he would kill him if he did not retract. As the infurated man stood raging over his helpless victim, the crowd was suddenly parted and a stranger of striking appearance strode up to the doctor and, laying his hand upon his shoulder, asked in a quiet voice, "What, kill a man unarmed, with no chance to defend himself!"

The quiet inquiry chilled the boiling blood of the Irishman; his dagger sought its accustomed place, and the hand that had held it was stretched out to the stranger who announced that he was a French refugee, looking for a school to teach. By this time all eyes were turned towards the stranger, noting his tall, commanding form, his superior bearing and noble, kindly coun-

tenance. A teacher! That was just what the people wanted. So the stranger—Peter Stewart Ney—settled down among them and became in later years one of the greatest men that ever lived in North Carolina.

In personal appearance, Peter Stewart Ney was tall, erect, of fine military form and carriage, looking every inch the soldier, even when an old man. Dr. D. B. Wood, who knew him very well, describes him: "His physique was almost perfect. A phrenologist would have gloried in his head—large, finely shaped, full of brains and well developed. His whole expression and bearing were simply magnificent. He was a born leader of men."

In character, Ney was quiet and reserved and somewhat stern, but brave, generous and true to all his friends. He was thought of as an uncrowned king by the people of his time. Major James H. Foote says of him: "He shunned large cities and lived in obscurity for some purpose. I do not think he could have been a refugee from crime—one so noble in his bearing, so capable of filling any station in life. Royalty sat upon his brow and Genius claimed him for her own."

The late Mr. Burgess Gaither, of Davidson, N. C., a man of sterling character, says: "I was a pupil of Peter Stewart Ney. He thought Napoleon the greatest man that ever lived. If you wished to arouse the old man, you had but to watch your chance and ask him of Napoleon and his battles. I have sat and listened to him with inexpressible delight, telling of the Russian campaigns. He often alluded to Waterloo, and sometimes to St. Helena; but the mention of the places always seemed sadly to trouble him."

For twenty-seven years, in North and South Carolina, Peter Stewart Ney lived a quiet life of close retirement, kind and gentle to his friends, and in turn loved and reverenced by all who knew him.

Ney conducted his school on stern military principles. He himself was a splendid example to his pupils. His tall, stately figure, clothed habitually in a singular, long military coat, such as worn by Napoleon, awakened a sort of awesome respect and veneration in his pupils and in all who knew him. Each pupil was trained to sit erect in his seat, to bear himself like a real

soldier, and to regard courage, honor, and perseverance as the highest attainments of human character.

One of his old pupils, a revered minister of Statesville, says of him: "He had but one vice—that of occasionally drinking to excess; but his general conduct was so pure, so honorable, so upright, that every one, from the highest to the lowest, had the sincerest respect for him, the fullest confidence in him. His oath would have been received in court as quickly and as readily as that of Judge Pearson or Governor Morehead."

Now, who was Peter Stewart Ney? Many of the most noted men of that time, as General Hill and Judge Pearson, and others who knew him, have answered that question by declaring him to be none other than the great soldier, Marshal Ney of France, whom history says was executed by the Bourbons to satisfy their venegeance. Can history be mistaken? More than half of the historical accounts of that time have been declared a mass of errors and utterly unreliable. Numerous instances have been found where history was entirely incorrect in important matters.

Marshal Michael Ney was born in Saare-Louis, a German province of France, in 1769. He received a good high school education and began to study law when thirteen years old, but soon drifted into the army. There his military genius and daring courage won him quick recognition, and he rose in rapid succession from the ranks until he became a marshal of France and Napoleon's right hand man. Napoleon gave him the title by which he is known in all history, "The Bravest of the Brave." Ney's thrilling retreat from Moscow is said to be one of the most brilliant movements in all the military history of the world.

Ney loved Napoleon devotedly, and was one of his favorite officers. When Napoleon was overthrown and banished by the powers, Ney, with the other marshals, gave allegiance to the Bourbon government; but his love for the "Little Giant" was too strong for him to desert him. Soon afterwards, he secretly got together a large force and went over to Napoleon to aid him in regaining power. The attempt failed; and Ney was tried for his treason to the Bourbons and sentenced to be shot.

Now, upon the supposed execution of Marshal Ney, the

identity of Peter Stewart Ney as Marshal Ney rests entirely. Let us consider the execution. In the first place, it was unjust, for by the terms of the capitulation of Paris Ney was guaranteed immunity and protection, as were all who had borne arms against the government. Yet, contrary to acts of amnesty, Ney was arrested and brought to trial. After the marshals of France had indignantly refused to sit in judgment against him, Ney was brought before the Bourbon peers and there, scorning to ask leniency of enemies, the brave soldier was adjudged guilty and sentenced to death.

Thus the Chamber of Peers dared to condemn the greatest hero of the revolution, the idol of the French nation; in the midst of a city filled with his devoted veterans and friends who would dare anything before they would see him harmed. "There is not a soldier in Paris, not even an English soldier, who did not shudder at the thought of shooting so brave a man." Even those cowardly peers who had bended the knee to Louis and condemned him were, not fifteen minutes later, flocking around the Public Minister, begging him to plead with the king for banishment to America instead of death. Marshal Ney remarked several days before the battle of Waterloo that he would go to America if that battle was lost. The Duke of Wellington, one of Ney's most ardent admirers, had twice interceded in his behalf. Ney and Wellington were national enemies, but very close personal friends, and both were Masons of high degree. On the evening before the execution was to take place, Wellington again approached the king with the purpose fitting of one brave soldier towards another. "Louis, glittering in the midst of his courtiers, saw him coming and, divining his purpose, turned his back upon him in the most offensive manner. The great duke instantly stopped, his eyes blazing—he who had ten times the power of any man in Europe, who had placed the king upon his throne, whom now, by a stroke of his pen, he could have publicily executed within thirty minutes—thus meanly repulsed and forced to retreat before so contemptible an enemy!" Who can doubt that not long after the powerful duke had swept angrily from the royal presence the supporters of Ney, and even the king himself, knew instinctively that Ney would not be shot.

A newspaper account of the execution gives the following: "Ney was informed of his sentence late at night and was hurried to execution early the next morning. The sentence was carried into effect on the 7th of December, 1815, in a clandestine manner near the Observatory, for all who were in any way connected with this detestable transaction seemed ashamed of it. When Ney reached the place of execution, he walked firmly from the coach to the fatal spot and, refusing to have his eyes blinded, calmly faced the detachment. Taking off his hat with his left hand, he exclaimed, 'I solemnly protest before God and man against the iniquity of my sentence. History will judge me.' Then, placing his hand upon his heart, he added, 'Soldiers, straight to the heart! *Vive le France!* Fire!' He fell dead upon the spot, twelve balls having taken effect. Thus perished one of the greatest men that France could boast of, exhibiting to the last moment that undaunted courage which had ever distinguished him in battle."

Now, let us consider this so-called execution. Picture it in mind. Place: A dark, secret alleyway—not the Plain of Grennele, the officially appointed place where ten thousand people were assembled to witness it. Regulations: Altogether alien to military rules. The executioners: Ney's own veterans. The historical account: Wholly contradictory and inconsistent, such as the following: "As the body lay in the hospital, an officer took a picture of it." (These pictures were vigorously suppressed by the police when they were discovered.) "A smile of the most winning placidity seemed to play about the countenance." Imagine it. Here is a man with (historically) twelve balls in his body. Lamartine says thirteen—nine in the breast and three in the head—necessarily in the face, not only shot to death, but shot to pieces, a ghastly spectacle! and yet a smile, and a smile, too, of the "most winning placidity seemed to play about his countenance!" The official report states that there were twelve balls in the body. As a matter of fact, there were thirteen soldiers in the detachment. One rifle, according to military rules, contained a blank cartridge. One shot went wild and struck the wall overhead, high above Ney; hence only eleven could possibly have taken effect. The burial: Almost before daybreak the

next morning, indecent, inhuman, a dog's burial, not even a minister present to perform the sacred rites of the dead, not even Madame Ney, who loved him devotedly, not even one of those tried veterans of the "Old Guard" to wave the glittering sword of the Legion of Honor over the grave of their beloved commander. Was this a fitting burial for the illustrious prince of Moscow, the "Bravest of the Brave," "who had brought more glory to the French arms than any other man living." Was the hero of Berisana forgotten?

Anyone can see through this farce. Why should people flock to the burial of a dummy corpse or an empty box?

In Weston's "Historical Doubt as to the Execution of Marshal Ney" there is the following testimony from Mr. Thomas F. Houston, of Houstonia, Mo.: "In the fall of 1864 I read in the Dayton (Ohio) *Journal* the account of an interview between a *Journal* reporter and an old French soldier named Phillip Petrie, who had once belonged to Marshal Ney's command. He stated to the reporter that after the fall of Napoleon and the capture of Ney, he deserted the French army, and in December, 1815, shipped as a seaman on board a vessel bound from Bordeaux, France, to Charleston, South Carolina. He noticed after sailing a man whose appearance struck him very forcibly as some one whom he ought to know. At last it flashed across his mind that it was his old commander, Marshal Ney. He sought the first opportunity to satisfy himself, and the next time the mysterious personage appeared on deck Petrie approached him and told him he thought he knew him. He replied, 'Who do you think I am?' Petrie answered, 'My old commander, Marshal Ney.' In a gruff tone the man responded, 'Marshal Ney was executed two weeks ago in Paris.' and turning around, walked directly to the cabin and was not seen again on deck during the entire voyage, though they were thirty-eight days in reaching Charleston. Petrie said he knew Marshal Ney was not executed, but escaped to America. This corroborative statement was made prior to the discussion of the identity of P. S. Ney with Marshal Ney . . . and almost surely without any knowledge of the whereabouts and occupation of P. S. Ney in the Carolinas and Virginia."

No trace of Peter Stewart Ney can be found prior to 1819.

Chapman Levy, a distinguished lawyer of South Carolina, said he was told in 1819 by some French refugees that they had seen P. S. Ney in Georgetown early in the fall of 1819 and recognized him as Marshal Ney, whom they had frequently seen in France. When P. S. Ney heard of this recognition, he left Georgetown and no one knew where he went.

Col. John A. Rogers, of Florence, S. C., says, "I first saw Peter S. Ney at my home in the fall of 1819. My father engaged him as a teacher. He told my father he was a French refugee; that he had left France for political reasons, but would give no further account of himself. He was a man of remarkably fine presence and would arrest attention anywhere. No stranger could meet him without asking the first individual that he saw, 'Who is that man?' He was tall, with fine military form and carriage. He looked every inch the soldier, even when an old man. His head was slightly bald on top. His hair was not a decided auburn, but what might be called a reddish-blonde. His complexion was fair and ruddy, chin round, mouth tolerably large, lips compressed, nose high and large, eyebrows heavy and full, forehead broad, high and massive. His eyes are hard to describe. They were a dark blue, verging on gray, with remarkably large pupils. When quiet, they had the mildest kind of expression, but when excited they were terrible—an eagle would dart from them in sheer envy. He spoke English, though with a slight foreign accent. He always wore a long blue coat cut in semi-military style. He was very reserved in his manners, and would allow no one to take the slightest liberty with him. I was in the schoolroom in 1821 when a newspaper was brought to him by one of the boys announcing the death of Napoleon at St. Helena. He read it, turned deathly pale, fainted and fell to the floor exactly as if he had been shot. Some of the older scholars threw water upon his face which soon revived him. He dismissed the school, went to his room and shut himself up for the remainder of the day. He burned a large quantity of papers, perhaps everything that might lead to his identity. The next morning Mr. Ney did not make his appearance as usual, and my father went after him. He found him with his throat cut. The blade of the knife that did the work was broken. This probably saved

his life. When my father reproached Mr. Ney for his extraordinary conduct, he gently took hold of his arm and said with deep emotion, 'Oh, Colonel, with the death of Napoleon my last hopes are gone.' My Ney was a perfect master of fence. No one in the country could equal him, especially with the broadsword. He was a man of the highest character, and, though a little blunt and rough in his ways and manner, was very tender hearted and charitable, and entirely above everything that was dishonest or mean. He was one of the most extraordinary men that I ever knew."

Mr. R. A. Henderson, of Topeka, Kan., says: "My grandfather was an English soldier at Waterloo . . . and was one of the representatives the English army appointed to witness the execution of Marshal Ney. I have heard him say often that Marshal Ney was not executed—that the so-called execution was a farce, that the report made by the commission of which he was a member was this: 'Marshal Ney was not shot.'"

Peter Stewart Ney was one day walking down the street in Statesville when he suddenly met John Snyder, an old soldier who had fought under Marshal Ney a hundred times. As they came face to face, Snyder threw up his hands, exclaiming, "Lordy God, Marshal Ney!"

One day in Statesville, Dr. John B. McClellan, Daniel Hoke, and Frederick Barr were gathered around discussing politics. Suddenly Barr raised his hands in wild excitement and said something in German which the others, excepting Hoke, did not understand. They all asked Hoke what was the matter with Barr. "Why," replied Hoke, pointing to P. S. Ney, who, with Col. Thomas Allison, was walking past them on the opposite side of the street, "he says yonder is Marshal Ney. They told me he was shot, but he was not. Yonder he is. I know him, for I fought under him for five or six years in Napoleon's wars."

Rev. Sadler, of Pennsylvania, a French colonel who was condemned to be shot with Ney, says: "One of Ney's influential friends had charge of the execution, and halted the squad at a lonely place on the way to the appointed place of execution. There Ney was placed against a blank wall and the soldiers fired, directing their aim, however, at a point just

above the head. . . . The empty coffin was duly buried, but the supposed occupant was in the meantime making a swift journey for America. After several years spent in close retirement and study, he put in his appearance in Rowan county and opened up a private school for boys."

King Louis Phillipe was one day asked by Mr. Melody, of St. Louis, a friend of the king, if the statement in history that Marshal Ney was shot was true. The king, after some diplomatic circumlocution, relied in a significant tone, "Some other man may have filled the grave intended for Marshal Ney." Mr. Melody replied quickly and decisively, "May it please your majesty, Ney was not shot."

Mr. Burgess Gaither, of Davidson, says: "He (Ney) said Louis XVIII was full of revenge. He ordered that some of my old soldiers whom I had often led into battle should be my executioners. The thing was so revolting to Frenchmen that a plan was made for my escape. The officer appointed to superintend the execution told one of my friends to apply to the king for my body for interment. He did so, and the necessary permission was granted. I was told to give the command to fire and to fall as I gave it. I did so, and the soldiers, who had been instructed previously, fired almost instantly, the balls passing over my head, and striking the planks or wall behind. I was pronounced dead, hastily taken up, put into a carriage and carried to a neighboring hospital. That night I was disguised and left for America."

The physical resemblance of P. S. Ney to Marshal Ney was perfect. Marshal Ney was five feet eleven inches tall, had sandy auburn hair, nearly bald, broad open face, pitted with smallpox, heavy, beetling eyebrows, high, full forehead, massive head, bluish gray eyes, large broad nose, jutting chin, straight mouth heavily built, and of gigantic strength. This is an accurate description of Peter Stewart Ney. The resemblance is perfect as to age, walk, voice, bearing, wounds, handwriting, mind, habits, tastes, character, nature, etc., and likewise in every detail.

Marshal Ney was not a highly educated man though he possessed a good high school education. He was probably the highest educated of Napoleon's marshals. He wrote a book

on "The Art of War" which was universally recognized, and was honored as Plenipotentiary to Switzerland.

Peter Stewart Ney was a splendid scholar, though not that wonderful embodiment of learning his admiring friends have represented him to be. Astonished at his natural greatness, the simple rustic people among whom he lived have represented him as a second Solomon, capable of anything, and have thereby brought much discredit and doubt upon his identity as Marshal Ney. P. S. Ney wrote some very good poetry, and was conversant in several languages, but it must be remembered that he put three years in close retirement and study under a minister in South Carolina in preparation and certainly he could accomplish in three years what any ordinary American boy does in the college courses of today. As to his poetry—his vivid pictures of battles, etc.—what else could the man do to give expression to his thoughts, cooped up in this little country corner of the world, except write poetry?

P. S. Ney was an undisputed authority on everything pertaining to Napoleon, his court, civic and domestic affairs, and campaigns. When he would find a mistake in French histories, he would add a marginal annotation, correcting it. These corrections have been abundantly confirmed by research which showed P. S. Ney possessing such knowledge as no one save Marshal Ney could possess.

Peter S. Ney one day told a lady in Charlotte that his mother's name was Catherine. For a long time history had given Marshal Ney's mother's name as Margaretha, but now it is known her true name was Catherine.

Mr. Thomas D. Graham, of Davidson, says: "I helped nurse P. S. Ney at his last illness. I saw him die, dressed him, and helped bury him. He had scars all over his body. Just before he died, Dr. Locke, his physician and old pupil came into the room. 'Mr. Ney,' said he, 'you have but a short time to live, and we would like to know from your own lips who you are before you die.' Mr. Ney, perfectly calm and rational, raised himself upon his elbow and, looking Dr. Locke full in the face, said, 'I am Marshal Ney of France.' Two hours later he died."

When one has studied the strong, noble character of Peter

Stewart Ney, his past life of unblemished honor and true manliness, he could not believe that such a man would at last sweep himself out upon eternity with a lie upon his lips. He had never before in public proclaimed himself Marshal Ney. Only now, when already he had felt the icy touch of the black angel of death; when all earthly things were fleeing swiftly from him, honor, vain-glory, and all, and when only white clad truth alone remained did he solemnly swear, "I am Marshal Ney of France."

A few minutes before his death he became delirious, and his last words, spoken in delirium, were these: "Bessieres is dead, and the 'Old Guard' is defeated. Now let me die." Marshal Bessieres, the friend of Ney and the beloved and honored commander of the old guard, was killed at the battle of Lutzen. The "Old Guard" loved Bessieres with the tenderest, most devoted affection, and a white cloth was thrown over his body on the field to conceal the knowledge of his death from the army, the "Old Guard" in particular. It was natural for P. S. Ney to link the two together, the "Old Guard" and Bessieres, in his dying moments, thus in so doing he revealed unconsciously that he was one of that illustrious body which alone could wear the plume and baton. Could he have lived and died thus a dishonorable falsehood, "this venerable and manly face, those robust limbs upon which were distinguished here and there, brown lines which were saber cuts, and a species of red stars which were bullet holes . . . that gigantic scar which imprinted heroism upon that face, on which God had implanted goodness"?

Thus died the exile, a mighty actor in the drama of war whose name is consecrated in peace here, as it had been glorified in war across the ocean.

The Sea-Foam Fairies

Mary Yeula Wescott

The north wind whistles the clarion call
Of the storm on the rocky shore.
The whitecaps lead to the crested waves
As they rush with angry roar.
There at the foot of the jutting cliffs,
And close in the guarded bay,
Where the waves draw back to the wide sea trade,
The sea-foam fairies play.

They wave their rainbow scarfs on high
To catch the sunlight's gleam.
They sing and dance on the waves and rocks
And laugh at the seabird's scream;
Or hand in hand they leap to shore
And follow their wild will's lead—
Each sea foam sprite is an armed knight
And the wind his prancing steed.

All day and night while the north wind calls
The fairies skip and play.
They rise from the waves all frothing white
And dance their joyous way.
For well they know when the storm grows calm
They must leave the rocky shore
And sink unseen 'neath the wavelets green
'Til the north wind calls once more.

A Scurvy Trick of Fate

(Continued from last month's issue)

TREBOR YARRUM

IV.

Percy was in a wild state of inward excitement. One minute he cursed himself as the worst sort of fool for daring to fling the flowers and the note to the girl; the next minute he dared to entertain a faint hope that she might meet the advance he had made in the same spirit in which it had been made, and respond in some manner.

The train reached Greensboro, and like a man half dazed, Percy got off the car. He had forgotten for the time being all about the affair that had caused his expulsion from college, and it was a distinct shock to him when upon reaching home his mother in surprise demanded what he was doing coming home at this time of the year. The girl had taken his mind entirely off the question at issue, and he had neglected to frame up a satisfactory story in explanation. With great contrition he confessed the whole affair to his mother, without shielding himself at all. He even neglected to mention the supreme injustice of Dean Billy Ranford in not accepting his patented version of the episode of the paint.

"And now, *Muettlein mein,* I am going to give up college entirely and get down to work and make a real man out of myself," he declared at the conclusion of his recital.

Mrs. Danvers was all tears. She would not hear to her son's giving up a college career, which, with all his unequalled faculties, could not but be of the most brilliant. The entire faculty of old Brighton, even if her husband had graduated there, were unappreciative and inconsiderate creatures. What if her son had engaged in a harmless little sophomore episode? What if he had neglected attending chapel exercises? He was *her* son and entitled to special privileges and considerations. The idea of even daring to reprove Percy—a full-fledged Kappa Eta Pi man as was his father before him—it was preposterous. And the aristocratic Mrs. Danvers collapsed in a Morris chair and wept bitter tears.

Percy dared not mention the girl to his mother in her present state of mind. He realized that she would put the damper on the flame of his passion in short order. He was well enough acquainted with her proud, aristocratic ideas to understand clearly that she would never hear to his being involved as one of the principals of a love affair in which the other was an unknown quantity. If he should tell her about the girl, her first question would be "Who is she?" her second, "What is she?" and there was no way of telling what the others might be. Percy maintained a discreet silence in regard to the matter, and beat it off up town to look up some of the fellows.

It didn't take him long to find some of the fellows with whom he was accustomed to loaf whenever he happened to be in town. If he didn't find them at one of the pool rooms of the city, he knew that they would not be far off from the other.

Jim Burt and Ned Hendrix declared that they were tickled to death to see him; that the town was growing stale without him, and that he had returned just in time to keep them from dying of *ennui.*

"Come on, let's have a little three handed game of French, just for luck," invited Ned. "Twenty-five cents a head and the loser pays for the cues."

"You're the luckiest devil I ever saw at French, Percy," exclaimed Jim enviously as Percy shot at the two ball and lucked in the fifteen and the fourteen.

"Oh, chase yourself! You call that luck? You don't know a well calculated shot when you see one. Just take a few lessons from papa, sonny, before you attempt to play with professionals," advised the lucky Percy, aiming at the two ball again.

But Percy's luck didn't last long. He couldn't keep the vision of the goddess of the platform out of his mind, and it played havoc with the steadiness of his aim. He lost game after game. Finally, he threw the cue down upon the table and declared that he was through.

"You must be in love, Percy," ventured Ned. "I never saw you in such a mood in my life."

"Who's the dame, eh? Some fair Brighton co-ed?" put in Jim.

"Come on, play square, tell us about it," demanded Ned, teasingly.

"Oh, go to hell, won't you," exclaimed Percy sullenly, tossing a coin upon the table. Drawing himself up to his full height, he stalked angrily from the room. Ned and Jim looked at one another in consternation; suddenly one of them grinned, and then both went off into paroxysms of laughter.

V.

"Any mail for me—Percival Danvers?" Percy knew that he ought not to expect an answer to that note; nevertheless, he couldn't help entertaining just a wee bit of hope. When the woman at the window answered his question with a simple "Nothing" he felt his heart drop with alarming heaviness. Then it was that he realized how much he had really expected something. He turned away from the window and made his way home, a prey to the pangs of despair.

He spent a sleepless night. A flushed fair face, tinted like pink rose petals floating in milk, framed in an aureole of golden curls; eyes bluer than the heart of a violet; a mouth made only for kisses and the singing of old love songs; and a form as vigorous and slim in its virginal beauty as that of the huntress Diana—visions like this floated ever before his half closed eyes as he sat in a comfortable Morris chair in his room, his feet propped up on a table and his old briar pipe jammed between his teeth until long after midnight. Sometimes those eyes smiled upon him, and then he felt his heart leap lightly in his breast. Again, they flashed upon him black with scorn; then he quivered and almost moaned aloud.

His pipe went out, and the bowl grew cold; still he sat there rapt in dreams. The town clock struck one. He pulled himself together, slowly removed his feet from the table, stretched and yawned, and began to undress.

In the morning he had no appetite. His mother was worried. She tried to tempt him to eat, but her efforts were in vain. As soon as possible, he left the house and hurried to the postoffice, feeling certain that the fates could no longer deny him an answer to the note he had so recklessly cast from the window of the moving train.

His hopes were not unfounded. Without emotion the clerk handed him a highly scented pink envelope. He hardly dared glance at the postmark. Finally, he did so; it was marked "Efland, N. C." He could hardly control his hilarious joy. He wanted to jump up there in the postoffice and yell from sheer happiness. With buoyant step, he hurried from the post-office and made his way to the Y. M. C. A. building. He could not think of waiting to reach home before learning his fate.

When he reached the reading room of the Y. M. C. A. he could hardly bring himself to the point of opening the fateful letter. There were so many possible things that it might contain. It might destroy his life's happiness at a single blow; it might raise him to the ninth heaven of delight; and there were hundreds of intervening probabilities. He fondled the letter, turned it over and over, and even kissed it!

He laughed boyishly when he suddenly realized his foolishness. Half ashamed of his silly fears, he tore open the envelope and read the enclosed note. As he read, a joyous expression flashed upon his face; but this was succeeded by a puzzled look. He scratched his head, and reread the letter.

My Own Soul Mate:

At last thou hast responded to the call of my heart. For ages and ages, since my soul was created from the divine spark which formed thine, have I been waiting for thy call.

I am ready, but my earthly parents will object to our union. Come tonight. I will be waiting under the big cedar behind the station at Efland.

With a heart stored up with aeons of undequited love, I am thine own. Sophronia Sue Sorghum.

"Holy soul o' Marie Corelli!" gasped Percy when he had perused for a second time this epistle. But he was too far gone to let a little thing like that letter change his views. Sure, he tried in his own inefficient way to think out the connection between the beautiful girl of his dreams and this Corellian philosophy, but he couldn't find the combination to explain the problem. Then, too, the psychology of names troubled him just a little bit, for who would ever have thought of connecting such a name as Sophronia Sue Sorghum with so beauteous a creature as the one he had seen? But he dismissed the whole

argument with a shrug of his shoulders and began to bethink himself how he was going to keep the engagement so romantically brought about.

He sought his mother and told her that he just simply had to go to Richmond for a few weeks and must have at least fifty dollars. He explained that he was thinking of taking a job there as city editor of one of the Richmond papers, as he was convinced that he could write just about as well as the next fellow, having averaged 78 on freshman themes.

It didn't take Mrs. Danvers long to fall for the scheme, and Percy became so enthusiastic in his prepartions that an outsider would have been forced to believe that he really was going to land a first-class job. His mother made him promise to put her name on the mailing list of the paper he was going to edit and to see that she got it regularly, to which Percy gladly assented.

He kissed his fond parent farewell, and sought an automobile garage where he rented a machine, though what he wanted with a machine going to Richmond to accept a regular job is beyond common comprehension.

VI.

Darkness rested over the earth. The pale moon climbing through the eastern sky shed a shimmering radiance upon the sleeping world below. Everything was still save the occasional breath of night wind which stirred round the Efland station from the direction of the pond. Occasionally a frog croaked, or an owl hooted way off in the distance. The old cedar tree behind the station cast a heavy shadow, and the figure under it could scarcely be discerned.

Time passed. The moon climbed higher and the figure beneath the old cedar was becoming impatient. It was a woman as revealed by the growing light of the moon.

An automobile headlight appeared in the distance. It approached nearer and nearer. The woman under the tree moved forward to meet it. The car came to a stop, and a man got out. He advanced toward the woman with outstretched arms, and she glided swiftly into his embrace. They remained thus for one ecstatic moment.

"My beloved," he breathed.

"My soul-mate," she whispered.

"I have loved you forever," he affirmed.

"My soul has been longing for you," she returned.

"Come, let me gaze once more upon the light of your beaming countenance, my heart," he urged gently. "I have dreamed of you continuously since first I beheld you there upon the platform, so radiant, so divine," leading her toward the glare of the automobile headlight.

They stepped into the spot light, and she threw back her hood which had effectively concealed her features, and extended her arms toward him appealingly.

"My affinity," she breathed rapturously.

"Hell!" gasped the man weakly, staggering back against the car for support.

He looked wildly round him for some way of escape. With a muttered "damn," he leaped into the car, which sprang forward like a frightened wild thing as he touched the lever. The woman leaped after him, but, alas, she was too late. The machine sped away and was soon out of sight. The woman sat down in the middle of the road and wept.

Percy did go to Richmond and did get a job on a newspaper, though he did not get the job of city editor. Miss Sophronia Sue Sorghum is still single, and often she wonders why the fates played such a scurvy trick on her.

The Co-Ed Annabel Lee

"NI"

'Twas many and many a year ago,
In a college—no-matter-where-at,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
As Mairie, or something like that,
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by a frat.

I was a fool, and *she* was a fool,
In this college, no-matter-where-at,
For we loved with a love that was more than love—
I, Mairie, and Mairie the frat—
With a love that the seraph profs of the place
Flunked Mairie and me for, flat.

And this was the reason that long ago,
In this college no-matter-where-at,
A letter blew in to me from home
With a glad intimation that
My high-born kinsman soon would come
And work me into a frat—
And shut me up in a chapter house,
In this college no-matter-where-at.

But the profs, not half so learned as I,
Kept flunking me steady, and that—
Yes, that was the reason, as all men know
In this college no-matter-where-at,
That the president sent me home for my health,
Chilling and killing my chance at a frat.

But her love it was stronger by far than the love
Of a new, a la mode Paris hat,
Of the costliest, stylishest hat,
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the profs that in judgment sat
Could ever dissever her soul from the soul
Of the Psi Eta Prime Pi Frat.

For the sun never beams, bringing her dreams
Of the beautiful pin of a frat;
And the stars never rise but she feasts her bright eyes
On the beautiful pin of a frat;
And so every night tide she sits down by the side
Of a frat man, a frat man—his soon-to-be-bride,
On the campus no-matter-where-at,
With her arms no-matter-where-at.

Das Lied der Vögel

(The Song of the Birds)

(Translated from the German of Hoffman von Fallersleben)

We birds pass life in joyous days;
We hop and skip and spring and bound.
We sing such fresh and carefree lays
That all the woods and fields resound.

Healthy are we and free from care
And find what'er to us appeals;
Where'er we fly—no matter where—
Our table's spread there with our meals.

When our day's work is done, our flight
Into the shady trees is fleet;
We rest quite still throughout the night
And dream bird-dreams, peaceful and sweet.

At daybreak wakens us the sun,
And then with whirring, widespread wing
We fly out o'er the world in fun
And our glad matin pæans sing.

My Visit to the Salem Museum

HARRY L. DALTON

Since it is impossible to describe or even name all the interesting relics I saw on my first visit to the Wachovia Museum, I shall present in this paper only a few of the things which interested me.

In the first place, the museum itself is of special interest to me, for it was in this quaint, tiled building that the boys of old Salem received their education.

As I entered the narrow hall of the old school, my attention was attracted at once by a great wooden gun stretching almost one-half the length of the hall. This, I was told, was the advertisement, or sign, the old gunsmith of Salem used many years ago; and under it were grouped various tools belonging to this smith: the great auger, a cartridge mould, old chisels, the handles of which were made by placing two spools together; and in addition to these, samples of the things made by the gunsmith, all kinds of double barrel, 18-inch flintlock pistols, and guns of all sizes, one of wood, the others of steel.

Another thing that interested me was the collection of candles and lamps showing the "evolution of lights." First, there was the torch used by the Indian and also by the early settler. Then came the candles and candle moulds. There were two kinds of candle moulds, one kind was arranged so as to make thirty-six candles at one time, the strings being tied to the sticks which ran across these moulds, and then hot tallow or lard being poured around these strings into the mould and left there until they became hard. The other kind consisted of twenty-four boards with about a dozen holes with strings tied to each board. These strings were dipped into a bucket of hot tallow and then taken out and hung up until they became hard. In this way several hundred candles could be made in a day. There were several different kinds of candle holders, which were made of wood, bronze, tin and all kinds of metals. These candle holders suggested the lamps. At first the lamp was made on the order of the candle. The lard was put into a tin vessel, in the middle of which was a small cylinder; a bit of

cotton was put in the cylinder and then lighted. A little later came the German vapor lamp. In the bottom of this lamp melted lard was poured; and the wick, which had been previously saturated with liquid, was then lighted, which heated liquid into vapor and thus kept the lamp burning. Then came the kerosene lamp with prisms attached to it, and finally an electric light bulb which was used in Salem in 1881. The

cocoanut vases and bowls which were fashioned out of a cocoanut, Indian saddles, moccasins, skins, and as a fitting climax to the Indian relics, there is a child's scalp that was found by a man at Old Town, N. C., in 1905, while sawing into a poplar log.

Other things of interest that cannot be classified are flags used in the Revolutionary and Civil wars, old-fashioned organs, with one pedal and six stops, three on a side; old pianos, one of which was played at a reception given to George Washington; pieces of the ill-fated battleship *Maine;* old tooth pullers, that make the bravest of hearts shudder to look at, knee and shoebuckles; all kinds of locks; ink-holders a hundred years old; scales for weighing foreign coins; sea trunks covered with hair; quaint hat boxes; petrified wood; [illegible] paintings; mangle; ironing machines; sun dials; [illegible] and typewriters.

In walking through the old hall of the museum, in standing in the midst of its wonderful collection, I found myself face to face with many generations of men and women. First there passed before me the red men of the forest who won sustenance by day by prowling through the forest and shooting game with his unerring arrow, retiring to his wigwam and feasting with the squaw and papoose, lying down to sleep with nothing to disturb his slumbers except the occasional hoot of the owl or the cry of the wildcat.

Then passed by in mental vision the lonely frontiersman with his axe and trusty rifle. I saw him choose some spot and build his little cabin. I imagined him hunting, fishing and setting traps for the wild life so plentiful, carrying to market from time to time his pelts and furs.

After these came in greater numbers the first settlers who built their homes near creeks and rivers where water, firewood and building timbers were convenient and accessible. About this time the Moravians came and located this old town of Salem, bought a large body of land which they soon began to sell in lots and farms, and the country began to rapidly grow in population.

These Moravian people have been for more than a century gathering up these various things now on exhibition at the museum. And persons of the present generation can walk

through the aisles, read the labels on these interesting specimens, and study and learn the history of this portion of the United States for perhaps two hundred years or more, better than can be found in books.

Le Vase Brise

(Translated from the French of Sully Prudhomme)

J. W. CARR, JR.

Yon vase where dies a blood-red rose
Was shaken by a careless blow.
The gaping crack—it larger grows
With daily progress, sure yet slow.

The water fresh has passed away;
No sweet perfume by flowers scattered
Now fills the air; 'tis flown for aye!
Touch not that vase, lest it be shattered.

Thus, oft the friend to us so dear
With careless words doth wound our heart.
No outward scars to the world appear,
And yet the flow'rs of love depart.

The wound profound is felt to grow
With pain that shows no outward token,
While unseen tears of anguish flow—
Touch not that heart for it is broken!

A Co-ed Cinderella

AMY B. MUSE

Margaret T. Winsted was an avowed man-hater from the bottom of her new rubber-bottomed English walking slippers to the crown of the soft golden curls bunched on top of her head.

At present she was so enveloped in the big hammock that not a bit of her was visible except occasionally when one of the newly slippered feet reached out and gave the house a violent kick, making the hammock go with such speed that a passerby might be led to believe a cyclone had struck it; but the occupant was only supplying restorative measures to the "cat" which threatened decease if this performance was not continued.

Although Margaret couldn't be seen, the meshes in the hammock served as so many windows through which she could see out, and while she studied English I very diligently she also kept up with passing events.

" 'Thomas Campion, born 1567. Educated at Cam——'

"There goes Louise. She makes me so mad. Going to the game again with Jack, and I won't have anybody to walk with when I finish my lessons. I hate boys!" And Margaret shut her mouth a little closer, gulped down a lump that was in her throat, and took it out by kicking the house so violently that the hammock threatened to overturn.

" 'Thomas Campion'," she presently continued. " 'Born 1567——.' O, I believe I'll memorize the poetry he gave us first."

> Never love unless you can
> Bear with all the faults of man.
> Ne-ver love un-less you can,
> Ne-ver love un-less you can.

"Louise must have a beautifully long-suffering disposition. She seems to stand them all right; but, O, how I hate them! Louise's so weak! I wish some sensible girl lived near here," and with the overwhelming thought of Louise's pitiable condition, Margaret, the strong, sensible, unemotionable Margaret wept.

One of the precious new slippers fell off, and the other she kicked—she didn't care where.

* * * * * * * *

"Miss Winstead! O, Miss Winstead!"

Margaret gave a start, looked through the meshes to see the speaker, and then wished to retreat—but alas, it was too late; so she merely stuck her feet under her and faltered, "O yes, here I am. Please excuse me for not getting up but——"

"That's perfectly all right, Miss Winstead. I've taken a great liberty I know, but I felt as if we knew each other, we've been on the same class together so long; so I thought perhaps you would help me out of a difficulty. I rescued a little fairy slipper from a dog in the street and I don't know whose it is. Can you help me out?"

Margaret did not notice that his eyes laughed uproariously although his face was perfectly straight.

"Thank you so much," she said, as she stuck out one little stockinged foot to prove the ownership, and then this Prince knelt down on the floor in spite of his perfectly new Norfolk suit, and gallantly slipped a three and a half slipper on this modern Cinderella.

"Have a chair, Mr. Garrard?"

"Sure."

* * * * * * * *

After a half hour's conversation they had exchanged views on Dickens, Booth Tarkington, McCutcheon, and various other literary "celebs"; they had agreed that the baseball team was unusually good; that Craddock was best at the bat; and had expressed their personal opinions on the abilities and characters of their professors; and finally reached that stage of intimacy in which Bob——"don't mister me, please"——was saying:

"I don't know why it is; but I always have liked you from the first time I saw you. You are so different from other girls, you're so sensible somehow, and simply all round dandy!"

* * * * * * * *

An hour later when Louise stopped by on her way from the game, the hammock was going at top speed and the occupant was singing, "You're Just the Boy for Me."

"Say, Louise, don't you think an honest, noble boy is the grandest thing alive. Somehow I understand them better than I used to and they are perfect dears—and Bob Garrard is simply the dearest one at all."

Rösslein Auf der Heide

(Translated from the German)

Six summers' suns have given the glow of life
To myriad lovely plantlets since the day
I saw thee first, fair first child of the May—
Six winters' winds have waged successful strife
Where crisp and sere their shattered beauty lay
Ere they had scarcely sipped the splendor rife.
But thee, more radiant still, sweet child, the knife
Of envious Time has left unscathed today.

Oh, blest of Heaven, live on, fair flower of mine!
And ever fairer grow as thou dost grow
By sunshine kissed, while southern breezes blow,
And years but a maturer grace define.
Some day thou'lt need a shelter from the blast:
Then, set with love, thou'lt blossom on my breast.

"Reveries in Rhyme"

Laura Augusta Tillett

No recent book is of as much interest to us as the attractive little collection of poems, "Reveries in Rhyme," by H. E. Spence. For several years Mr. Spence was professor of English in Trinity and no one was more popular or more beloved by the students. All of us remember the brain-racking time when we as freshmen were made to produce a real poem for him. We have long ago forgiven his cruel criticism and sarcasm and it is with pleasure that we see that he can practice what he preached. Most of the poems in the volume were first published in The Trinity Archive and for that reason are not altogether unfamiliar. However, we are glad to see them in book form and to know how popular they are becoming.

Outwardly the book is as neat and attractive as any we have seen. Inwardly we find the contents even more attractive. The subjects are divided thus: (1) Poems of childhood and country life, (2) Songs of the seasons, (3) Love lyrics, (4) Odds and ends.

As we read the poems of childhood we feel that the spirit of Eugene Field is alive again. The meter, the rhythm, the diction soothes us and we feel with the poet. Does not this picture take us back:

> As the shades of evening fell
> And the tinkling of the bell
> Called to mind the cows that waited
> over in the grassy dell.
> Tired we straggled up the lane
> Where the little window-pane
> Glowed with flicker of a candle calling
> us to rest again.
> Oh that welcome through the gloam
> Where the little candle beams
> Lures us again to "way down home"—
> The land of boyhood's dreams.

"Jim Ray" is an interesting character, as realistic as a Riley picture. "The Lights on the Heights" is a little more pessimistic than we would expect from so happy-hearted an author.

It isn't the buoyant, joyous man that we knew, and we hope he doesn't often feel the sadness shown in this beautiful poem.

The songs of the seasons are especially good. Here we get the real spirit of the author. Thus he sings:

> It matters not though flowers be dead,
> Or shiv'ring birds refuse to sing,
> Or earth is wrapped in snow's cold spread—
> Where love is, there is ever spring.

Again we see his real understanding of the negro in his "Jack O. Lantern." Throughout this diversion the songs are fitting and depict well the mood of each season.

But it is in love lyrics that we feel Mr. Spence is at his best. Full of lofty sentiments and high ideals, he can sing freely and gladly of the greatest love of the heart. Most of these lyrics are happy, though serious. There is unusual sincerity in such poems as "Is Life Worth While," "My Prayer," "My Story," "Pictures of Memory." There is sadness in "Renunciation" and "When Night Comes On." Sometimes we see a bit of his teasing humor as in 'Only" and "A Goody-goody Man." As a whole these lyrics show unusual talent and feeling for so young an author.

"Odds and Ends" is well named. We find verse there of all kinds from a parody on Poe's "Raven" to a lofty poem on "Wisdom." Here, too, are some choice negro dialect poems. We especially enjoy "Since Remus Gon'," for it seems to depict the real feeling of the old time darkey. "The Squeeze Play" is a rather daring bit of verse, but we are glad it found its way into the volume. Of all the poems, though, none appeals more to us than "The Song that Lived." The author puts himself in as he sings:

> But a simple bard as he mused alone
> By the glow of his cheerless fire,
> From the depths of his woe in tender tone
> Unfold his heart's desire:
> He wrote of the light in woman's eyes,
> The joy of her handclasp sweet;
> The infinite bliss of her vanished kiss,
> The patter of baby feet;

And the busy world to its depth was stirred,
For the heart of it felt what the mind ne'er heard.

Take it all in all "Reveries in Rhyme" is a volume of which the author, Trinity College, and North Carolina may be justly proud, and we hope the author will give us more like it.

The Sacking of the City

(Translated from the French of "Les Orientales," by Victor Hugo)

Charles H. Le Chillingerian
(Gavrouch)

Thy will, O King, is done! Lightning but to consume.
The roar of wild, fierce flames drowns e'en the shouts and shrieks;
Redd'ning each roof, like some day dawn of bloody doom,
Seemed they in joyous flight to dance about their wrecks.

Slaughter, his thousand giant arm tossed up on high,
Fells fathers, husbands, wives, beneath his streaming steel;
Prostrate the palaces, huge tombs of fire, lie,
While gathering overhead the vultures scream and wheel!

Died the pale mothers; and the virgins, from their arms,
O Caliph, fiercely torn, bewailed their young years' blight;
With stabs and kisses fouled, all their yet quivering charms
At our fleet coursers' heels were dragged in mocking flight.

Lo! there the city lies, mantled in pale of death;
Lo! where thy mighty hand hath passed, all things must bend!
Priests prayed; the sword estopped blaspheming breath—
Vainly their cheating book for shield did they extend.

Some infants yet survive, and the unsated steel
Still drinks the life blood of each whelp of Christian-kind—
To kiss thy sandalled foot, O King, thy people kneel,
And golden circles to thy victor ankles bind.

Do the Students of Trinity College Attend Church and Sunday School?

C. B. CULBRETH

Do the students of Trinity College attend church and Sunday school? This is a question that is asked by the father who visits his son while at college; by the preacher wherever one meets him from whose charge one or more students have come; by all the district and annual conferences which are fortunate enough to have a representative of the college present.

The failure to answer this question accurately doubtless reflects discredit upon the institution in the minds of those who do not have personal acquaintance with the moral and religious status of the college community. For there is always a feeling of suspicion that the conditions are bad and that the facts concerning them are conscientiously withheld from the public when a satisfactory answer is not given.

That the students who come to Trinity college, scarcely without an exception, come from the best homes of the Southern States is a truth conceded by all familiar with the facts. This presupposes the interest of the parents in the moral and religious welfare of their sons. Should not the parents, therefore, know, as nearly as is possible for anyone to know, the conduct of their sons relative to attendance upon divine worship and other means of religious and spiritual development and thus be able to judge for themselves as to the wholesomeness of the moral atmosphere in which their sons must live?

While the statistics of an ordinary resident section of our towns and cities do not differ very greatly from those of the average college community, the latter has problems peculiar to itself, which must be solved by methods adapted to the special conditions and circumstances.

I am conscious of the fact that the religious statistics of a community are not an absolute index to the spiritual conditions of that community. For it is true that some may, and I am certain some do, attend church and Sunday school whose conduct otherwise does not justify one in crediting them with moral and spiritual progress. So, while we cannot know the

personal and individual spiritual conditions of a community, we can with a great deal of certainty know the general conditions. We may know the atmosphere. I have not made any attempt in these statements to answer the question with which we started out. From the table of statistics below the reader may form his own judgment. If I have so far helped you to approach them with an unprejudiced mind I have accomplished my purpose.

A second question which is asked almost as often as the first can also, in a measure, be answered by the table of statistics.

I refer to the trial of faith which a few experience some time during their college course. Personally, I do not fear so much for the student whose faith has been disturbed to an average degree as I do for those whose consciences are so inactive and whose interest is so lax in matters of faith that they have not been troubled at all. For I have seen a few men who for weeks seem to have been imprisoned in "Doubting Castle." Not one of these of my personal acquaintance has failed to find the key that opens the door to a larger faith. But on the other hand, there are some whose faith seemingly never having been disturbed remains indifferent to the demands for a vital faith and the needs of a spiritual life.

For several years I have been in touch with the religious influences of Trinity College, and I do not believe that the moral and spiritual tone of the student body has ever been higher than it is today. There are three main causes which we feel have served to bring about this condition.

In the first place, Trinity College has been exceedingly fortunate in having at the head of its affairs men who coveted above all temporal and worldly prosperity the highest moral and spiritual good possible for its attainment.

In the second place, better conditions are due the spirit of the age in regard to a revival of Bible study. The movement organized some years ago to interest college and university students in the study of the Bible is now telling upon the lives of the students of these institutions. Men are learning to turn their faces toward the hills from whence cometh strength.

And lastly, the immediately and most directly effective

agency in producing a stronger moral atmosphere is generally believed to be found in the able and spiritual manner in which the Biblical department is now conducted. Bible study is no longer considered a joke or a pretext to satisfy the conscience of some pious mother that her son is studying the Bible.

There is a growing demand and a strongly felt need at the college, as there is no doubt throughout the state, for better equipment in this department. With the addition of two other professors to this department the demands and needs could be amply met. Let us have them.

	Are Church Members	Attend Church	Attend Sunday School	Doing Some Religious Work
Of the Freshman Class.....	.87	.91	.62	.10
Of the Sophomore Class.....	.94	.98	.49	.10
Of the Junior Class.....	.78	.98	.78	.05
Of the Senior Class.....	.79	.80	.53	.03
Of the Student Body.....	.90	.96	.55	.14

Hugh Abel advises all who are afflicted with insomnia to take Cordle's sub-Latin. He offers his own case as clear testimony that sweet and tranquil slumber is the sure result of a few applications.

Editorial

LACK OF THINKING

Fickle populace has become a trite expression. Historically the term was first applied to the Roman plebians, who permitted themselves to be swayed back and forth at the will of eloquent demagogues. Hackneyed as the expression may be, it is undoubtedly the best descriptive term that can be used in referring to a college student body. What do we want? We do not know. What do we think? We do not know. Do we want clean athletics? To be sure we do—immediately after we have heard a strong address on the subject.

Do we want to break down the barriers Trinity must perforce set up in maintaining the position she has taken in regard to athletics? Listening to the fiery appeal of a demagogue, we forget what should be our true attitude toward the question at issue and wax enthusiastic over a position in direct opposition to the principles for which we ought to stand, apparently willing in our thoughtless ignorance to overthrow at a single blow the monument of Truth that Trinity, amid opposition at every hand from the ignorant and the thoughtless, is trying to erect. Always desiring that which we do not have, whether or not it be good for us; prone to ignore the virtues we do have and to fail to guard them against the encroachment of false ideals—that is the way of children; that is the way of the college student body; and that is the way of the world.

The student body of this college, and of others as well, no doubt, can be swayed from one extreme to another by an eloquent speaker and then swayed back again; and, after all is said and done, the individual student has not accomplished one iota of real thinking. This susceptibility to outward impressions accounts to a great degree for the indefinite position of the student body in regard to many of the questions of vital importance which confront us.

We do not think. You will find that this is true in regard to every question with which we have to deal. One student

hears another's opinion, and probably the latter's view is one received from some one else; if the individual student should be questioned why he believes such and such a thing, it is quite probable that he could not give a single deep-rooted, logical reason for his attitude toward the matter. If each individual student were to take it upon himself to indulge in a little real thinking and to form opinions for himself based upon clear, logical reasoning of his own, with a regard for the high ideals which the college man ought to set up for his guidance, the college community would soon come to be the place which the title "educational institution" signifies; otherwise, it will remain as it is.

We are not urging anybody to accept any attitude toward any particular question. Your attitude does not affect us in the least. We do beg you to think—not the superficial thoughts based upon ideas you have heard somebody else express, but thoughts founded upon what you know from actual experience, from observation, and from the dictates of your conscience to be true.

When we have a college community where there is harmony of thought, then we shall have an ideal college community; when the individual students take it upon themselves to delve down into their reasoning powers and dig up big, true thoughts, then we shall have a harmony of thought: that which is true is Truth; Truth is harmonious. The ideal educational institution must be based upon Truth.

CONCERNING FRATERNITIES

"An institution affected in one particular is affected as a whole. An institution is like a man in one respect: it is of one piece; if one part of it be unsound, the whole of it is rotten." We quote Dr. William Preston Few, our esteemed president. Trinity is making a noble stand toward the effecting of an ideal educational institution. It is the duty of every true and loyal son of Trinity to lend his aid in the cause she is undertaking, and we feel certain that no Trinity man will do otherwise. In order to bring about an ideal institution, all causes of unworthy contention among the student

body must be removed; all things breeding ill feeling and signifying degrees of society must be ostracised.

We have taken a stand for athletics on a democratic plan; we must place the social life of the community on a single plane. Where there is class distinction, a certain degree of ill-feeling inevitably exists.

Personally, we have nothing to say against the average secret society on the campus. They seem to be made up for the most part of decent fellows. But, wherein are they essential to the life of the community? What beneficent effects do they bestow upon the students generally? In what way do they add to the greatness of the college?

We do not doubt that some of the fraternities and secret societies do render services to particular phases of college life; but we cannot refrain from observing that the good accomplished by them is more than counter-balanced by the evil. We know nothing of the constitutions nor the purposes of the various secret organizations, but judging from the members of some of them, their prime object would seem to be to emanate a spirit of snobbishness and to turn out a generation of dudes.

Every college has a reputation to uphold; developing a highlv polished species of dandy does not add materially to that reputation. "An institution unsound in one part is rotten as a whole." The episode of the photographs, which came near being a college scandal, was hushed up with the expulsion of a single participant in the affair. (We are purposely vague here. Those whom we wish to understand the reference will do so; those whom it does not concern it will not affect.) What would it profit Trinity to be the first to take up the fight against unclean athletics, criticising her sister institutions for their attitudes toward this form of college life, and leave a weak spot in her own armor of virtue which all those whom she censures can attack in perfect justice?

Can we fight the battle for Truth, denouncing others for their false conceptions and ideals, with the knowledge that we ourselves are open to criticism and reproach? Could we not make a far braver stand being pure and above reproach ourselves before we offer to censure others?

This is a problem and a real one. It must be solved before

Trinity can ever reach that goal which she has set for herself—the attainment unto an ideal educational institution, founded on the principles of universal Truth. What are we going to do about this matter? It is up to every Trinity man, frat and non-frat, to think it out seriously. To the former it may mean the sacrificing of personal feelings to what he knows is to the best interest of the college as a whole; to the latter it must mean unprejudiced thinking of what is the best for the college community.

We do not pretend to be prophets nor anything of that sort; nevertheless, we will venture to assert that the day is not far distant when the social life of this college community will be based upon the most democratic principles in the world. This can be the only logical outcome of the question if Trinity, as she dreams of doing, is going to be the first college of the South to attain unto the ideal institution of learning.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

One of the most valuable assets of a college is its literary societies. It is not intended to give the society undue prominence nor to attribute to it a position of merit not warranted. The literary society gives expression to a phase of college life and work by no means insignificant in the realm of student activities. Its office is the fostering of effort in literary work, and, being the chief factor in arousing enthusiasm and stimulating the student in its chosen field, it deserves the support of every man in the community. We have organizations to boost athletics; baseball "fans" rally behind the team, and in general interest to a large extent is manifested in this line of endeavor. This is right and proper; but literally society work is, to say the least, co-ordinate with any other student undertaking and is entitled to the same backing.

There are three ways in which an institution of learning is brought in touch with the outside world: through the personality and power of its leaders; through the impression made by its graduates in the various vocations of life; through the public collegiate and intercollegiate contests held during the scholastic year. To each the literary society sustains a direct and

important relation. Its value is rightly estimated only when its efficiency in preparing men for leadership is properly recognized. The great majority of leaders in the educational world, we venture to assert, have found this type of work very instrumental in aiding them in attaining their present positions of prominence. There is scarcely a walk in life in which men are not called upon to appear as leaders. Especially is this true of the professions. Two of the brightest stars in the sphere of Trinity's achievement are the careers of her two sons in the present National Congress, and it is worthy of notice that both were capable and energetic workers in the society hall. This is a day of public life, a time of conventions and associations, and men able to think on their feet are sorely needed. It is invariably true that the men who represent their college in debating and oratorical contests are active society leaders. The college draws upon the society for men to uphold the honor and dignity of the institution. Its halls are the training grounds where a very important phase of development is being looked after without which no man is fully master of himself and of others.

The literary society performs a two-fold function. In the first place, it teaches a man to know himself, his capabilities, his possibilities, his strength, his weaknesses. He learns in what respects he is weak and seeks to remedy those defects. One of the ancients said the great office of education is to lead men to a knowledge of themselves. "Know thyself," in the last analysis, is the fundamental concept upon which educational endeavor is laid. The society is undoubtedly a fitting means to the end. There men have the keen edge of competition turned toward them. They meet the grit and determination of one another, and in the struggle the finer virtues are developed. A man can place a truer estimate upon himself and others only when he has matched his skill with theirs.

In the second place, society work trains one to think. There is found the opportunity to do original work, to deviate from the beaten path. The original that is within is brought to bear upon others. Latent magnetism, undeveloped personality, transforms itself into a real vital force under the pressure of strenuous exertion. To think clearly and quickly and to ex-

press your thoughts in a forceful, persuasive manner is an art greatly to be prized. To lead to a mastery of this art the literary society deems its especial office and it is jealous of the task before it.

A man is in college primarily to get the greatest possible good out of his course. He needs the literary society; it needs him. Year by year the new men are neglecting more and more to connect themselves with one or the other of our two societies, Less than one-half of the present freshman class have enrolled. The influence of the society cannot be greatest under such conditions. It is entitled to the support of every college man. We hear a great deal about college loyalty, but we cannot be loyal to our college in the true sense until we get behind and push every institution that has for its object the greatest good. The supporting of some and neglecting of others is not evidence of loyalty. If it be, then it is a misdirected, a lopsided species. We must be active, energetic, enthusiastic. By getting in the fight and making the other fellow do his best, we can render our most efficient service.

—B. W. R.

Alumni Department

MONROE, N. C., Oct. 8, 1913.

Dear Mr. Murray:

The "Ode to the Columban Badge," by Tapscott, in the current number of THE ARCHIVE, recalls a bit of history told to me by "Uncle Jabez Leach," with whom I boarded during my entire college life at old Trinity, from 1867 to 1870. He told of a student, named Tapscott, who was a young fellow full of life and fond of a joke. One morning, the year I do not remember, but it was some years previous to my college life, the student, Tapscott, did not come down to breakfast and someone went to his room to awake him, but found his room vacant and his bed untouched by a sleeper. Soon it became noised around the college that Tapscott was missing and that

he had notified no one of his intention to leave the college. Then search began for him, creeks, cellars and wells were hunted, but no Tapscott could be found. It then dawned on his friends that he was an eccentric man and as they could not find him, he must have deserted his college days. For years no trace of Tapscott could be found and his disappearance was one of the mysteries in Trinity's history.

One day during my stay with "Uncle Jabez," he received a letter in an official envelope, which he opened and found was written on some six pages of legal cap. He began to read and presently an expression of surprise showed in his face and looking to the end of the letter he found it signed by "Tapscott," whose initials I do not remember, and he said: "That's the same fellow who left here without saying anything about it and so completely covered his tracks that we could never get any trace of him. I know he is the same man from the contents of the letter, for he speaks of his leaving the college. And then he speaks of my being religious and attending church, for he writes, 'I know you are still attending church at Hebron and enjoying religion, for I have always known you to be an ass—ass—ass—(excuse my stuttering) assiduous member of the church.' No one but Tapscott would have ever written that, for he was full of fun and I liked him." Tapscott was then a successful lawyer in Texas, so he wrote. I cannot say whether this is the Tapscott who wrote the "Ode to the Columbian Badge," but seeing it recalled this bit of history of a Tapscott given me by "Uncle Jabez Leach" and I wondered if they are one and the same man.

Yours very truly,

H. B. Adams.

WAYSIDE WARES

SOME EXAMPLES OF REPLIES TO EXAMINATION QUESTIONS

An infidel is the father of a male son.

Monarchy is that state in which a man has but one wife.

Romulus and Remus were a couple of Siamese twins who made Rome howl.

A fratricide is a fiend who murders a frat.

The government of the United States is in the hands of Publicans and Sinners.

The Nihilists are the people of the Nile country.

The law of gravity is twenty miles an hour in California.

Julius Cæsar had a cadaverous appetite, and before he died, he ate two brutes.—*Los Angeles Times.*

LOVE LYRICS OF A LOVELORN FRESHMAN—TOAST TO A MAIDEN

E. LESTER CULBRETH

Here's to the charming maid,
The one I love so well,
By some it is said
That her name is Isabelle.

'Tis far sweeter music to me
Than the angelic choirs above
When she plays a melody
On the golden harp of love.

Here's to the sweetest maiden
That is going to school at Dell——
The one with beauty laden;
Her name is Isabelle.

When I visit the land of pleasant dreams,
May they all be of you,
Till the lovely sunbeams
Stoop to kiss the dew.

The word love is a volume,
Each of its tears is an ocean,
Each of its smiles a column
In the temple of devotion.*

Then may my love for thee
Be one immortal flame;
May it pure and unbounded be,
Until you change your name.†

* This figure is entirely too broad for the comprehension of a mere mortal. In order to grasp its full significance, one has to be possessed of the artistic temperament of one initiated into the cult of the followers of the mystic flame.—*Editor.*

† It apparently does not make any difference what happens later. Where can we find a better picture of human nature more picturesquely drawn?—*Editor.*

HOW TO HOOK UP A DRESS

LEON POWELL

It does not take a professional to hook up a dress. Although most men are professionals, for they begin on their sisters, take advanced courses on their mothers, and graduate with their wives, they are not so by choice, but by necessity.

The easiest method of hooking up a dress is, first, to get rid of all superfluous garments that tend to increase the temper and the temperature of the performer; then, having placed himself in the most awkward position possible, one should take a hook in one hand and an eye in the other, and try to make connections. If this cannot be done, just attach the hook to the lace in the neighborhood of the eye.

After the first hook is fastened, the second must be secured, and the third also. But as the performer works, the job becomes more and more difficult, for each hook is just a little farther from its corresponding eye than was its predecessor. Thus it becomes necessary for the operator to use force both physical and verbal—the latter incoherently, of course. It also becomes expedient that he get down on his knees.

Now, as he nears the last hook, he approaches the climax, for when he comes to the last hook, he usually finds that he has one hook too many. If he is sufficiently experienced, he will not mention it; but if he is a novice, he will state the fact and have to do the whole job over again.

Editor's Table

Four methods of evaluating literary productions are open to the modern critic. There is first the judicial method, which tends to estimate the value of a piece of literature by applying a standard which the critic thinks will measure anything. But one might say that the fault of this lies in the fact that no universal standard of taste can be determined inasmuch as people and times vary greatly. Impressionistic criticism, the very opposite of judicial, makes no attempt whatever to state the relative worth of a story or poem, but in this the critic recognizes the relativity of taste and simply tells his impressions of the story or poem. Lambe criticized in this way and it has become a very popular method in modern times, but this is perhaps unfair, as it aims at no relative worth of the work. In the third of these, the historical, the criticism is postponed until a point of view contemporary with that of the author is gained. Appreciative criticism is, in a way, a combination of the other three methods and is an attempt to arrive at the genuine estimate of a piece of literature. But we think that Victor Hugo in his preface to the first edition of "Les Orientales" has most aptly summed up the duties of the critic. He says that to question the author on his fancy and to ask him why he uses certain subjects and such and such colors is beyond the critic's domain, for it is his duty only to criticize the way in which those subjects and those colors are handled, and to decide whether the whole production is good or whether it is bad. This seems to us a clever definition of the critic who attempts to give the genuine estimate of a literary composition, and hence we believe that appreciative criticism is by all means the most sound and impartial, and hope in all of our criticisms to apply this method.

Only a very few magazines have come to our exchange table this month, and among these there is still a fewer number that attract our attention as being up to the standard of the usual college publication. *The Haverfordian,* which comes to us

from Haverford College, Pennsylvania, is, indeed, one of the best magazines we have received so far. Its general appearance is attractive for its simplicity and neatness. The arrangement of the different departments and of the material in those departments deserves especial praise, for these features, most certainly, are noticed even by the casual reader, and should not be neglected. The literary department is a most pleasing collection of stories, essays, and poems, and seems to us excellently balanced. An essay which is of peculiar interest to lovers of modern art is "A Modern Fallacy." This is a plea for more justice and more attention to the modern painter in Anglo-Saxon countries. The argument is logical and appealing. "The True Artist" is the story of an enthusiastic playwright who, after succeeding in his first two productions, thinks the world is his and scorns his father's suggestion to give up literary work and enter into the betterment of the sad conditions in the settlements. Later, however, in a conversation with a companion, he is impressed by his friend's seemingly casual remark that he thinks more of the man who labors with poor human clay than the sculptor who works with marble, and he sees his father's advice in a new light. Upon his return home the father, no doubt, expecting the change in his son's point of view, meets him with a smile and they clasp hands. This appeals to us, because it is somewhat different from the usual college magazine story, and because it portrays human nature so well. It is the kind of story that makes the college magazine worth while, and it seems strange that we do not find more of this kind in them rather than so many exciting romances, dealing, of course, with an exceedingly beautiful girl and a daring young man, and giving nothing to the reader but a moment's enjoyment. Of this latter type, "When Greek Meets Greek" is a striking example. This is well written and interesting, but we are glad to say that such stories are not predominant in this magazine, nor should they be in any. But the Haverfordians are poets as well as "litterateurs," and their publication has another commendable feature in the very delightful poems, "Two Ships" and "In Suit of Truth." The latter, especially, has charm in its diction and meter, and both poems are rarely surpassed by students.

It is a recognized fact that the college magazine represents, or rather should represent, the literary and artistic ideals of the institution which publishes it. But we cannot think that this is the case in *The Trinitonian,* for surely the ideals of their university are higher than their magazine proclaims them to be. Indeed, the general impression of this is not what we should expect to get from the publication of a university. In the first place, there is not enough dignified fiction in it. "Did It Pay?" deals with college life, and is to be commended for its appropriate subject matter. The main plot is a pretty good one, but the action is retarded and the interest is weakened by the detailed sub-plots. The ghost story, which is really all there is that is worth while in "The First Night of a House Party" is interesting, but ends in the usual, and now somewhat monotonous way. However, by far the best feature in the literary department of this magazine is the account of the new woman of China. This deals with a subject of vital interest to the Christian world, and vividly and impressively describes both the former and the present condition of the Chinese woman. There is a serious lack of poetry in this magazine, and hence one cannot help from feeling a certain monotony in the literary (?) pieces. We do not understand why the boys should have left this entire field to the co-eds, or should have thought that there was no room for their efforts as well, for more contributions would certainly have added to their magazine.

The Niagara Index has the appearance of a pamphlet rather than that of a magazine. This month's edition is very disappointing. It has numerous departments, but all of them, especially the literary, are lacking in material. "Evensong" is a good sonnet, but it is the only poetry we find, and surely one short poems is not all the poetry one expects to find in a college publication of this kind. The essay, "A Godless Education," has, of course, as its aim the portrayal of the evils arising from an education in which religion takes no part, and the argument is well organized and thoroughly convincing. There are no stories at all from the students, and this is the most unpardonable of all of its faults.

The editor of the *Davidson College Magazine* makes an appeal for toleration in the criticizing of this, their first edition of

the year, but it seems to us that no such apologetic editorial is necessary, for, taking everything into consideration, this is splendid for the first attempt of the year. It is lacking in neither quantity nor, and what is still more important, quality of material. "The Story of Kaghar" and "I Am a Criminal" are both weird, blood-curdling stories told very simply and impressively. We were truly glad to see the essay on William Gilmore Simms, for, as the author says, there is a distressing ignorance of this "Southern Cooper" among the students and even among all the people of our Southland. This sets forth briefly the chief events of the life of this writer, tells of his characteristics and criticizes his works, in the whole giving one a valuable amount of knowledge concerning the Southern novelist and poet in several well organized paragraphs. Childhood in all its freedom, its simplicity, its feelings, its love, its thoughts and its life, is excellently described in "The Greatest Things in Life." The chief interest of this sketch lies in the fact that it depicts experiences common to every child. In "Fate and a Letter" we get a story of the somewhat conventional plot fairly well expressed, but this is not in keeping with the rest of the literature of this edition. "Some Impressions of the Passion Play at Oberammergau" is very instructive to those less fortunate ones of us who have to confine our impressions of this greatest of all plays to the accounts that we read of it. Certainly no apologies are needed for the poetry, for it is all good. "The Infinite" and the sonnet "Morning" are, indeed, worthy of praise.

"RAT" DALTON

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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Volume XXVII Number Three

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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the College.

Changes may be made in advertisements by notifying the Business Manager.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *Alma Mater*. If you do not wish to become subscribers, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of the old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

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The Trinity Archive

TRINITY COLLEGE, DURHAM, N. C., DECEMBER, 1913

Altar Lilies

"N'IMPORTE"

Thy saints, shod in their righteousness, have gone their happy ways,
To thy reward, and so, O Lord, may men withhold their praise;
Thy ministers are reverend, and yet, Lord, who can know
Thy ministers of spirit from thy ministers of show?
So we, who come in awe of thee, to reverence thy power,
Have found no symbol of thy grace, except thine altar flower!

A lily—such a simple thing—upon thy altar place,
To frame for us who sought for *thee* a vision of thy face!
So cleanliness and purity, and white simplicity
Alone o'er all the sham has thrown a radiance of thee!
We fear thee, Lord, in smitten awe, when lightning stabs the night,
But O, we reverence thee most, in these, thy lilies white.

Yet some in vanity have come—in gold and silk and lace—
With smirk and smile, and studied bow, seeking a foreign grace;
Lord, such as these, on pliant knees, will seek afar for thee,
Through stars, and inter-stellar space, and void immensity,
While they who press in humbleness to see thy splendor shine,
May see thee in thy majesty in this, a flower of thine.

"The King of the Golden River"

TOM GILL

"Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;
Death closes all; but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods."

Mrs. Hemmingway was placing the gleaming white china plates on the table, preparatory to the evening meal. Her hands glided here and there with remarkable rapidity, and every motion was productive of a useful result. One might almost say that the articles arranged themselves on the table so quickly and accurately did they assume their relatively similar positions; that is, if one might imagine so sordid a thing as a teaspoon or so dull a thing as a heavy teacup possessing human attributes. She did not hum a tune to her work as a happy housewife or a newly made bride would do; her lips were firmly pressed together, her head thrown back at such an angle that, in these days of artificialities, it was a wonder the generous knot atop of it did not fall off. The grotesque shadow of her tall, angular figure seemed to bow and smirk at her approvingly at each bending motion of her body over the table.

This singular preciseness of the woman's movements, this firmness of the lips and independent tilt of the head are not to be wondered at. They are one of three results produced by a close race with poverty. Some people are happy in their poverty; the corners of their mouths turn up; some become sour; the third class sink into shame and degradation. The corners of this woman's lips are turned down.

Three years ago Mr. Hemmingway died, and his wife is now supporting her daughter Violet and herself by taking boarders. A great deal of work had to be done, and she had soon learned to make no unnecessary motions; to be firm concerning payments; and to match shrewdness with shrewdness at the grocery stores. Perhaps she had learned through disheartening experiences with winged boarders or exorbitant grocers; but, be that as it may, we find her just the sort of woman we have described as she goes about her work in the dining-room.

In the midst of her operations the door opens, and an old man enters with a bucket of coal in his hand. The widow glances at him but does not speak, for the old fellow is already raking the embers together in the grate, and soon a cheerful warmth comes out from the fireplace amidst the snapping and crackling of the fresh supply of coal. Soon the noise ceases as the flames suck the last spark of life from their victims. Having filled the empty bucket with dead ashes the old man is about to leave the room.

"Well, Andrew, I see you didn't get out to your work this evening. Is anything the matter with you?"

"Nothing at all, ma'm; just a catch in my back. It's the cold weather, I reckon."

"Just a catch in your back. Humph! It seems to me you've had several of just those catches lately. You'd better look after yourself."

"Well, ma'm, God will look after me. He's never failed me yet."

"That's just the point, Andrew. God may look after you, but I can't. That's certain. I don't mean to be hard with you, just honest. You know I have all I can do to make both ends meet, and I must be laying by to give Violet an education."

"Yes, yes; the girlie must be taught, but what do you mean by saying that you can't take care of me? Have I ever caused you any worry, trouble, or expense?" The old man was gazing at the widow with surprise and hurt in his gray eyes. The wrinkles were gathered about his temples in a fashion that showed more than bodily pain. But evidently Mrs. Hemmingway did not notice this.

"No, Andrew, you have never caused me expense, but these catches in your back may put you to bed any day, and you haven't put away anything for such an emergency. I could ill afford to take care of you through a long sickness, and you know how the neighbors will talk if I turned you out when you became ill. There. I've said it! As I said before, I don't mean to be hard with you. I'm just honest with Violet and myself, you understand?"

"Yes, I understand," mumbled the old man as he leaves the room. "We owe it to the girlie."

His had been a hard life, had Uncle Andrew's, but it had not been unpleasant in his own estimation. He was the odd job man of the town. Many a flourishing garden owed its succulent vegetables and neat appearance to the care of Uncle Andrew. Many a stack of neatly sawed wood on trim back porches was kept undiminished by his tireless efforts. The corners of his mouth turned up.

Uncle Andrew regarded the Memmingway's as his home. A small shed room attached to the kitchen served as his kitchen, dining-room and sleeping quarters. Here, many a night while the boarders were at supper, he spent a pleasant hour with little Violet on his knee listening to his fairy stories. His eyes would twinkle merrily as he watched the eager, earnest little face turned up to his. He took much pleasure in fondling her bright golden curls and feeling the warmth of her small pink hands in his own hard ones.

As he puts down the bucket of ashes he feels a small hand slip into his and a sweet, clear voice say, "Uncle Andy, won't you tell me a story tonight? Mammy's too busy." The plaintive note in the little one's voice touches the old man as it has never done before.

"Yes, honey; come, we'll go to wonderland."

Soon they are sitting in the old man's room beside a cheerful fire.

"What will it be tonight, girlie?"

"O, tell me about the King of the Golden River again, Uncle Andy, it's the best of them all."

So the oft repeated story of the three brothers is unfolded, exciting as much interest as it did when it first fell from the lips of that ideal narrator, Uncle Andy. Many and eloquent are the pauses as the shadowy clouds of fragrant smoke rise from the old man's pipe to the ceiling. The child gazes intently into the burning embers in the fireplace. In the molten coals she sees the King of the Golden River take form, only to be replaced by two blackened embers which strangely resemble the two black images of the wicked brothers. Now the flames spurt up from some hitherto neglected fuel, and in them she sees the light, lithe form and joyous face of little Gluck as he descends into the treasure valley.

For a long time after the completion of the story they are silent.

"Uncle Andy, is little Gluck still alive?"

"Yes, honey; little Gluck and many more like him, but there are a great many Black Brothers alive, too."

The fire dies down; the old man knocks the ashes from his pipe and bends to kiss the little one goodnight.

"Dearie, I must tell you goodbye. I may never see you again. The county has built me a beautiful little home up there over the hills in a cozy little valley and I'm going there to live."

A smile lighted up the child's face. "Up in the Treasure Valley? Oh, that will be fine—but——" a shadow steals over her face. "I can never come to see you any more nor hear any more stories."

"Oh, yes, your mother will tell you some when I am gone. Besides, you will soon be going to school and can read all about the fairies yourself."

The child has left the room. The old man gathers his few belongings into a bundle and taking his stick from the corner walks slowly from the room.

The air is bitter cold outside but he is surprised to see the white carpet of snow on the ground. For an instant he is tempted to turn back, for it is a long tramp to the county home, and his back is tormented by spasmodic pains. But the impulse to leave his now irksome home conquers, and he sets out into the vast almost limitless field of snow. The flakes are falling fast. How insignificant he looks in the boundless expanse of whiteness; yet, how much smaller is the little figure which follows him.

On and on he trudges. The drifts are becoming deeper. The wind has steadily gathered force until now it is a howling hurricane, sending the icy particles against the traveler. He has passed over the roughest part of the way; soon he will reach the shelter of the valley. But what has become of the little traveler who followed him from the village? She is not behind him now. Has she, perhaps, been overcome by the cold and fallen into the drifts on the hillside or did she become faint hearted and turn back? No, no, she has not sought again the

warmth of her home; she is not a senseless heap on the roadside. She is lost. Soon after the foothills were passed she left the pathway in an attempt to pass Uncle Andy and meet him further along the road, for she feared he would send her back if she joined him near the village. This is the explanation of her disappearance from the scene of the old man's struggles. But, hark! What sound is that which strikes the old man's ear? Yes, it is the sound of a child crying in distress.

With renewed strength he breaks his way through the bushes and finds her there, huddled against a stump. He brushes the snow from her, wraps her in his great coat and takes up his journey again.

The struggle is harder now; he is carrying a double burden. His staff is thrown aside. The burden in his arms stirs and a weak little voice calls out from the depths of the coat, "I know who you are now, Uncle Andy. You're little Gluck grown up, and we are going to the Treasure valley. You'll take me with you, Little Gluck?"

"Yes, honey," murmurs the old man.

The child is satisfied. She sleeps calmly, pressed tight against his side. But what makes the way so long? Surely he must be near his new home now. His legs have become weary; he staggers under his burden. The white drifts seem like the crested waves of a mighty ocean rushing upon him. Twice he stumbles, recovers himself and plods on. The third time he does not rise. Why, oh, why do you lie there so silent? Shelter and warmth are only over the next hill.

The drifts deepen. Only the top of his great coat is now visible above the snow. At last he has reached his Treasure Valley. There will be no more pain or hardship for Little Gluck. The King of the Golden River has helped him into his great reward.

They found them there the next morning. The little girl was still asleep, wearied from her long journey.

A Christmas Legend

"What gifts bear ye this Christmastide?"
A king in state arrayed
Advanced unto the altar steps
And close his gifts he laid.
Proud flashed his eye. "No richer gift,
Priest, will ye find," quoth he.
The altar bells nor made a sound;
The king turned angrily.

"What bring ye here this Christmastide?"
"Lo, praise and fame I bring.
My name resounds throughout the land
More than yon envied king.
This world-wide fame, O altar priest,
I bear with me today."
No note came from the altar bells;
He turned in scorn away.

"Bear ye a gift this Christmastide?"
Then one who seemed a child
So fair and calm his eye and brow
His voice so low and mild
One scarce might hear, "Nay, priest," he said,
"For poor am I and old.
I bring you only gifts of love,
I have nor wealths nor gold."

Then all the altar bells rang out
A glorious, joyous song;
No earthly hands had caused the peal,
(Loud did they ring, and long.)
For gifts of gold, and wreaths of fame
Borne on in worldly pride
Nor equaled simple gifts of love
That far off Christmastide.

How Trinity Students Help Themselves

MILTON R. PLEASANTS

It is a delusion for anyone to conclude that in a college community students are isolated from all practical experiences, thus becoming a burden to society rather than a help, a class of consumers rather than producers. It is an equally absurd delusion for anyone to claim that lack of funds prevents an industrious, ambitious, willing young man from acquiring a college education in the best colleges of the country. A recent investigation of the occupations and living conditions of the students of Trinity College suffices to verify the above statements.

The investigation has proved that almost half the students of Trinity College are engaged in some kind of work in order to help pay the expenses of their education. Some of the boys do only a little light work in order to make extra spending money; others are entirely dependent on their earnings during spare hours for their college education.

A person unacquainted with conditions around a college may wonder what work so many of the students find to do. There are several classes of work that the boys may do when not occupied with their academic duties. More than a score of students are given employment by the college authorities. Capable and experienced young men assist the treasurer and faculty committees in bookkeeping, typewriting, copying, etc. Others who have familiarized themselves with the stack room in the library are given employment as assistants to the librarian. Graduate students and seniors who have taken special work in the various departments, as English, French, German, and Science, assist the instructors in these departments with their freshman and sophomore written work. Still others teach sub-latin, serve as proctors to keep order in their respective dormitories, raise and lower the flag, ring the bell, and so on. These students are usually compensated for their services with tuition, room rent, and cash in proportion to the amount of work they do.

The numerous boarding houses give work to a greater number of students, perhaps, than any other field of employment. Each of the eighteen or twenty boarding houses employs a manager and one or more waiters. The manager solicits boarders for his house, keeps books, collects when board comes due, and assists the matron of the house in every possible way; for these services he gets his board. The waiters, as a rule, go to the boarding house about fifteen minutes before meal time, put the victuals on the table, and serve the boarders during the meal; they are paid in board, usually getting a half or two-thirds in proportion to the amount of time and work given. Several boys do all kinds of work around the boarding houses, such as cutting wood, feeding stock, cleaning yards, washing dishes, etc. These usually spend all their spare time at such work, and get their entire board and room rent in payment. There are at least sixty students employed by the boarding houses, and, as a whole, these are the most industrious and willing of all who do any kind of work other than academic.

A number of popular students represent down town business houses, such as clothing and shoe stores, shoe repair shops, laundries, pressing clubs, dry cleaning establishments, etc. The first-class merchants and tailors find it to their advantage to have some well known, reputable student represent them on the campus, and the students are only too glad to get the jobs. These college representatives usually work down town at their respective stores about two or three afternoons each week, and sometimes on Saturday nights. They solicit college trade, grant credit to reputable fellow students, and assist with the regular trade when necessary. They are usually paid a salary of about ten dollars a month for their services. At least twenty-five students are employed as college representatives by the business houses of the city.

Those students who represent laundries, pressing clubs, dry cleaning establishments, etc., are, no doubt, the hardest workers on the campus. The laundryman makes semi-weekly visits to every room on the campus, and collects soiled clothes and collars. These are sent out to the various laundries, cleaned, and returned at the end of the week. These boys work on commission, themselves responsible for all losses incident to bad accounts. At the beginning of this college year there were a

dozen hustling students on the campus representing five competing laundries.

The pressing-man makes daily or semi-daily visits to all his customers' rooms in order to get suits to press. A few students who do only a small amount of work do their own pressing; the greater part of the work at present is done by two rival clubs, owned and controlled by hustling and enterprising students. These clubs are well equipped and each employs a negro at a good salary to do their work. The boys collect suits at night, carry them to the club the following morning; the negro presses them during the early part of the day, and the boys return them in the afternoon. The profits in this business as in any commercial business depend on the efficiency of the management. As a rule, the boys make handsome amounts, but there is often trouble in collecting a part of it. Besides the money return, the students engaged in this business get a valuable business training.

Quite a number of ministerial students have charges in the city and neighboring country. By preaching at their churches on Sunday morning or Sunday afternoon they get experience, do a good work, and at the same time make something to help pay for their education. In the same way two or three Trinity students assist with the teaching in the neighboring graded schools. Valuable experience and considerable compensation is again the reward.

In addition to these distinct classes of employment, there are several other odd jobs filled by students. One man works in a lawyer's office down town; another is night clerk at a hotel; another does typewriting for the students; still another makes book cases for sale and yet another earns sixty dollars a month regularly as telegraph operator in one of the railroad offices.

It may be interesting to some to know exactly the amount of work that the college boys do in addition to their studies. A few specific cases will be sufficient to illustrate. There is one student in college who manages a boarding house, teaches a sub-Latin class regularly three times a week, corrects freshman and sophomore themes, and represents a down town clothing and haberdashery store. Another waits on the table at a boarding house, collects shoe repairing for a down town shop, sells fruits, cakes, gum, etc., to the students, and does other

small jobs. One is a waiter at a boarding house, manager of a pressing club, and agent for a laundry. A ministerial student manages a boarding house and serves as pastor in one or more small churches in the town. These are ordinary cases; there are scores of men who hold such jobs, and almost invariably they are among the best students in college.

A hustling waiter is likewise a good man to represent a laundry or a pressing club; just so a boarding house manager makes a good college representative for a business house, and usually two or more such corresponding positions are held by the same student. As a young worker advances in his classes he is promoted in his outside work; the hustling, energetic, popular waiter becomes manager; the laundryman and pressingman, due to his wide knowledge of the students, is wanted by the business houses as a college representative when he gets to be a Junior or Senior. The worker who has proved his ability in academic work can usually get a better job from the college his last year. In this way the business activities of the students go on just as affairs in the business world outside the college community go on.

The working student is admired and encouraged by no one more than by his fellow students. Capable men who have shown their superior ability by working themselves to the top in the business activities among the students are invariably rewarded with positions of trust, honor, and responsibility. A glance at the college directory verifies this statement. A democratic spirit relative to the working man prevails among Trinity students, and is worthy of special mention. On the campus there are social classes as there are elsewhere, yet it is a noticeable fact that there is no real class distinction in the relations and association of working students with those who do not do outside work. More than all the rest, the wealthy, aristocratic students admire and encourage the working student.

The student body of Trinity College is organized in the Greater Trinity Club to give encouragement and assistance to working men. One of the main purposes of the organization is to secure jobs for competent men who want and need work. The college authorities heartily approve of students doing outside work when necessary, encourage them, and assist the Greater Trinity Club in providing employment and getting jobs.

"Conscience Doth Make Cowards of Us All"

TREBOR YARRUM

[NOTE—*The author does not claim that the legend is original with him. It has served as the basis of several short stories.*—Editor.]

Alden finished his story. A heavy silence had fallen over the room. Someone drew a deep breath, vividly audible. This relieved the tension, and someone laughed. A queer, cackling laugh it was, with no degree of mirth in it. The strain somewhat relieved, a general conversation started.

Marlin, the man from Brazil, turned to the host.

"You were acquainted with Thad Barnhardt, were you not?"

"Yes, I did know him slightly. A decent sort of chap was Thad. Where is he now?"

"Dead," was the laconic response. "The story just finished brought up in my mind a vivid recollection of the fellow."

"In what way?"

The other members of the party, scenting another story, perhaps, were now leaning forward to catch the conversation.

"Perhaps you know that Barnhard was a kind of crank about collecting old Eastern legends and stories. You know he spent several years in India, and it was there, no doubt, that he first became interested in Oriental mysticism and superstition.

"For such a notorious rounder Barnhardt was a reserved sort of fellow when it came to discussing his past life. I never did learn anything of his personal history before the time he left this country for India, until just before his death.

"Perhaps you know that Barnhardt and I were commissioned by the lumber company by which we were both employed to prospect for mahogany in the forests of Brazil. When we set out for the interior through the dense jungle, Barnhardt was as jolly and entertaining a companion as it has ever been my fortune to fall in with. We were going along in advance of the regular force, blazing a trail for the others to follow.

"I remember that those first nights in the jungle were the blackest and darkest I have ever known. I admit that I was

nervous even then. The very darkness seemed to be alive with weird, uncanny powers. But Barnhardt was as cool and unaffected by the darkness as if he were in a first-class hotel, rather than in the darkest and most lonesome spot in the universe.

"Gradually the nights became lighter as the moon waxed. Barnhardt began to lose some of his admirable courage. Why, I could not fathom, for the moonlight seemed much more companionable to me than did that damnable blackness. I could not help but remark Barnhardt's increasing uneasiness. It seemed to grow with the moon. I tried to find out what was troubling him; but he had fallen into one of his taciturn moods, and all the reward my well-meant intentions brought me were black looks and morose silence. The man simply would not talk. His uneasiness was infectious. Before long I was almost as nervous as himself, starting with fear at every sudden rattling in the underbrush. It was at night that we suffered most. All night long we lay there in restless wakefulness, daring neither to speak nor move, lest the sound of our voices frighten us out of our wits.

"At night we would lie there, the moon like a heavy orb of yellow molten gold shedding a weird, supernatural light over us. The stars seemed very near to earth, and the very heavens seemed to be pressing down upon us with smothering insistency.

"Gentlemen, you can never understand the wild terror and unearthly fear that seizes upon one alone in a vast wilderness of moonlit jungle. Altogether intangible, it fills the soul with horror of the unknown."

The speaker paused, poured out a glass of wine, and drained it. No one spoke. The glowing coals in the open fireplace cast shadows upon the floor in wild, fantastic shapes; outside a lonely cricket chirped dismally. Marlin replaced the empty glass upon the table.

"Hear that cricket out there? Rather lonesome sound, isn't it? Well, you can imagine what sort of a racket a million or more of the uncanny creatures could raise in the jungle on a moonlight night, and what sort of effect the shrill pipings might have upon a man already upon the verge of madness.

"One night Barnhardt took a notion that the crickets were human souls undergoing penance. That night I could scarcely control him; he wanted to kill himself. He swore that the crickets were the souls of people he had wronged crying out against him. When morning finally came he seemed ashamed of his foolish conduct. He then told me how he had got the strange idea into his head. It was a distortion of an old legend of the East. He repeated the legend to me. It was one of those mystical tales based upon the transmigration-of-souls doctrine, and the moral of it was that the betrayer of a woman should be punished. The legend was to the effect that the souls of wronged women took up the forms of fireflies and pursued their betrayers throughout the world.

"As yet we had seen no fireflies; but a few nights later they came in swarms. Thinking of Barnhardt's tale, I confess that my nervousness increased; but it was as nothing compared to my companion's terror. It was pitiable to look upon the man's suffering. The poor fellow lay there upon the ground, his head covered with the blanket. He was literally grovelling in the dust; and, strange as it may seem, the fireflies swarmed about him. We lived through that night in some manner unknown to me.

"The next morning the miserable fellow was all to pieces. He was frankly and pitiably terrified. I determined that we should leave the jungle before spending another night there, even though we lose our jobs for it. But Barnhardt even in his fright had better control of logic than I. He pointed out that we could not possibly get out of the jungle before nightfall, and one place was as good as another in that wilderness of horror. I then tried to persuade him to go back and join the main force of lumbermen. But he would not budge—the most obstinate fellow I ever heard of. He said he had contracted to finish the job in a limited time, and finish he would. Later in the day, as we were marking a splendid mahogany tree, he told me the tale of his life.

"It seemed that he had been a tough sort of fellow in his younger days. There had been a girl. They had not married, though the poor girl thought they had until it was too late. He had inveigled her into a mock ceremony. She was one of those all too many country girls who get the stage fever

and leave their homes for the city with nothing but their ignorance to protect them. Coming to New York, she found that the streets were thronged with girls like herself, seeking theatrical engagements. Her money began to run low, and still she had found no work. Barnhardt met her at her boarding house and became attentive. You know he was a handsome sort of a fellow, just the kind of man to appeal to a stage-struck country girl. Well, it seemed that their intimacy increased rapidly, and he proposed marriage, to which, after proper hesitation, she agreed.

"Well, they lived together for several months, and the girl by accident found out their true relations. She reproached the fellow and pleaded for him to save her honor. He cast her from him, for he was already tiring of her, and she was in a delicate condition; and as she clung to him pleading, he struck her in the face, thrust her from him and left her.

"A few nights later he was walking along one of the streets near the river front. He saw a crowd congregated upon the pier. With a dark premonition of uneasiness he pushed forward to see who the unfortunate one might be. The crowd stood examining her with cold curiosity, which maddened him. At last he caught a glimpse of her face. It was as he had thought. He turned aside with a sickening of the heart and wandered aimlessly away from the sight.

"And that was why he was so reticent about his past life.

"That night the fireflies returned in greater hordes. Barnhardt was all aquiver with terror. He lay for awhile with his face buried in the leaves. Suddenly he leaped to his feet, snatched off his coat and began beating the air in a mad effort to drive off his tormentors. But they only swarmed toward him the thicker. With the wildest shriek I ever heard from human lips, he flung the coat from him and bolted wildly into the jungle. I ran after him, but I was no match in speed for him. For hours, it seemed, I heard his shrieks and screams ringing out like the cries of the damned in infernal regions through the still jungle. The moon still hung suspended over me like a heavy orb of yellow molten gold, and the stars seemed very near the earth, and the crickets chirped mournfully; but the fireflies had all mysteriously gone from the scene. I noted this much and then I fell into a swoon.

"The next morning I found his body. He must have run about in a circle through the jungle, for the body lay near the camp. The face was hideously distorted, and one hand was clutching his hair in a desperate grip. I loosened the stiffened fingers from the hair and opened the hand. Crushed against the palm was a firefly."

Marlin reached for the wine bottle, filled a glass and drained it. Outside a cricket chirped dismally. A faint gust of wind surged in at the open window. Someone gasped. A firefly whizzed in through the window, flew vaguely around the room, and departed as it had come.

A Fantasy

The wild sweet notes of Orpheus' lyre are still,
  Hushed are the sounds of dance and revelry.
The nymphs and fauns have left their 'customed hill,
  The streamlet's song has grown a mockery.

Aimlessly through the silent echoing wood
  A stray breeze wanders, empty and forlorn;
The caves and glades where once the satyrs stood,
  Their shouts are hushed that hailed the coming moon.

Only dread peace and loneliness supreme
  Is left for us, a vague half echoed sigh;
Did Pan once live, or was that, too, a dream—
  That sound—was it a dying dryad's cry?

Almost a Hero

F. B. BROWN

I

E. Dobbin Belvin, the millionaire telegraph magnate, was sitting with four of his friends in the halls of the Podunk Club. The air in the clubrooms was thick with the smoke from high priced cigars and an occasional Egyptian cigarette. All five of the men were lounging about in the soft cushioned chairs as if their highest ambition was to hold those chairs strictly in place. Their conversation, having long since covered the broad field of wines, women and songs, had died away, and the men sat in silence.

For some time this silence continued, until at last it was broken by the voice of Millionaire Belvin.

"Fellows," said that round-faced young gentleman with the fiery countenance and the necktie to match, "I have thought out my theory to perfection."

"What theory?" questioned Slyckwith, one of the four men to whom the above remark was addressed.

"Why, that darned old theory that Belvin's had in his mind for the last six months," exclaimed Filcott. "You don't think Belvin has sense enough to think out two whole theories by himself, do you?"

"What was that theory, Belvin?" asked Slyckwith.

"Yes, let's hear it," said all of the other three men together. "Let's hear it."

"Well, then, here goes. It is simply this: I——"

"Oh, gosh, he's started his hot-air box off again," sighed Filcott with a groan of distress.

"I believe," said Belvin, without noticing the interruption, "that every man is fundamentally superstitious."

"Some theory, that," sighed Filcott. "How can you prove it?"

"Prove it? Why it's almost self-evident. It's easy to prove."

"Well, I won't believe it until you do prove it."

"Here, fellows, quit this fussing. Let's hear you explain your theory, Belvin," put in Slyckwith in a deep, rumbling voice of command that at once put an end to all further disputes.

"Well, it is this: Every one is superstitious to a certain degree, although that fact may be very deeply hidden. Any man will be afraid of a ghost if his mind has been sufficiently worked up to it. His mental condition determines whether he will be afraid or not. A man who is afraid will not stop to reason a thing out; he will sink back into the old, primitive state of superstitious fear and dread."

"Sounds reasonable, but I don't believe it, and I won't believe it until I see it proved," said Filcott.

"Well, then, by Jove, I'll prove it."

"How?"

"This way: I'll advertise for a man to sleep in the deserted Bullburg mansion. I'll say that the mansion is haunted, and that I want a man to sleep there and drive out the ghosts. Undoubtedly, the man who will dare to undertake that job will not be afraid of ghosts, and will not be at all superstitious. You'll have to grant that, won't you?"

"We'll have to grant that."

"Then, if I manage things so that this man becomes thoroughly superstitious—and very suddenly—so that he becomes a firm believer in ghosts and spirits, then my theory will be proved, will it not?"

"That would prove your theory, all right; but you can't do that," said Slyckwith.

"Just wait and see if I don't prove my theory. I'll get a man here and work on his feelings so that he will believe anything. If you keep telling a man a frightful thing, sooner or later he will become frightened, no matter how much of a hero he may be. I'll get him frightened; and a frightened man does not stop to use his powers of reasoning. He will see something that looks like a ghost, and, to him, it will be a ghost."

"And when do you expect to try this wonderful experiment?"

"At once. I'll send the advertisement for a man to the Podunk *Clarion* now. Sambo, bring me a pen and some ink."

II

Dr. Branchwater, the youngest of all the doctors in the thriving little town in which he lived, crossed his slender legs, leaned far back in his chair, and smiled with an air of deep

satisfaction when he read the following head lines in the afternoon edition of the Podunk *Clarion:*

"Millionaire offers five thousand dollars to the man who will spend three nights in the haunted Bullburg mansion."

No wonder that Branchwater was pleased. Ghosts? Bah! He knew that there was no such a thing as a ghost, and therefore he was sure that the millionaire's money would be very easy to win. "And besides," Branchwater argued with himself, "with my present practice I shall never be able to marry, while, with that five thousand, I could at once claim as my very own my dear Frances—Frances with the enticing curls and pretty face —Frances with her heavenly eyes and——" He broke off suddenly in the midst of this amorous rhapsody, turned to his desk with a smile of determination, and proceeded to write at once to Mr. Belvin. By means of this letter Belvin was informed that the heroic Mr. Branchwater would be in Podunk at an early date, and would take it upon himself to spend the required number of nights in the haunted Bullburg mansion.

III

When Doctor Branchwater had finished writing the letter in which he had accepted the offer of the millionaire, his next step was to call up his sweetheart, his lovely Frances with the enticing curls, and ask her to let him come around at once. Like the angelic creature that she was, she gave him her permission, and it was hardly dark when Branchwater opened the gate of the handsome Lemming home.

With a fainting heart, Branchwater waited at the door. He was trembling, and his heart was in his throat, for he had determined, in view of the thousand dollars which he was so sure to win, to ask Frances to be his own bride. And this was the night which he had planned would be the night of nights in the history of his love affair.

At length the door opened, and he was ushered into the parlor, where the beautiful Frances soon joined him. For a long time Branchwater was too nervous to trust himself with a proposal. Their talk ran upon the ordinary topics of the day. (Did I say "ran"? That does not exactly express it. A better term would be walked, or proceeded slowly, or even lingered.)

At last, late in the night, Branchwater grew desperate. "Now is the time, or never," he said to himself; and with a final effort he set out on the hard task of proposing.

"Frances."

"Yes."

"May I not come and sit by you there on the sofa?"

"Why, certainly you may." And then she said in a whisper to herself, "I wonder what he's up to now? That's just the way Charlie started to propose to me the other night."

Branchwater moved over to the sofa and took a seat at the end opposite to Frances, and as far off from that young lady as it was possible for him to get without sitting on the floor instead of on the sofa. For a long while there was silence, while he gathered his nerve for the second onslaught upon that stern citadel of Frances' heart. At last, with a grin and a grunt which it is not within the powers of orthography to represent, he moved up closer to Frances, and picking up a sofa pillow which had been lying between them, he placed it gently in his lap.

"Hasn't it been a lovely day?" asked Frances innocently; adding to herself, "Yes, he is certainly going to propose to me. Oh, what shall I tell him?"

"Frances, I have something very important to say to you."

"Oh, you have? What is it? " (Aside, "So disappointing; he's starting off just like Henry did last night.")

"Don't you know what it is, Frances?"

"Why, of course not; why should I know?" ("I wish he'd hurry up and say it. He is slower than Bob was last week.")

It was just at this point that Branchwater got his inspiration and began to talk in earnest. To write down his words with the intense expression with which he uttered them—to transcribe his many contortions and gestures with which he adorned his speech—to describe the love light which shone from his rolling eyes—that would be impossible. Only the plain words with which he pressed his suit can be given, bare and unornamented.

"Oh, Frances," he said, "this is what I want you to know: dear, I love you!" Here he made that hackneyed sign of deep affection which the vulgar term "goo-goo eyes," and then continued. "I have loved you ever since I first met you three

long months ago. And I will love you always, whether you return my love or not. You, Frances, are the only girl in the world that I have ever really loved. Yes; and you and I were made for each other; we were sent into this vale of tears, into this place of misery which we call the world merely for the sole purpose of loving each other. I feel, I know it." Branchwater made all these statements with that emphasis which a young man in love is accustomed to put upon his sentences when addressing the object of his affections. He punctuated his remarks with various suitable sighs and gestures, and evidently it was not altogether without effect.

Frances sighed, saying to herself, "Oh, pshaw! It's the same old regulation stuff. Why, every man that has courted me for the last six years has used the same stuff. I do wish they would use something original." She turned her eyes upon Branchwater and emitted a long-drawn sigh, probably with the intention of drawing him out still further.

"Ah, Frances, you sigh! It is not, then, altogether displeasing to you? You do not, then, utterly despise me? That at least is worth something; but what I want is your love. I do not wish your sympathy." He took her hand in his, and held it tightly. "Now," said Frances, aside, "he's getting along better. Why didn't he do that at first? He ought to know that I love him when I've been letting him come here almost every night for the past three months."

"Frances, tell he, can't you feel something like love for me stirring deep down within you? Do you not feel it, Frances?"

Frances did have a very curious feeling deep down within her, but she had thought that it was the colic until now. It must be love, however, and so she yielded up to the importunities of Branchwater. With downcast eyes, she turned to him and sighed, "Yes."

"And Frances, will you not, then, consent to be my own? To be my bride?" Branchwater's arm slipped unnoticed about her waist, as she sighed languidly, "Oh, Doctor, this is so sudden."

"Say you will, Frances; come, say you will be mine."

"But, Doctor, we must think of other things than love in this affair. I cannot consent to marry you until you have enough

money to support us both." For once a courting couple had struck upon a sensible thought.

"And I do not ask that," said Branchwater. "I shall be rich within another week." And then Branchwater proceeded to tell her all the facts about the great offer he had seen in the Podunk *Clarion*, and of how he intended to go to Podunk, to run the ghost, which he knew did not exist, except in imagination, away from the Bullburg mansion. "And now, Frances," he concluded, "tell me that you will be my own. Will you?"

"Yes," she sighed, with a rapturous look of love and affection and infinite adoration at the heroic but bony form of the Doctor—a look which would have been highly satisfactory to the lover of sentimentalism, since it contained within itself the very essence of sentimentalism itself!

IV

It was a bright June afternoon when Millionaire Belvin met Dr. Branchwater with his car at the Podunk station. Such things as ghosts seemed to be thousands of miles away, and only good things seemed to be in the vicinity of Podunk. Yet Millionaire Belvin was pouring into the attentive ears of Dr. Branchwater the most hair-raising and frightful stories imaginable of the nightly rampages of the ghosts near the old Bullburg mansion.

"Yes," said Belvin, as they came in view of the Bullburg mansion, "very often a voice is heard to speak from the roof and from the head of the stairs during the night. It is a weird voice, and it seems to say 'What are you doing here?' 'Leave me alone,' 'Go away,' and 'Help, I'm dying.' "

"All bosh!" exclaimed Dr. Branchwater, "every bit of it bosh. Why, that's nothing but imagination. I'll wager I'll sleep there for three whole nights and never be disturbed by a single ghostly visitor."

"That remains to be seen," said the companion of the doctor just as the machine turned into the entrance to the old Bullburg estate.

The estate into which the machine turned seemed, indeed, very little attractive to such uncouth guests as ghosts. The bright sunshine was everywhere, falling upon the beautiful marble figures which were scattered about among the trees.

Fountains bubbled up with a soothing, whispering sound; the leaves whispered merrily in the breeze; everything signified peace and harmony. The old mansion itself corresponded in no detail with Dr. Branchwater's idea as to what a haunted house should be. It was a large colonial structure, with huge white columns towering up from the porch. The windows and doors, instead of being dilapidated and fallen down as the doctor had expected them to be, were entirely good, and there was not the least appearance of desertion or lonesomeness about the whole place.

It was with a very light heart that Dr. Branchwater followed Mr. Belvin up to the only furnished bedroom in the house, on the second floor. Through a long straight passage, in the midst of which hung a huge chandelier which flooded the whole passage with light, and on up a wide, high staircase they went; and then they entered the room. It was an immense room with great fireplace and a huge four-posted bed. The room was most elegantly furnished in all respects. Heavy purple curtains adorned the windows; thick heavy carpets covered the floor; large tapestries hung upon the walls; two large electric lamps gave a soft, white, restful light.

Leaving his grip in this room, Dr. Branchwater left the house and returned to the village. All that day he spent in listening to the foolish tales about the Bullburg ghosts; and he laughed at the simple people about him who were telling him of the ghostly antics with such solemn countenances and with bated breath. Little did he know that those men had been hired by Millionaire Belvin for the sole purpose of stirring up a feeling of awe and superstition in the manly bosom of Branchwater himself!

That night after supper, still led on by Mr. Belvins' minions, Branchwater was taken to the Podunk Opera House to witness the performance of that old play called "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." As those who have seen this play presented will confirm, this is one of the most gruesome and nerve-racking pieces imaginable. The horrible crimes of the deformed and metamorphosed Mr. Hyde grate harshly upon one's inner consciousness, and engender there a nervous dread—a dread which smoulders unsuspected while our minds are busy, but which, as soon as our minds are for a moment quiet, take sudden

possession of us and fills us with involuntary fear at the slightest provocation. It may be imagined, then, with what feelings Dr. Branchwater left the theater. The scenes of the play were still vividly before him, and he was nervous and afraid.

Outside he found a storm brewing. The weather seemed to conform exactly with his state of mind, and depressed him even more than before. The wind was blowing in hard, quick gusts, which now and then caused some shutter to slam dismally, and which caused the dry leaves in the gutters to rustle and flutter about. Black, heavy, sullen looking clouds were piling up in ominous banks, through which the moon gleamed with a dull yellow glow, showing in sharp outlines the shapes of the multiformed clouds.

With unusually quick and hurried footsteps for one so dignified, Dr. Branchwater set out on foot for the Bullburg mansion. Naturally, he was in a nervous mood. Who would not be, after seeing such a show and while walking home alone in such a night? When he arrived at the entrance of the Bullburg estate, the Doctor was not nearly so bold as he had been early that morning.

Indeed, the appearance of the mansion was not nearly so inviting when seen in the shadow of an approaching storm as when viewed in the open light of a clear morning.

There was no light, now, save an occasional gleam from the yellow moon, as some rift in the gathering clouds passed over its face; and these occasional gleams fell upon the marble figures in the court and made them seem as ghosts. The still, cold marble forms stood out pale and eerily against the blackness of the night. The fountains played with a hollow, sullen murmuring like voices crying from tombs; the leaves rustled with a sound which seemed to be the rustling of some ghostly garment. The house itself seemed different. The huge columns now seemed as fingers pointing to another world; the doors and windows appeared as black and yawning as the entrance to the Stygian cave itself.

Dr. Branchwater's knees suddenly became afflicted with most extraordinary oscillations as he turned in at the gate of the Bullburg mansion and started towards the house. They swayed from side to side, and they bumped together so often that the poor doctor could scarcely walk. Indeed, he might have had

considerable trouble in getting up to the big house at all if Providence had not sent him sudden inspiration. Behind him, perched in the top of a big pine tree, sat a wild-eyed owl; and the wild-eyed owl took just this crucial moment to deliver himself of the most long-drawn out and the weirdest hoot that ever owl gave forth.

With an answering shriek, Branchwater set out at full speed for the door of the house, opened it, and rushed inside. Almost in a frenzy of fright, he turned the electric button. The lights would not come on. With a pitiful wail of distress, Dr. Branchwater slammed the door against the ghostly voice which had pursued him, and, striking a match, began a slow and cautious advance down the corridor to the stairway.

After a long time, the stairs were reached, and with tottering steps Branchwater started up them. It was a long, long journey up that stairway. The flickering match threw an eerie and trembling light above and below, giving just enough light to make the surrounding darkness more intense.

Suddenly, when he had climbed half way, the match died out. He felt in his pocket for another, but he had used his last. With a sigh he started forward in the dark. He stumbled, and sat down unceremoniously on the stairs. Then from above him somewhere in the impenetrable darkness, there came a voice. It was weird, unearthly voice, savoring strongly of the tomb; and the voice said, "Help, help!" and then came a loud and prolonged groan—a groan which seemed to express all the accumulated anguish of thousands of lost souls for thousands of ages.

Dr. Branchwater gave a sigh of despair. All thoughts of winning the lovely Frances at an early date vanished from his terror stricken mind. Sleep in a house where ghostly voices called down at one like that? Never! Why had he been so bold and presuming as to dare the anger and disapproval of that vast unnumbered host beyond the tomb? Why had he ever been so unreasonable as to deny their very existence? What could be more reasonable or natural than their existence? He would never deny it again! Surely, his past had been a past of foolishness!

All these thoughts flashed through the excited brain of Dr. Branchwater in a single instant, and at the end of that instant

he started for the door of the mansion with undignified haste.

"Stop!" came from behind him in a stern voice—a voice whose sepulchral tones sent a chill through the doctor's whole frame and left him standing from sheer fright.

Branchwater stopped with trembling knees and chattering teeth, and waited to find out what his miserable fate was to be. From the stairs there came a heavy, slow footfall. Branchwater's eyes turned in that direction. Before him he saw an immense figure in white, which was approaching him with slow dignity and awful silence.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! With a very unghostlike tread the horrible figure came to his side. A long white arm reached out; a white, cold hand grasped the doctor's shoulder. Then the apparition spoke:

"Who are you?" it asked.

"I'm B-B-B-Branchwater," was all that the doctor could manage to stammer forth.

"Did you not deny the existence of ghosts!" demanded the voice.

"N-N-N-No sir!" lied Branchwater tremblingly.

"You lie! You did!" roared the spirit. And then continued, "What do you think now? Do you believe in ghosts now?" The cold white hand gripped his shoulder.

"I do," said Branchwater with conviction.

"Well," said the ghost, rolling the words out like the sound of a rapid fire gun, "Prove it! Prove it! Get out of here! Run! If you think there are ghosts, run! Or stay here until my comrades come! Stay here until then, and awake within the tomb. Stay, if you wish!"

Without a word, the doctor set out with the ghost immediately behind him. Out from the mansion, down through the great lawn, into the public highway, and on to town, speedily, straining every nerve, the runners hastened on. On past the Podunk Club rushed Branchwater; but the ghost stopped the pursuit at the door of the club and went silently upstairs. Undoubtedly he meditated yet other mischief.

Upstairs Belvin's four friends were playing setback with the help of some cigars and beer. The game seemed to be a most absorbing one, and they were deeply interested. Sambo, the burly black giant who attended to the wants of the members of

the club, was standing near, looking on at the game and awaiting further orders.

Suddenly the negro's face turned as near white as it possibly could; his knees gave way beneath him; his eyes rolled until they displayed an enormous amount of white; and his shining teeth knocked together with sufficient force to dislocate an ordinary person's jaws.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed, "Good Lord, he'p dis nigger."

The four card players looked up in astonishment, and there before them they saw an immense white figure, surmounted by a ghastly skull, and with its arm outstretched. Involuntarily, each one sprang to his feet. Glasses crashed on the floor; cards flew in every direction; chairs fell violently over. Fear and surprise was pictured in every countenance.

Then, as they stared in amazement, a strange thing happened. The ghastly skull fell from the figure; the white robes fell away; and there before them, his face convulsed with laughter, stood Millionaire Belvin.

"Fo Gawd!" groaned Sambo with a sigh of relief, "Fo Gawd, you shore skeert me."

"So you see," said Belvin, "even you four did not use your powers of reasoning then. That is one proof of my theory. But I have a better one than that. It is completely proved by my friend who offered to stay in the Bullburg mansion.

"Tell us about it!"

Millionaire Belvin lit a cigar, and then, leaning back in a comfortable rocker, he told of his recent escapade as a ghost.

"Poor Doctor Branchwater," he said in conclusion. "I suppose he's running yet!"

"Belvin," said Slyckwith, "I suppose that we'll have to grant the truth of your theory after this. You certainly had that man so badly frightened that he became superstitious again."

"So you've saved your five thousand dollars, have you?" queried Filcott, another of the party.

"Yes, sir; that five thousand is safe enough."

"Safe nothing!" interrupted Slyckwith. "Didn't you say you ran after Branchwater all the way to town?"

"I certainly did. That's no lie."

"Then Branchwater succeeded in running the ghosts away from the Bullbury mansion, didn't he? And according to the

agreement you made with him, you owe him the five thousand."

"And, by Jove, I'll send it to him," exclaimed Belvin. "It's nothing to me, and besides, he deserves the money for the scare he got."

(To be continued)

At the Old Home Place

E. C. DURHAM

I now am far away from town
  Where long I strived for learning,
Where oft the sun, in going down,
  O'erwhelmed my soul with yearning;
Where dust and smoke bedimmed my view
  Of sunlit skies of glory,
And where I missed the song-birds, too,
  And thrilling nature story.

So many things appear to me
  To make me think of childhood:
The growing grain—a waving sea—
  The piny-oaken wildwood,
The old barn lot, the stretching lane,
  The garden fence inclining;
And in the meadow, from the plain,
  The water lillies shining.

I'm tendered now with mother's smile,
  With father's gentle greeting;
With loved ones round me all the while,
  With tender hearts abeating.
Ah country home! So dear to me!
  I'm with thee unmolested!
In deep and calm serenity
  My soul is wholly rested.

The Gift

A. S. Baugh

The wild frenzy of youth's passion that expresses itself so naturally, so freely in springtime does not die with the frosty tint of autumn. Winter's blasts and snows that play havoc with every living, throbbing thing penetrate not into the soul of youth's gaiety. The juvenile heart-fluttering throbs the more violently to sustain its glowing fervor. Even the bleak Christmas month "brews the merriest tale, the mightiest ale;" truly "a Christmas gambol could often cheer the poor man's heart through half a year."

Such a frolic is our topic.

The occasion was one of those Christmas gambols at which all the village was present. Old and young had assembled at the old school house on the hill, the former to gossip and pry into whispered secrets, the latter to revel and frolic, to trick and indulge in what they would conceal from their stern chaperons.

One awkward lad had withdrawn with his pretty lass to a remote corner. He was trying so earnestly to say something that he did not notice "the cynosure of neighboring eyes."

At every whistle of the chilling wind she shivered, chattered her ivory white teeth and bit her red lips only to make them the ruddier and more inviting. He was summoning all his courage to answer to her complaints of the cold, but alas, he could not make his tongue speak what his heart commanded. She saw the mental effort under which his shallow brain was laboring and it flustrated her the more. And still she complained.

Bold in his distraction the young hot blood offered his coat. Certainly she was not so imprudent as to accept the offer, but she became silent with a kind of attention of expectation.

In front of them was seated a party of deacons and elders who were being entertained by the parson. The attention of the abashed lad was gained by the parson who was quoting a bit of well known rhyme, "The gift without the giver is bare. He who gives his arms feeds——"

He heard no more. She heard no more. Strange to say they slowly turned their gazes on each other. Suddenly the great

old swinging lamp flickered, and, as if extingushed by the wind that whistled through the cracks of the old logs, went out.

The two forms in the corner drew closer together instinctively. The light had gone out providentially.

"Do you believe that?" he whispered.

"Believe what?"

"That the gift without the giver is bare?"

"It must be so; the parson said it."

Then the truest, noblest, fullest gift ever shared was made.

What's In a Name?

YARRUM

There was no doubt that he belonged to the class of American democracy which the budding journalist delights in designating as the fraternity of the horny-handed sons of the soil. He bore all the earmarks of that clique.

"Can I wait on you?" asked a neat saleslady politely.

"I want to see the boss," he informed her airily. A fly enjoying an afternoon doze on the shining surface of a mahogany piano pilaster attracted his roving eye. He shifted with his tongue the wad of tobacco reposing in a visible projection of his left jaw to a similar one in his right, took careful aim, and hurtled a stream of villainous juice squarely upon the innocent insect.

"Them darn critters'll spile nice furniture like that ef yer don't keep 'em off," he observed philosophically, transferring at the same time via the tongue route the quid to its former receptacle.

"I want to see the boss," resumed the farmer. "I don't calculate ter have no dealings with ordinary clerks."

"There's Mr. Morrison's office," said one of the clerks, pointing to a closed door marked "Private," but he's awfully busy today."

"Got any sewin' machine needles?" inquired the gentleman from the sticks as he sauntered into the private office of the president of the Morrison Music Company.

The president swung abruptly in his revolving chair and regarded his inquisitor stonily. He did not deign to reply.

"Miss Duhling," he called sternly. A pretty saleslady answered the summons. "What do you mean by having me disturbed like this? Wait on the gentleman."

"He asked especially for you, sir," replied the girl contritely.

But the president had apparently dismissed the matter from his mind. He gave a significant shrug and turned to his papers. The interview was over.

"Well, what is it I can do for you, sir?" the saleslady inquired when she and the would-be customer had emerged from the president's sanctum into the store proper.

"I want some sewin' machine needles," stated the farmer deliberately. "Ten cents worth o' them."

"For what machine, please?" as the girl stepped in front of the needle cabinet.

"Jest plain sewin' machine needles, an' I want 'em mixed."

"But, sir," protested the girl, "there are a great many kinds of machines, and nearly every kind has a particular needle."

"Wal," and the farmer scratched his head in puzzled deliberation, "I don't know's I know exactly what sort o' needles the old 'oman's been gittin'.

"I got it," after a decided pause, and he slapped his hip in hearty appreciation of his keen memory. "Hit's a drop head. Jes' gimme ten cents worth o' needles for a drop head machine."

The girl smiled wanly and with great patience went ahead to explain that there was a great variety of drop head machines as well as of the old-fashioned box topped models. She began to name over some of the makes in the hope that she might accidentally hit upon the psychological cue to prompt the customer's memory.

"There's the Household machine," she began, "the Domestic, New Home, White——"

" 'Tain't none o' them," interrupted the would-be purchaser of ten cents worth of sewing machine needles, "this'n's yaller!"

And the girl gave up in despair.

"Be dad-blamed if a feller can git *ennything* in this consarned place," the "horny-handed son of the soil" confided to the silently sympathetic atmosphere as he made his way out of the store.

Christmas Difficulties

FLORENCE HOLTON

Ain't no use er tryin' to study—
Christmas in my bones tonight—
Sister's makin' Christmas presents
With her hair all screwed up tight.

Mind jes' seems to keep on thinkin'
Uv the mincemeat mother's made,
Uv the fruit cake in the pantry,
Cookies, jam, en marmalade.

Uv the candies en the goodies
Santy Claus jes' always brings,
Uv the sled that dad hes promised
En a heap uv other things.

Sister's beau's a-comin' Christmas;
Won't it be a lot uv fun
Hidin' underneath the sofa
Listenin' at him call her "hon"!

Won't it be jes fine to skeer her—
Put a dead mouse in 'er bed—
Won't she jump en scream en holler—
Be enough to raise the dead!

Say! the' ain't no use in tryin',
I can work with might en main,
But I'll never get no fractions
Now with Christmas on my brain!

Johann Sebastian Bach

Van Wyck Kimball

Johann Sebastian Bach is often times termed "The father of music." In truth, it is a fitting epithet, if so it may be called, for he was in every sense of the word a musician of remarkable attainments and accomplishments. He lived during the age of the birth of the pianoforte, and his manuscripts were written for the organ, clavichord, and other musical instruments. His compositions are austere, and in many instances approach the grotesque. He wrote fugues, gavottes, sarabandes, suites, and other forms of musical interpretation.

His music is of the most difficult nature, requiring a finished technique to interpret. The mastery of Bach requires firm finger tips, a limp wrist, and perfect control over the fingers, as well as an understanding of his phrasing and antique forms of writing. His music is frequently written in a minor key, ending in a major, or vice versa.

Bach is remote in one sense of the word, for he lived in an age when the progress of music was just born. However, his works have influenced the music of today greatly. Only the most skilled artists acquire a perfect mastery of Bach's compositions, and even then it is accomplished only by the most persistent and indefatigable practice.

Before going into a discussion of Bach's life, it will be of interest to note the rise of musical instruments up to the invention of the pianoforte. First, there were the various and innumerable Egyptian, Grecian and Roman harps and lyres. Then came the dulcimer and psaltery; then the citole; next the clavicytherium; next, the clavichord and monochord; next the virginal; next the spinet; next the harpsichord; then lastly the pianoforte, about the beginning of the eighteenth century. The idea of the pianoforte was conceived by three men, Cristofali, an Italian; Marius, a Frenchman, and Schroeter, a German.

Many people proclaimed the pianoforte to be incomplete, and were opposed to it. Bach's opinion of the new instrument was eagerly sought; but he was attached to his clavichord, and found it hard to withdraw from the use of it. Finally he pronounced it to be "without fault;" and as a result, Silber-

man, the piano maker and seller, could not supply his demands throughout Germany.

John Sebastian Bach was born in Eisenach on the 21st day of March, 1685. At a very early age he became an orphan and was taken in charge by his older brother, who was organist in the town of Ohrdruf. It was there that he received most of his education. He learned Latin and Greek, and the art of playing on the clavichord.

A very interesting anecdote is told of Bach at this period of his life. He was very curious to learn and was quite persistent in his undertakings. His brother had a certain manuscript concealed in the garret behind a lattice, and would not permit him to use it. Young Bach would get up on moonlight nights and slip the manuscript through the wires and copy it. It required six months or more to do this. When he had finished it, his brother discovered it and took it from him. It is said that his blindness in later years was partially due to his youthful labors in copying this manuscript. At the age of fifteen Bach left Ohrdruf and traveled to Luneberg with a friend, where he joined the choir of St. Michael.

He left Luneberg at the age of eighteen, and for a short while held a place in the bands of Prince Johann Ernst of Weimar. He remained there only a short time. Upon leaving Weimar, he became organist in one of the churches of Arnstadt.

We next find Bach as church organist in the town of Muelhausen. He entered upon his duties in the summer of 1707, and in the fall was married to Maria Bach. He remained at Muelhausen about a year. His life there seemed to have been very unhappy. He left there and took up his duties as organist at the Duke's Chapel at Weimar. Bach remained at Weimar for nine years. There he studied much, and became a concert master.

In 1717, he accepted a position as capellmeister at the court of the Prince of Anhalt-Coethen. In his new position he left the organ and church music, and spent his spare time writing and conducting for stringed instruments and the clavichord. While he was in the employ of the Prince, the death of his wife occurred. A year and a half after the death of his wife, he married a second time. His second wife was Anna Magdalena

Wuelkin, a singer in the court of Dupe Leopold. In the summer of 1723, Bach left the ducal court for Leipsic, where he spent the remainder of his life. For a while, he was cantor, or musical instructor, in the Tomasschule.

The Tomasschule was the outgrowth of an old monkish school of the Middle Ages. There the choir boys were trained at the same time others were trained to become learned clerks or priests by the Augustine canons of the Tomaskloster. The cantor had charge of the musical training of all the boys in school, and was a superior master. This office was filled by Bach. The school had degenerated to a certain degree of inferiority, and Bach desired to raise it to its former standard of eminence. His attempts proved fruitless, and he finally gave up his position.

After giving up his position in the Tomasschule, he was made capellmeister to the Duke of Weissenfels, and in 1736 he was made Royal Court Composer by Augustus the Strong, of Saxony and Poland.

Later in his life he was persuaded to visit Frederick the Great, at Potsdam. He arrived just as a concert was beginning. He was cordially received, and the concert was changed by having the eminent contrapuntist improvise to the audience on various of Frederick the Great's collection of fifteen pianos.

Bach became blind about a year before his death, which occurred on the 28th of July, 1750, from a stroke of apoplexy.

Bach's nature was, above all, grave and earnest, and with all his politeness and consideration for his fellowmen, his demeanor was dignified and commanded respect.

The Happy Medium

TOM GILL

Blakely held a pen in his hand and with frowning brow looked steadily at the blank page of his university note-book; Winton, his roommate, lounged back comfortably in a big Morris chair and puffed wreaths of blue-gray smoke from a corncob pipe. Winton cleared his throat from time to time and spat into the cuspidor with neat precision; Blakely fidgeted in his chair and began to make irregular unintelligible marks on the margin of his paper. The big clock in the tower struck one time; Winton straightened up in his chair, knocked the ashes from his pipe into a tray, brushed a trace of ash from his coat, and then spoke.

"Well, Blackie, old boy," he said, "if you're going to take that little hunt, it's time we were putting on our togs. I know how you feel about that old thesis. I had to struggle pretty hard to finish my own. But you need an outing. Get close to nature. There's where you will get your inspiration."

"It's not inspiration I need," said Blakely, "it's proof, evidence. I can theorize on this subject all day, but I haven't any real proof as to how education will affect a negro."

"Just what is your theory, Blackie?" asked Winton.

"I believe," answered Blakely, "that even though the negro may be able to go through a college course and get a diploma he will be unable to use his education to any practical advantage. I believe that on account of his inability to use the knowledge he has acquired he will become discontented with his lot—and you know what a discontented negro is."

"Well, I certainly don't agree with you," said Winton. "Why, look about you, man. There's Booker T. Washington, and I could name others who have gained prominence in the business world. Haven't they used their education? Aren't they living examples of what education will do for the negro?"

"They are not negroes, Winton. Every one of them has mixed blood in him. There are numerous examples of such negroes as these who have been successfully educated, but I can find absolutely nothing to prove how a real full-blooded negro would be affected by a college education."

"Oh, well," said Winton, "I confess I have never been an advocate for negro education, and at the present moment I refuse even to discuss the matter. Send your black devil to Hades where he belongs and let's go hunting. If we expect to find Uncle Eli and his dogs at home, we'll have to hurry."

* * * * *

The hunt was a success. Late in the afternoon the hunters were returning through the fields to the city. Eli had called in his dogs, for on account of the failing light the boys had stopped shooting. A purple haze rolling out from beneath the deep orange of the autumn sunset veiled the distant hills in mystery. Now and then a field lark, startled by their approach, fluttered up from its roosting place in the broom straw and whizzed away into the bushes ahead.

As the party came over the top of a small bald headed hill the mournful, melancholy notes of that old hymn, "Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing," were wafted to them from the little valley below. The words of the song were indistinguishable. At the middle and end of each line there was an abrupt pause; the silence seemed to heap itself up; then the clear sound of an axe rang out as if marking the cæsura and pauses of the verse.

The hunters stopped. Eli moved on with the dogs.

"That's a happy darky singing down there," said Winton. "That mellow mournful note in his voice does not speak of a sadness, but of content and peace with all the world."

"Yes, you're right," said Blakley. "It's a happy darky that sings at his work. I have enjoyed many an evening back on the farm listening to their songs as they came in from the fields. I like to hear them sing, and yet their songs make me think of far off things, of an unearthly content, and cause a shiver to run down my back."

On they walked in silence. The singer's voice was becoming more and more distinct. The words of the song might have been distinguished, had not the harmony of sound alone held the boys' attention. Suddenly, however, a change came over Blakely. He stopped with right hand extended and body bent tensely forward as if to grasp physically some new note in the singer's voice.

"Listen! Listen!" he cried almost under his breath. "Don't you hear the words?"

Winton strained forward with his hand to his ear.

On and on went the song interrupted monotonously by the sound of the axe.

"Knowledge comes, but" *whack* "wisdom lingers" *whack*
"And I linger" *whack* "on the shore" *whack*
"And the indi-" *whack* "vidual withers" *whack*
"And the world is" *whack* "more and more." *whack.*

"Locksley Hall!—or I'm a nigger myself," said Winton. "Where on earth do you suppose he got that?"

"That's just what I'm going to find out now," said Blakely. "Come on."

"You young gintlemun had bettuh hurry on hyar now, or you's sho' gwin to git late fo' supper," Uncle Eli's voice came to them through the bushes ahead.

"Wait a minute, Eli; I want to ask you about that negro who has been singing down there," said Blakely.

"Wal, fo' sho, ain't you never hearn a nigger sing befo'?" asked Eli as the boys came up to him. "That thar nigger ain't got much voice eben if he is eddicated. Why, in mah young days——" But Blakely interrupted the old negro. He had heard only one word of Eli's—*educated.* That word seemed to sink into the whirlpool of his consciousness; all other thoughts were centering round it.

"Educated!" he cried. "Where was he educated?"

"He wuz gradiwated at dat place up North what you call Havad," answered Eli, "but his eddication don't he'p him none. He jus' cuts wood roun' hyar fo' ol' man Jim Robeson same as any udder nigger."

Editorial

Freedom of thought is a personal right guaranteed to every American citizen along with the right to give thoughts expression in a decent manner. Although there is an apparent lack of reality, a forgetting of the practical, every day ways of the world in a college community where ease and comfort abound, yet, when we come to think of it, we are not different from other folk. It is quite hard for some college men to realize this truth before graduation, but it is true all the same. As mere mortals, as ordinary American citizens, we have the rights of citizens.

Recently a few students, because they were overwhelmingly in the minority, have been sneered at, hissed, and even ridiculed and insulted by fellow students on the campus for no other reason in the world than that they exercised their rights as citizens of the United States to think as they pleased and as their conscience directed. The minority in the recent football agitation realized the uselessness of protest, and, consequently, chose to remain silent. A part of the agitators, however, themselves having lost all reason and self-control in their madness, were not content to leave the silent ones in peace. They were called upon to express their opinions openly, they were asked to sign petitions, and, because they were honest, truthful, and sincere enough in their convictions to express themselves clearly and plainly like men, and because their views differed from those of the majority of the students, they were treated ungentlemanly. Accused of being double-faced, narrow-minded, without class and college loyalty; branded as "boot-lickers," cowards, and hypocrites; sneered at, hissed at, and humiliated in divers ways, all because upon invitation and request they dared proclaim plainly and simply their convictions concerning what they believe to be right; this is what has actually happened on the campus recently.

Fellow students, is such conduct to be approved by the students of Trinity College? Will the majority of the majority faction stand idly by, thus giving their apporval to such con-

duct? "The best of a mob is no better than the worst of it," our president said a few days ago. Cannot we as a college observe and respect the laws of our country? If college students, the selected few men whose superior advantages in life designate them as the future leaders of our nation, sanction such conduct, what right has anyone to expect the less fortunate of our land to respect law?

The opponents of football at Trinity College—"and there is opposition, and it is not confined to one or two or three persons, nor is it confined within the bounds of one class"—have as much right to their views as those who have different opinions. Moses defied a whole nation when he knew he was right; the apostle Peter proclaimed the teachings of Christ more loudly than ever when surrounded and threatened by the elders and people of Israel; Martin Luther challenged the world to disprove his convictions and what he knew to be the truth. These great men gave expression to their opposition, and were jeered at and threatened, but where is their place in history today? —M. R. P.

We do not believe our attitute toward football at Trinity affects us in our loyalty to the institution. Trinity men are loyal to their college and naturally resent the idea that their belief in football conflicts with allegiance to their Alma Mater. The students are ready to obey the laws and regulations of the college, but that doesn't argue that they aren't within their right when they use the proper means to have any rule changed. Indeed, this movement for football at Trinity had its inception in the desire of Trinity men to see their college advanced. Few men of the present generation of students, even if the game were reinstated at the earliest possible moment, would be touched by it. But we believe the introduction of football would benefit Trinity, and this is the end in view rather than the gratification of one's personal ambitions.

Athletics is primarily a student concern. The nature of college work demands various forms of athletics in order to keep the men in good physical condition, and this is especially true when the enrollment is as large as here at Trinity. There is a danger of going to the extreme in this direction, but we hardly think that point is reached in this community. The

men of Trinity do as honest work as those of any other college, but man has an interest in his physical as well as mental growth. Interest in athletics on the part of the student body is genuine; it is natural. From its ranks the teams are picked, and its ranks support them. Having, then, a real interest in the phase of college work, the brunt falls principally upon the students. Now, it is known that athletics at Trinity is not at all too strong. The students are they who are chided for this weakness. At home and away the accusation is that we have no "pep." We are tired of being referred to as "boobs" and of being given the name of "tin athletes." The agitation, at least, if it does nothing else, lets outsiders know that we have a live student body here, and this is to be appreciated, for our college is better known outside of our State than at home. Perhaps, the movement in some respects was unfortunate, but we have long hoped for football in vain. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sad," and Trinity students wish to cast the gloom away that hovers over this particular field.

We do not necessarily endorse the movement in toto. Some incidents connected with the demonstration are certainly regrettable. The disturbances in chapel and during the Y.M.C.A. meeting were not premeditated and those responsible deserve censure for carelessness. But we do not arbitrarily condemn the movement as such. The parade feature was devoid of any element of "hoodlumism" as much so this time as when the inauguration of our President took place. We fail to see that the demonstration is in any way deserving of condemnation or that our college is injured because of its having occurred. As to the game itself, many excellent and high minded people do not regard it as inherently degraded. There is not necessarily any opprobrium connected with it, and the moral atmosphere of those institutions that have it is in no wise lower than at those that have placed a ban upon it. Merely because a man favors football he should not be designated as one of the lower order and consigned to barns as a fit place of abode rather than Trinity College. Football is primarily a college game. It appeals to college men because it is a game where skill and strength are required. Within recent years the bull-fighting element, that was incident to football and indeed to most all other games, has been done away with. The game

is now free from the greater part of its former roughness. It requires skill and head work rather than brute force. It, therefore, appeals to the college man, because it is an avenue of real, earnest, and valuable endeavor.

The initiation of football would give Trinity a greater number of students. It may be objected that mere numbers isn't the end in view. Yet it isn't right to argue that men who would prefer to attend a college where they have football are undesirable. Men at these institutions are in no sense inferior merely because of their love for this game. The introduction of football would also result in increased interest in all forms of athletics. During the excitement of a few days ago various games were played, ranging from the innocent childhood games of marbles and stick frog to the manly sports of baseball and football. That a little danger attends participants in a football game is no reason why the ban should be retained. This should and does call for real men.

In conclusion, we, that is, the student body, appreciate the position of the authorities in this matter. They have rendered every courtesy possible, and every man among us recognizes this. They realize that the students have reason for dissatisfaction and have agreed that whatever personal opinions they have held to give the men an opportunity to make clear their position in a petition to be submitted to the board of trustees.

—W. B. R.

Alumni Department

The Come-Back

E. E. Bundy

Rube Darking, one of Washington's pitching staff, sat in a big chair in the lobby of Hotel Detroit. His feet were flat on the tiling; his hands lay flat on his knees; about his hips a certain loose heaviness hung as though some of the weight of his shoulders had slipped down there; and his eyes, deep set, yellow and round as a hawk's, held in their present vacuity a suggestion of the same stolid weariness.

It was ten in the morning. The Washington team had arrived on the midnight train, and was to play Detroit this afternoon; again tomorrow, and a double-header the next day. Once in a while one of the younger members of the team would drift over to the cigar stand, buy a cigar, and then walk out into the open air.

Upon the forehead of Rube Darking a hundred little drops of sweat suddenly sprang. He sat still just as he had been doing, but his eyes dropped to the floor.

What had happened was this: Two drummers who had been standing near Darking were debating on who would pitch for Washington that afternoon. One said that Darking would start, but he could not last over five innings, as he was slowing up as a pitcher, and that it would be only a short time before he would be released.

This hit Darking like a bullet. He realized that they were speaking the truth, and it hurt him to the heart. He could remember when he was the mainstay of the Washington team, when he and a young pitcher named Walter Jonnings kept the Washington team in second place in the pennant race.

The change had come in the last year. He had found himself pitching well for a few innings, and then he would begin giving bases on balls, and this would always happen in the last two or three innings. The time had come when he would have to go back to the smaller leagues.

That afternoon Rube Darking was sent into the box, and for six innings pitched good ball. Then in the seventh inning he walked three men in succession, and Dad Griff, the manager of the Washington team, motioned for him to come out of the box. He passed Jonnings, who was coming in to take his place; then went to Dad Griff. "You could have left me in," he said to the manager. "Crawfordy and Cobbley bat next, and I have their number." Griff did not answer, but bent forward on the bench to see what Jonnings could do. Jonnings made the first two pop up, and struck the third man out.

Darking was sitting in the hotel lobby next morning when Dad Griff came up to him and said, "Rube, I would like to see you a few minutes in my room. I want to have a talk with you." Rube went up to Dad's room, and Dad said to him, "Rube, you had better pack up. We have sold you to Brunswick of the Georgia State League."

"All right, Dad," said Rube, but it hurt him and tears came in the poor fellow's eyes. Rube had been Dad Griff's first find, and the two had fought many battles side by side. Yet at this stress they seemed to be divided by a wall of icy indifference.

"Good luck, Rube," said Griff as Darking reached the door, but Rube, closing it, disclaimed an answer, and old "Dad" was already ashamed of his passing weakness. Thus did Rube Darking go to the minors.

When Darking reached Brunswick, Ga., he found the team at the tail end, and it had ceased to draw. The local papers greeted him with headlines, and the small boys followed him all over the ball park. When he finally stood on the Brunswick diamond and saw the wooden grandstand, he felt a thousand miles from nowhere. But he took a nonchalant posture and hitched up his pants. It would not take much effort to show up these bush leaguers, thought he.

When the ninth inning had ended, though, Rube Darking, late of the Washington team, had been pounded hard, and Brunswick had slipped down another game.

A week later he was in better form. His old cunning came back to him, and he held his opponents to five hits. But pitching for them (the Cordele team) was a young fellow named "Kid" Wilder and he did as well as Rube, and with a few bootings of the ball behind him Darking lost this game also. A

winning streak followed, which made him for a moment the favorite of the bleachers, but this was broken, and he finally slipped into the same rut traveled by his club mates. At the end of the first half of the season, he stood, by the percentage of his wins, hardly above the ruck of unsuccessful pitchers.

Rube began to drink a lot, and to smoke nearly all the time. At times, like an apparition seen through a rift in haze, he saw the man he had been, heard the shouts of great crowds, was vaguely disturbed; then sank back into his heavy indifference. Fat began to accumulate on him, clogging his muscles and making him weaker than ever. At rare intervals on very hot days his efficiency seemed to return. He had speed, his curves broke sharply, and Dr. Brannon, sitting in the grandstand, his hat on his knees, said, "There's many a good game in the old horse yet." But Darking fell back into periods of indifference and sometimes he would see himself as in a dream standing in the box in Washington and thousands of people shouting, "Strike old Cobbley out!"

Of the thousands who used to cheer him a few still followed his career, and they would read in the sporting news and say, "Old Rube Darking is all in. He is pitching .400 down in the Georgia State league."

But Rube Darking was to receive a jolt that would put some ginger in him, and it was given by a baseball "fannie" named Miriam Bunston.

Miriam Bunston was a pretty little blonde with golden hair and great, big, deep blue eyes. She was the daughter of one of the most prominent men in Brunswick, and she attended every game of ball that was played on the home grounds. Miriam had also read the records of the ball players up in the "Big Show" and she knew the game as well as anybody. Miriam was what I call a "real girl" and not a dream. She seemed to always root for poor old Rube Darking and she felt sorry for him because she knew that he used to be one of the best pitchers in the major leagues, and she also knew that Rube was ruining himself by drinking so much.

One night the ball team was invited up to the Elks' club to a banquet, and after the banquet there was to be a dance; so the young ladies of the city were invited. Rube didn't want to go, but they finally persuaded him to stay away from the

beer garden just one night, and to go up and meet the girls of the city.

Now, when the dancing started, Rube wanted to leave, because he did not know how to dance, and he felt out of place, but Miriam Bunston came up to him and said, "Mr. Darking, I do not dance, either, so please come sit down and talk to me." Miriam wanted to cheer Rube up, and she proceeded to do so.

"You used to play with Washington, didn't you, Mr. Darking?" she asked.

"Yes," answered Rube uncomfortably. There was a silence. Then:

"Of course, I know all about you," said Miriam proudly.

"You are mistaken, Miss Bunston; you don't know all about me."

"Yes I do. You were a great pitcher once."

"I was a pretty good hurler once. Yes, a pretty good hurler once."

"I know all about you. You led the American league for three years."

"How did you learn all of that, Miss Bunston?"

"In the guides. I used to read all about you and 'Dad' Griff."

The intermission between the dances came, so the conversation ceased, but the girl had stirred something within Darking—something that hurt dimly, like an ache in a dream, and when he went to his room he sat up a long time thinking. Yes, just thinking.

A few days later he met Miriam in a drug store and he sat down beside her and ordered drinks.

"Couldn't you do it again?" Miriam asked. "Couldn't you do it again if you tried?"

"Do what?" asked Darking with a start.

"Pitch major ball again. Couldn't you, if you tried?"

Rube remained very still. That dim, stirring discomfort within him seemed to be swelling—swelling. Suddenly he had a vision. He saw a baseball park with a smooth diamond set in an outfield of flashing green; grandstands and bleachers towered on all sides, humming with multitudes; a great bridge afar off was black, as with ants, and so were the housetops.

He stood in the center of the diamond, and somewhere a pennant with Washington on it flashed.

"Excuse me, Miss Bunston," said Rube.

Miriam wanted to talk to him, so she asked again, "Couldn't you?"

"I don't know," said Darking.

"If you tried, and stopped drinking beer and whiskey?"

"Drinking! Who told you I drank?"

"I can't tell, but please stop it, and try, oh, so hard to go back to the majors." After saying this Miriam got up and said, "I will see you again sometime, Mr. Darking."

After she left a sort of dim sadness came over Rube, and visions of that major league field with its multitudes, and himself in the center, with all those eyes on him. He went to the saloon and drank to forget, but he did not forget. And little by little the vague ache within him became more defined, became a longing, a swollen longing. He wanted to pitch once more in the major league, just once; just one game; just once to stand again in the center of that field with the great stands aroar, a ball in his hand, facing some famous batter.

He went to his room that night, and he could not go to sleep. These words rang in his ear: "Please stop drinking, and try, oh, so hard to go back to the majors." Rube finally got down on his knees and asked God to help him to get back to the major league, and after that night he drank no more.

Darking's pitching improved. He won several games in succession. At one time, of course, in this baby league he could have done so with his eyes shut. But every game there was a little face in the grandstand, and there was always a smile for Rube. When Rube would strike out a man she would always shout, "Keep it up Rube. You are on your way to the majors!" And this was Rube's motto: "I'm on my way to the Big Show."

Rube went down to Dr. Brannon's office and had the old doctor examine him.

"Am I any good, Doc?"

"Yes, Rube, you have ten years of good work in you, but you must work some of that fat off you."

Rube left the office feeling good, and he had a goal to reach, and he had a little friend to encourage him. He began to train

and soon he had all surplus flesh off him, and was in good condition.

He soon began to win games, and he became a favorite with all. But this was not what Rube was after. He wanted to be a big leaguer once more, so he began to send old Dad Griff clippings from the papers that praised his pitching.

One afternoon he pitched a no-hit game against the league leaders, and after the game a scout came up to him and shook his hand. It was old Dick Felps, one of Griff's scouts.

"Rube," he said, "I am glad to see you back in your old form."

"Thank you," said Rube.

"I will tell Griff about you when I see him."

"All right, Dick."

A few days after that Rube received a telegram. He opened, read it, and grew red in the face. It read:

"Have drafted you. Report in Washington immediately. Griff."

Rube went to a phone and called up Miriam and told her about the telegram and asked her if he could come around and tell her goodbye, as he must leave for Washington at once. Miriam told him "Yes," so Rube went around to tell his little friend goodbye.

When he arrived, Miriam was waiting for him on the porch. He shook her hand and said, "Little mate, we have had a tough voyage. The old boat Comeback was hard to steer, but at last we have reached the beautiful shore and I, the captain of this old boat will never forget how my little shipmate helped me."

"Goodbye, Mr. Darking," said Miriam, and tears were in her eyes.

"Oh I am so happy," said she, "that you are going back to the majors."

"Thank you," said Rube, and he left Miriam and went to the station and caught the train that was to take him back to the Big Show.

When he arrived in Washington the world's series was going on between Washington and the New York Giants. The Giants had won the first two games, and Griff had no pitcher that he could rely on. Jonnings pitched the first game, and pitched good ball for six innings, but in the seventh he weak-

ened, and the Giants drove him from the box and won the game. The same thing happened to Hughes, so now Griff had only youngsters to depend on, and they were inexperienced.

Whizzing through the streets on the way to the hotel, Darking was slightly disappointed with what was within him. This return to the old luxurious life, to the gay city, did not affect him as he had expected. Again and again he found his mind wandering back to his little "mate" in Georgia. Reaching the hotel he went up to Griff's room.

Dad Griff showed no signs of discouragement. He was standing in the center of the room, feet apart, as if meditating some new attack. He gave Rube one searching glance, starting with the face and then to the feet.

"By Jove, you look good, Rube," he said.

"I'm feeling that way," said Rube, squaring his shoulders.

"We'll go out to the grounds and see what you have got, Rube," Dad said.

They went out, taking Street, the catcher, with them. Darking pitched, with Griff behind him watching each ball. Then Griff took up a bat and was soon satisfied.

"You will pitch the next game," said Griff. "And mum's the word. You are the only chance I have got left, anyway," he added with a grin.

The next day was the day that he had dreamed of when he was in Brunswick. He stood in the center of the diamond finely raked, itself set in the center of a field of green grass; a pennant flapped in the breeze at the end of a long white pole; a little to his left a bridge was full of people; on the houses were people as thick as ants. And, circling the field, grandstands and bleachers were full of people. Before him a man came to the plate in a black suit; with his bat he hit the plate and faced Darking. Something whispered in Rube's ear, "Captain, try so hard to win for your little mate's sake."

Rube pitched the greatest game of his life. The New York batters could do nothing but strike out and pop up. Washington won the game—one to nothing.

Washington had stopped the Giants at last, and the papers were full of the game, and how an old "has-been" came back. Everyone wondered what Griff would do for the next game.

What he did was simple. He put in Jonnings, who pitched great ball for seven innings, and then he stuck Rube in, and Washington won again, and this game tied the series. Dad stuck Hughes in the next game and the Giants won by the score of four to one. Washington must win two games in succession and everyone said that they could not do it, but here is what happened: Rube pitched the game on Saturday and won, and the series was tied up again. All day Sunday the people were betting two to one that New York would win the last game because Washington had no one to pitch except inexperienced pitchers. Darking pitched Saturday, Hughes had been beaten, and Jonnings complained of an injured arm.

Monday came and Griff decided to use a youngster named Engle. Engle went well for five innings; Washington had two runs and New York had one, but in the sixth the Giants filled the bases with one man down, and Griff seemed nervous.

"Rube," he said, "can you finish it?"

"I'll try," was the only answer.

Rube went into the box with the bases full and one man out. He seemed unsteady, but all of a sudden he braced up. He thought of his little mate and how happy she would be if he could win the game. He pitched the ball and the Giant's batter hit a line drive directly into Gaudil's hands. The big first baseman held to it, and this was the second out. The next man fanned out and Rube was out of a hole. From then on he shut the Giants out, and Washington won the series.

That night Griff and Darking sat in the hotel. Their chairs did not face each other. They were side by side, so that each man, out of the corner of his eye, saw only the other's profile. Each had a cigar in his mouth and each looked unconcerned.

"What do I get out of this series?" asked Rube.

"A share of the gate receipts," said Griff. "It will amount to about two thousand, I guess. And say, Rube, I want to sign you up for next year."

Rube told Griff what he would sign for, and Griff looked up as if he had been robbed.

"What are you going to do with all that money?" asked Griff.

"I am going to buy the Brunswick team of the Georgia State league," said Darking, "and I am going to put a good team there."

For a moment Griff was satisfied, but something still in Rube's eye reawakened his lulled suspicion.

"And what else, Rube? What else?"

"I am going back to Brunswick and marry my little mate," and Rube told Griff how his little mate had helped him steer back to the majors.

The following winter Rube Darking spent in Brunswick, Ga., and when training season rolled around, Rube was the captain of another boat, and again Miriam was his mate. This boat was the "Ship of Life," and Captain Darking and his little mate Mariam will ship together until they reach another shore, and let us all hope that this will also be a bright and beautiful shore.

Luck to the ball player who came back, and may he be always as lucky as he was when he got Miriam Bunston for a life mate.

Hayman (in the pulpit at Blackstone, searching frantically for his text)—"Er, you will understand that I did not come to Blackstone to preach, but——" (But the smile and titter that passed through the congregation showed plainly enough that his motives in coming to Blackstone were clearly understood and appreciated).

Jim Key on the Repression of the Poor

NI

Jim Key drops in this mornin', and says, some casual like,
"I see the coolies in Nanking have gone upon the strike.
'Fore God I cannot understand how Justice gets a show—
The poor a-sweatin' life away to make the taxis go,
The rich a-forcin' prices up, while labor stays the same—
If Justice can't, why then Revenge will get into the game!
They had a revolution some time ago in France,
Expressly just to halt the rich and let the poor advance;
And now oppression from the rich has settled down again,
There's got to be a let up, or a strong revolt of men!
Us poor are up against it—'twas only yesterday
That I got another warnin' how the rich are gettin' gay;
When I raised the rent a little on that piece of farm I own
(For they couldn't move, I figured, with their crops already sown),
They swore the price of livin' wouldn't let 'em make ends meet,
And they had to give a mor'gage on the comin' crop of wheat!"

"Well, Jim," I answered, sorter slow, "not havin' been to college,
Nor ever been a financier, I ain't so strong on knowledge,
And maybe there *is* cause enough, if things is as you said,
To start a revolution to cut down the price of bread;
But I'm so plagued busy, workin' in this smithy shop,
That I ain't got time to argue—I can't let the bellows stop;
But I throws out incidental, in a weak suggestive way,
That *you're* a-helpin' things along by makin' tenants pay
A bigger rent for that 'ere farm you mentioned while ago——"
But Jim was gettin' riled a bit, and answers snappy, "So
I guess you call that logic—ringin' in some foreign thing
That's clean beyond the question, which was Coolies in Nanking!"

WAYSIDE WARES

O ye generation of giants, desirous of chasing the *hog skin* across the diamond! Chase and ye shall catch. But woe there be should the hog skin be not catchable.

He that shooteth crap shall surely lose the game. He that shooteth marbles shall surely break the glass, if such there be. He that playeth baseball shall hit the pitcher, while he that chaseth the hog skin shall surely root the ground and mash his mug.

Wanted—Contributions for the resurrection of the North Carolina Folk Lore Society. English department is now offering liberal rewards for hard-boy ballads, rough-neck lyrics, sand-fiddler's love ditties, and mountain boomer's coonshine tales. The specimens below are free samples of such as are desirable:

Possum on the 'simmon tree,
Coonie on the ground;
Possum, you son of a gun, you
Shake them 'simmons down.

Old Dan Tucker was a fine old man,
Washed his face in an old tin pan.
Combed his head with a wagon wheel,
Died with the toothache in his heel.

When we see how anxious some fellows are to hold up their heads, it seems fortunate for them that their heads are extremely light.

SHE DIDN'T HAVE ANY

The cub reporter was doing his round collecting personals at the depot. He was new to the job, and furthermore, was young and timid. Between parrying the attempts at impromptu flirtations with amorously inclined young ladies and thawing from the freezes cast over him by haughty dames he was experiencing few real pleasures.

"Oh, guess it, kiddo!" And the sweet young thing in green silk hose and flat-bottomed tan pumps squinted at him through the corner of her bold, black eyes in such a way as to cause

the blood to surge up behind his ears and spill all over his face. He turned on his heel, squared his shoulders, and stalked away from the vicinity of danger. A wry face and an aggrieved pout showed how the girl took his effort to resist a perfectly innocent between-train flirtation.

A little old lady, evidently from the country, clutching a big handbag as if someone were on the point of trying to take it from her by violence, sat in a secluded corner of the station. The reporter breathed a sigh of relief. Here evidently was someone who would not try to flirt with him. He sauntered over with that inimitable reportorial air assumed by the budding journalist of all climes, drew out the inevitable copy paper, and stood before the little woman, beating a tattoo with his pencil on the copy paper insinuatingly.

"Pardon, Madame, I'm taking personals for the *Herald.*"

The little woman clutched her handbag closer to her and continued to stare stonily into space.

He scraped his foot, cleared his throat, and tried again.

"I say I'm taking personals for the *Herald,*" he repeated rather sharply.

She looked up at him half frightened—at his tone, no doubt, for his person was not at all awe or fear inspiring.

He repeated his statement a third time.

She folded her arms across the handbag tightly.

"Wal, I ain't got none." And she glared at him belligerently as if daring him to deny the fact.

Musatchios sprouted and grown by seniors are of short duration on the lip, but are like the soap which the razor doth remove from the face and cause to be cast asunder.

And now the latest organization is the Society for the Promulgation of the Gospel in the North Dormitory. Hear Shorty on the Combustification of the Spirit and the Interprication of the Gospel Plow.

Professor Wannamaker—Mr. Morgan, do you know a single German word?

Morgan—Ja.

Professor Wannamaker—Do you know another?

Morgan—Nein.

Editor's Table

SOUTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

We were immensely impressed by the poem, "The Universal Highway," which catches our eye at the first glance into the *Southwestern University Magazine*. This is not poetry which tries to attract the reader's ear with elaborate and extravagant expressions and unusual metrical arrangements, but it is that kind in which poetic diction is entirely lacking. The tale of life is told truthfully and simply. The beauty of natural poetry is interesting and attractive. There is a clear and concise account of the history of our national democracy in "The New Nationalization and Its Meaning." This sets forth the high ideals of the nation toward universal democracy and peace in an inspiring way. Especially do we commend the last paragraph which sums up what is needed to attain this new nationalization. "Fact and Fancy" is a well worked out story with a very appropriate title. The character of Tom is especially good, for he is, indeed, a typical human being. We like the style of this story, too. This magazine could be made more interesting by the addition of more poetry, and it seems to us that the editorial department also could be improved.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT

On the whole, *The Wake Forest Student* is a well balanced and well organized magazine. It contains many good stories and essays. "Playing Poker by Proxy" gives in an interesting way a good picture of mountain life. The description in the story and the characterization are very commendable features. We are certainly glad to see the splendid review of Professor Sledd's tribute to Lee. "Copied on Banjo Branch" is another story of mountain life. This, however, gives us an account of the love affair of a college bred deputy collector and a "true blue" mountain girl, and is, of course, humorous. It is expressed in a pure and simple style, which enhances the interest of the story. In "Attempts at Communistic Life in America"

we find an essay which is original and which treats a subject that is unusual in a college magazine. It contains facts that seem to us would appeal to the average college student. "Three Chops on a Poplar Tree" is an attractive story. The climax is worked up to so well and throughout the interest does not wane. The poetry of this magazine does not by any means come up to the high standard of the stories, essays and editorials contained in it. "The Flight of Youth" is the only really creditable poetry we find. But, although somewhat disappointing in this feature, this is an unusually good edition, and one which might well be imitated.

WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

It seems to us that most of the college magazines do not consider the editorials as an important part in their make up, and hence we find very little that is worth while in this department of them. However, this is not true of the *Wofford College Journal.*" The editorials in this are full of interest and we think the one on "Honor" decidedly one of the best things in the magazine. The editor certainly deserves congratulations for this. "The Great Bridge," a most improbable love story, embraces too large a plot to be worked out well in a short story, and hence it is weak. The essay on "The Call of Today and How We May Answer It" is inspiring, and is the kind of essay we should find in college periodicals. The *Wofford Journal* differs from the usual college magazine in the amount of verse it contains, and, we might well add, not only in the quantity but in the quality of the verse. "A Buried Hope" runs smoothly, and has good rhythm and rhyme. "At Magnolia Cemetery" would, indeed, do credit to a celebrated writer. The thought in it is far deeper than one finds in the poetry of college students. There is a dignity and majesty to the style that appeals to us very much. "Good Night" is quite musical and seems to spring from the author's soul.

BRENAU JOURNAL

The *Brenau Journal* is an attractive magazine. We like the artistic touches to it, and we think that such features even make one much more interested in the reading matter. "Two Sides

to Every Street" certainly has an interesting title, and, on reading the story, we find it much more interesting. This is an unusual love story, with unusual characters and told in an original way. Throughout the style is fresh and vigorous. "Interesting Events in the Lives of Some Musicians" is well done and somewhat redeems the entire lack of essays. It does seem that a magazine which can get such splendid contributions as "Two Sides to Every Street" should not be altogether lacking in dignified, serious compositions. This magazine would do well in improving its editorial department. We find the editorials arranged so that they catch our eye at once, and yet they do not appeal to us. The topics are of purely local interest, and so we think that if they were placed in the latter part of the magazine the whole edition would appeal to the outside reader much more. The poem on "October" is a merry jingle, full of spirit and feeling, and really sings itself.

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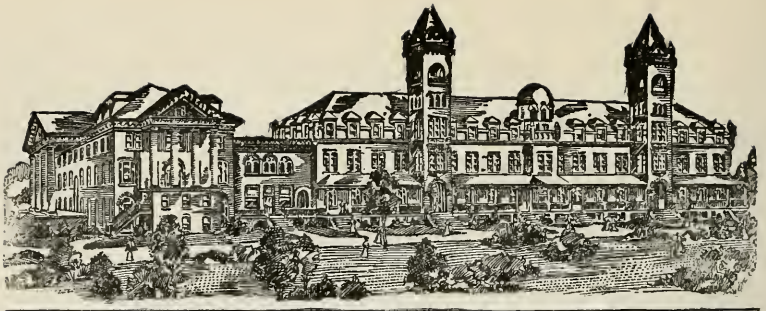

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Volume XXVII Number Four

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Changes may be made in advertisements by notifying the Business Manager.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *Alma Mater*. If you do not wish to become subscribers, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of the old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

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TRINITY COLLEGE, DURHAM, N. C., FEBRUARY, 1914

The Romanticist Awakes

Yon's Helen on the battlement—O sing us, sweet musician,
  All the Beauty and the Passion of the Past—
Of the loveliness of Helen, and the demon—sent ambition
  That destroyed our Cleopatra at the last.
For we are very weary; we have labored hard and long,
And we thirst for ancient Beauty, time—distilled into a song.

Yon's Portia, in her litter, on the Clivus Palatine,
  And Ber'nice, pleasure boating on the Nile,
Zenobia, the captive, dead, and Theseus, on the brine,
  Forsaking Ariadne with a smile.
Play on, for we are weary, but we're not so very blind—
Gazing from a vacant Present, what a glory lies—behind!

Still today is lovely Thais thronc'd in her Pullman car;
  Yonder weaves Arachne at the loom;
Still the Beowulf is fighting, where the legal monsters are,
  And Helen, in her limousine, is flashing through the gloom!
Still Penelope is waiting, still the city gamins greet
The feet of Cinderilla, on the ringing, singing street!

Tainted Blood

JACK W. WALLACE

St. Moritz, Switzerland, as a winter play ground to the idle rich of Europe, means as much as Florida does to the gasoline aristocracy of the United Sates. During the past few years its popularity has increased to such an extent that numerous bungaloes and inns have sprung up wherever there is an attractive view. Since my arrival in St. Moritz several weeks previous, I had been looking around for an attractive place to take up my residence, but up until today my attempts to secure a place to my liking had been unsuccessful. Returning from my accustomed tramp, I happened to run across just such an inn as I had been seeking. It was a low rambling structure, constructed from native timber, and with its huge rock chimneys it presented a very inviting appearance. The exterior was unpainted, and its rusticity in itself made it the more attractive. It was just such a place as George Barr McCutcheon would choose for his heroine's home, only it didn't have a wall around it or a precipice for the hero to climb. But instead of these there was a magnificent view—ample compensation for both. I stood there enjoying the view and had almost made up my mind to go in and make inquiries, when I heard some one walking across the porch toward me. I turned around quickly and there before me was a little Dutch woman, or if she wasn't Dutch, it wasn't her fault. Such a one as would have well graced a delicatessen counter.

She was very short and stout; add to that a round face, with Dutch accessories to match, only her slightly streaked hair didn't match her pudgy red complexion. Despite such handicaps it was quite evident that she was the possessor of a good disposition. She seemed to be as much interested in me as I in her, and to break the spell I offered a very polite "Good morning.," She answered the salutation in either French, German, or Italian or a conglomeration of all three; yet I was able to catch isolated fragments of her speech and supply the rest. The fact that she understood my English but couldn't reply, only made her case the more puzzling. She questioned me how I happened to find the place, since the path was almost inacces-

sible, and to an outsider it would not be considered a path. I told her I had just been rambling around and happened to come upon it, and that it was just such a place as I had been looking for as a permanent residence. At this her manner changed to cordiality, and she promptly invited me in to look over the place.

I had thought the exterior very attractive, but the interior proved the more so. The living room with huge rock fireplaces at each end was possibly twenty feet wide and half again as long. The wainscoting of black walnut covered half the wall, while the other half was papered with a heavy buff colored leather. The pictures, which were hung very artiscally, were all French etchings and it was clearly evident that some one other than a plain Dutch woman had had a hand in their selection. The dull red carpet on the floor and the beamed ceiling all pointed to the fact that both taste and money had been employed. The bedrooms were finished with the same precision and good taste. When my tour of inspection was completed and we were again in the living room, I inquired whether she had designed the house herself or whether she had come into ownership at a later date. She replied that there was quite a history connected with the place and if I had time and cared to hear it, she would be very glad to relate it.

Time was one thing of which I had a sufficiency, and I certainly wanted to hear the story. She excused herself for a moment, but soon returned bearing a tray of some home-made beer, rye bread, and cheese. Since I had been walking all morning, I didn't need a second invitation, and with such delicacies as company, I listened to her story with just as much interest as ever a sixteen year old girl to the love scrapes of her grandmother. I became so interested that I even ate the cheese which ordinarily I wouldn't have eaten unless I had had a cold. After relating numerous unimportant details, she informed me that the inn was left to her by a rich American woman, for whom she had acted as a companion. Now after a narrative of an hour's duration I found out just what I had surmised from the outset. I excused myself on the pretext of having to hurry back to the city to keep an appointment, and promised to have my luggage moved out on the following day. As the path was

rough, the handling of my baggage proved a greater undertaking than I had figured on, and it was late in the afternoon when it arrived. I spent the remainder of the afternoon in unpacking and it was almost time for dinner when I came down.

I found Frau Anstruther awaiting me in the living room, and sitting opposite her the young gentleman whom she had referred to in my previous conversation with her. Her name was really not Anstruther, but I have tacked that appellation to her to carry out the Dutch color scheme. The young man was a German nobleman, who had chosen retirement for reasons he did not care to mention, and so I won't trouble you by relating them. Frau Anstruther excused herself for a few moments and left us alone sitting side by side in front of the fire.

Creedler, for that was his name, did not prove very good company. He didn't know how to be sociable or didn't care to be. I welcomed this silence more than would have a conversation, for upon first meeting strangers, an opportunity to take a mental inventory of their exterior is most welcome.

He was dressed very simple but with taste, and being a man of medium height, his clothes became him. He was well proportioned and although he looked rather stout at the time, it was quite evident that the surplus flesh was acquired quite recently. His features were well defined and prominent, and every feature will bear me out in the assertion that their possessor was a quite determined individual. His hair, slightly streaked with gray, was as black as a raven; his forehead moderately high, his glittering black eyes deeply sunken. His nose was rather prominent but not out of proportion, and his chin, which was slightly tilted upward, was final evidence of his disposition. His mouth dropped at the corners and left his face with a gloomy expression. Here my calculations ceased as to his temperament, but at the same time I noticed that he smoked cheap cigars with that what-do-I-care-for-expense-air which was really distasteful to me, although I was not spending the winter abroad to escape the income tax. The meal passed off rather quitely and rather pleasantly, and during the course of the conversation Frau Anstruther had accasion to mention that two other Americans would arrive the following morning from

Berlin. I welcomed the news gladly, as I saw it would be a hard job passing the time with the blase nobleman. Frau Anstruther passed their cards to the German, who was sitting nearer her, and the usually gloomy look changed to one of surprise.

"Acquainted with them?" I asked.

"Slightly," he replied.

"While they were at Berlin one of the gentlemen was taken ill and he wasted so rapidly that the physicians claimed that transfusion of blood was the only possible way of saving him. The hospital put an ad. in the paper for a young man in good health who would furnish the necessary blood. As there was a liberal offer of money, there were many applicants, but I was the successful one, and my acquaintance only dates from that time, several months ago."

Directly after dinner I went to my room to look after some correspondence and didn't go down again until next morning. I breakfasted alone, and afterwards I went out for a short stroll. When I returned, I found the new guests had already arrived, and at lunch I made their acquaintance. They were two New Yorkers, a Mr. Harrington and a Mr. Dupree. They were extremely cordial and seemed very glad to meet Creedler again, whom Dupree jokingly called a blood relation of his. Later development showed that there was more to this statement than he had calculated.

The next few days were rainy and disagreeable; so we stayed indoors and we three Americans killed the time by playing three handed auction. Creedler could play nothing but cabaret, and so he amused himself by strolling up and down the veranda and smoking his much famed cheroots. We decided to make an excursion to one of the nearby mountains the next clear day, and the next day being an ideal one we took advantage of the opportunity to make the ascent. Everything was so beautiful that even Creedler forgot to sulk or maybe he was in good spirits because he carried the snakebite medicine. We reached our destination by midday, and finding a spring in a protected nook we had our lunch there. As soon as lunch was over, we began the homeward journey, as the evenings are very short at this season of the year, and we did not

relish the idea of a night out in the open, especially since Dupree had not fully recovered from his illness. We took a different route on our return, which wound its way around the west side of the mountain, and thus we received what little warmth there was. The trail was so narrow that we had to walk in single file. Dupree was in the lead while Harrington stayed close behind him to help him along if he showed signs of weakening. Creedler came third and I brought up the rear. After we had been walking this trail for some little time, it suddenly branched off and left us in doubt as to which way to go. At this junction Creedler left us for a few moments and after walking a short distance down the path to the left, turned around and beckoned us to come ahead as he recalled once having gone that way. We caught up with him in a few minutes, but then he took the lead. The path was exceedingly rough, and for some distance led right around the side of a precipice, where on one side there was a sheer drop of some thousand feet, and as Harrington expressed it, such a place as looks very much better on a postcard. The path gradually broadened, and at one point there was a space large enough for a tent, where on one side there was a cliff and on the other, the declivity. The view was very extensive. Here we stopped to rest and at the same time enjoyed the beauty of the scenery. When we had set there silently for several minutes, each buried in his own thought and too much engaged in taking in the scenery to pay any attention to the one next to him, Dupree jumped suddenly to his feet and began striking violently at an imaginary figure, at the same time muttering something only half audibly. Harrington and myself regarded his actions with more or less amusement as he executed the fight-for-life-act as well as any dime novel hero could have done. Not so with the German. He watched every movement with more of astonishment than of amusement. But this time Dupree's muttering was distinctly audiable, and with every step he would hiss out as if from between clenched teeth "I've killed him," "I've killed him." In his writhings, he wandered dangerously near the edge of the precipice, and since Creedler was nearer him than either Harrington or myself, he got to him first. He grabbed him and pulled him back to the middle of

the little plateau, but in doing so, he placed his hand over Dupree's mouth as if to prevent him from speaking further. The instant Creedler laid his hand on his body, Dupree began to tremble like a leaf, and by the time Creedler had carried him to safety, he had lost all control of his limbs and sank down in a helpless heap. We carried him to a nearby spring. After we had bathed his forehead in cool water, he came around all right. We stood him on his feet and between Harrington and myself he walked along quite easily. Creedler seemed to be greatly agitated, and each time he turned around to see how we were getting along, his manner seemed to be the more perplexed. Upon arriving home, we put Dupree to bed immediately after drinking a cup of hot tea, which Frau Anstruther had prepared for him, and he relaxed and went to sleep directly.

Frau Anstruther, inquisitive as her sex usually is, inquired as to the details of the affair. When I had described the place where the scene had taken place, she burst out excitedly "That's the same place."

"What's that?" interupted Harrington.

"Why at the bottom of that very cliff a party of tourists found the body of a young German nobleman," Frau Anstruther answered meditatively.

"How long ago was that?" I asked.

"Several years," she replied. "Herr Creedler can tell you all about it; he was here at the time."

We left her standing there and went straight to Creedler's room, where we found him packing a suitcase. He told us the story very briefly, and though he displayed no outward signs of nervousness, his voice sounded rasping as if though on a great strain. Harrington and myself went from there down to the living room, and as soon as we were seated, he asked me how I accounted for the strange happenings of the afternoon and Creedler's actions.

"I don't know why," I answered, "but I believe Creedler is the one that murdered that fellow and just threw him over the cliff, thinking that his crime would never be discovered."

"Well, you have no evidence that he really did it," Harrington replied.

"No, but one has his convictions about matters of this sort, whatever way the evidence points, and his actions alone are enough to prove something. Why did he put his hands over Dupree's mouth? Dupree's words were obviously telling a story which he didn't care to hear again, and although Dupree's mutterings were mostly inaudible to us, they no doubt were intelligible to him."

"How do you account for Dupree's fainting spell?" he asked as though he had a solution to the problem himself.

"The transfusion of Creedler's blood into him is the only way I can account for it," I replied.

"There may be something to that," he answered, "for when Dupree was coming out from under the influence from the anesthetic, he had just such a spell as this afternoon, and I now recall that his words were exactly the same." "I've killed him," "I've killed him."

"That proves it without a question." I said interrupting him, "and his guilty conscience is afraid that we will ferret out the truth, or else why is he packing that suitcase? He means to leave tonight; but if I can prevent it, he won't leave until he has explained a few things to my satisfaction."

"We'll spend the night in the sitting room," Harrington suggested, "he'll certainly come down the front way because he won't figure on us bothering him."

I agreed to this plan, and dinner being ready, we dismissed the matter for the present. Frau Anstruther, who usually led the conversation as best she could, for some reason was very uncommunicative. Every one seemed busied with his own thought, and Creedler seemed to be so busied that he scarcely touched the food set before him. After dinner we all took our accustomed seats around the fireside, but even the crackling fire couldn't put a spark of sociability into the crowd. About ten o'clock Creedler retired, and we went up at the same time, but as soon as he had closed the door behind him, we crept down again. I took my position at the electric light switch and Harrington stationed himself right by the side of the steps. We did not have long to wait. A door at the top of the steps opened and someone stepped cautiously to the landing. I had arranged with Harrington to turn on the lights the moment

Creedler touched the bottom landing, and as he crept along step by step, it was difficult to ascertain just how near he was to that bottom landing. There was a thick rug there, and as I no longer heard footsteps, I figured that he was on the landing now. I pressed the lights on with a thump, and there, standing at the bottom of the step, stood the astonished Creedler. However, in his astonishment, he didn't forget to reach for his gun, and it was only when Harrington shoved the barrel of his revolver into his ribs that he let go of it.

"Well, they've got me at last," he muttered.

He refused to answer any questions and sat there the rest of the long night looking dolefully into the fire. We turned him over to the police the next morning, and shortly afterward, we saw in the paper that he confessed to having committed the crime.

The Song of the Silence

O the wonderful songs of the silence
That echo adown the years—
Some gay with the hearts' rejoïcing
Some laden with unshed tears.

A balm for the broken hearted,
A boon for the left alone,
A paean for crownless heroes
Who wage their fights unknown.

The numberless songs of the silence
Await at their moments call,
Nor fail as they sound one's feeling
To tell of the depths of all.

And the song that the silence singeth
Is that which our will inspires—
All men have their songs of silence
As all have their hearts desires.

Almost A Hero

Continued

PART V

It was Sunday night. Dr. Branchwater was again safe at home. With a sad and sorrowful heart, he was preparing to visit Frances—to visit her, and to tell of the awful failure of his attempt to acquire the riches which meant happiness and a bright future to them both. It would be necessary, perhaps, for him to disavow those oaths of fidelity which they had so recently sworn together.

The thought of such things was intolerable, and the corners of the Doctor's mouth had turned down almost right angles by the time he had finished dressing. Like a veritable "knight of the woeful countenance" Branchwater went forth to seek the home of his sweetheart.

Frances, with her enticing curls and her deep brown eyes, met him at the gate. She greeted him there in a manner which would surely have delighted the sentimental novelist of old. And Branchwater did not fail to reciprocate. "Sighing like a furnace," he threw his long arms about her in a rapturous embrace. There they stood for some time, wrapped in each other's arms in the most approved style of embracing, as set forth by the final denouement of every first-class moving picture film. Truly, it was a picture to make the sentimentalist cry out from sheer delight, and to cause the chaperon to rise up in the might of her authority and interfere.

But there was no chaperon present, and it would be difficult to say just how long that fervent and languishing embrace might have lasted had it not been for that curiosity which plays so large a part in the make-up of the ordinary female character. Frances, unable to wait any longer to learn the result of the trip which her lover had taken to the town of ghosts, soon broke from his embrace and asked him:

"Branchwater, dear, did you run away the ghosts?" Without waiting for an answer, she continued, "But why should I ask? I know that my own brave hero was not afraid of the ghosts. You wouldn't let the ghosts run you away, would you, love?"

"No, no; certainly not!" said Branchwater, and added under his breath, "How can I tell her of my disgrace! She little knows that such things as ghosts really exist. Nobody believes it now. But I believe it. I have seen the proof."

"Did you get your money, dear?" questioned the beautiful Frances.

"Yes, certainly. That is to say, not yet; but—but—well, not yet, as I said. I haven't got it yet.

"When do you get it? Next week?"

"Yes, certainly; next week. How stupid of me not to remember."

"And then we shall be married after all our long wait?"

She threw her arms about his neck and kissed him fervently. "Oh Branch!" she sighed softly, and then, with that terribly sentimental, languishing look of love which is usually seen on the face of a recently engaged young person, Frances gave vent to that hackneyed expression of the heights of rapturous love and adoration—that expression which compasses into a single word, coupled with the accompanying facial expressions, the heights and depths, the infiniteness and vastness, the rapture and sweetness of love—that expression, which, coming from the lips of the newly engaged young girl who is looking into the future as she looks at her husband to be, seems to be uttered with such deep emotion—namely, "My husband!"

"My wife," sighed Branchwater, with a like amount of rapture and rolling the words over his tongue as if they had been possessed of a good taste. "My wife!" he repeated the words and sealed them with a kiss.

Then, suddenly remembering that he was by no means certain that Frances was to be his wife after all, he thrust her from him, became very grave, and, after such a surplus of sentimentalism as had just passed between them, seemed to be unusually cold and indifferent to her charms. In fact, he was taking no more notice of her than merely holding hands entailed.

"What is it, dear?" she asked, noticing his sudden change.

"Oh, nothing—much."

"Yes it is, dear. Tell me all. Can you not confide in your own Frances? Oh, Branch, you don't love me any more."

With a woeful countenance Frances broke into tears with her head resting upon the manly shoulder of Branchwater.

Branchwater was naturally somewhat confused at this sudden outburst. Indeed, what man is not confused when the object of his affections begin to cry in his presence? Whether he is in the wrong or not, he has a vague feeling that he has committed a mortal crime. How little and insignificant he feels! How helpless! Awkwardly Branchwater patted her velvet cheeks, toyed with those enticing curls, and comforted her with soothing words of love.

At last her tears ceased, and then the reaction came. Threwing herself into his arms with more than usual ardor, she asked his forgiveness for what she had done, and begged him to excuse her if she had caused him any uneasiness or worry.

"And now, Branch, dear," she exclaimed, when the gust of tears was a thing of the past, "when is our marriage to take place?"

"Frances, be calm, dear, for I have something to tell you now which I believe will somewhat hurt you. Since taking my trip to Podunk I have realized that we must postpone our wedding to some distant and I fear somewhat vague date. To tell the truth, at Podunk——"

"Stop, false one, I know all. I know what you would say. You have given your heart to another. You have deserted me. Wretch! Why did I ever trust you at all." Frances spoke the above line with all the enthusiasm of a vaudeville actress playing an emotional part. She looked at him wildly, her hair even assumed a somewhat wild and uncanny appearance. She looked exactly like the heroine of a ten-twenty-thirty comedy when the villain has just declared his love for another or when, in the last act of the fifty-cent tragedy, the heroine is informed that "the chee-ild still lives."

"Frances, listen. Stop those tears; look at me; listen to me." But it was not in the power of the lovely Frances to stop, look, and listen. Her tears were blinding, her screams were deafening, and her weeping was of the unceasing kind. At last, however, Branchwater prevailed upon her to give him her attention.

"Well, villain, false one, say what you will. You can never regain the place in my heart that you have lost by this ungen-

tlemanly act. Speak now, and forever after hold your peace in my presence."

"Frances, dear, it was like this: It was not that I fell in love with another girl at Podunk. I could never love anyone but you. I——"

"Yes, very likely. Try none of your flattery and falsehoods upon me, false one. I have had enough of your treachery. Say what you will. Speak quickly, and then leave me."

"Frances, I shall be frank with you: I have deceived you, though unintentionally. I simply could not tell you at first."

"Villain! So you admit your guilt, and yet expect forgiveness?"

"Oh, Frances, I have no guilt to admit. I have not been false to you. I only wanted to say that I could not marry you."

"Could not marry me? And you say you are not false to me?"

"Not that. I did not say that I did not want to marry you. I said that I—that is, I meant that I did not want to marry you——"

"Again! You deny it in one breath and repeat in the next!"

"Let me finish. I do not want to marry you if I can——"

"Well, you can't! I've had enough of you, you insignificant, pusillanimous, low bred, scurrilous deceiver! Go!"

"Madame, those terms should not be applied to a gentleman!"

"They were not, sir. You flatter yourself!"

Branchwater drew himself up to a most dignified stature and looked at Frances with a glance of fire. "Madame," he said, in cold harsh tones, "I leave you forever in exactly one minute."

"One minute? Why wait that long?"

"It will take one minute to express my opinion of you, madame. You are without doubt——"

"Hold! I am not without doubts. You seem to think me quite gullible, I assure you, but I have always had my doubts concerning your manhood and concerning your love for me. Go!"

"I'm going—forever!" Branchwater turned his back upon the lady, and then stopped. Frances also turned her head from him, but said nothing. They stood there for some time, evi-

dently in deep thought. The door-bell rang vigorously, but neither of them noticed it. Neither wished to part from the other. Each felt that something was wrong that could be easily righted, yet neither wished to give in.

At last Branchwater turned back towards her.

"Frances."

"What?"

"Forever is a mighty long time."

Frances did not speak at first. She looked at him with a soulful glance, and then sighed softly, "Branch, can you explain?"

"I can explain." They fell into one another's arms. The door-bell rang again. Frances turned from him and opened the door.

"Telegram for Mr. Branchwater," piped a shrill voice from without.

Frances brought the yellow envelope to Branchwater and leaned upon his shoulder while he read:

"MR. F. U. BRANCHWATER,

"Dix Hill, N. C.

"I am sending you check for five thousand dollars. Congratulations on running ghosts out of Bullburg mansion.

"Signed, E. DOBBIN BELVIN."

"Ah," sighed Branchwater, "if I had only received that ten minutes earlier. That was the whole trouble, Frances. I thought I was not going to get the money, and did not wish to marry you when I was unable to care for you."

Then occurred a scene of bliss and rapture which would defy the pen of the greatest sentimentalist that the world has ever produced to describe. It was reunion after a quarrel—everyone has experienced them. It is needless to attempt any description.

A Cruise on the James River

Charles R. Bagley

You have often heard it said that the expectation is greater than the realization; but this was not the case with our summer cruise on the James River. It is true, however, that we looked forward with childlike eagerness to this trip, a cruise which gave promise of a delightful week. I venture to say that it had been the subject of our conversation oftener than any other topic. For my part, a week or two ahead of time I often found myself picturing the boat achugging up the James. But pause with me for a moment to look over the Dixie II.

Our launch is about thirty feet in length, eight feet across the beam, and is propelled by a twelve horse-power Gray motor. These proportions give the boat a speed of eight miles an hour, a speed which is increased to ten or eleven miles an hour when the tide is favorable. Her armament, so to speak, consists of two anchors, an eight foot tender, and a sounding oar. On this trip there was added to the above named equipment, a Graflex camera, several musical instruments, provisions for a week, and various other refreshments. The crew—or perhaps I should say complement—was merely a captain, mate, steward, and a cook, the last named being called by the endearing epithet, "scullion." This pet name was later shortened to the delightful abbreviation, "scully" or just plain "scull."

It was under these conditions that the Dixie II left her Carolina port on the first day of July, 1913. A part of the day was spent in chasing over the Currituck Sound to deliver an important message; but before night came, we had passed through North River and anchored just below the locks of Albemarle and Chesapeake canal. From here it was an easy matter to run into Norfolk harbor the following morning. The weather was extremely hot even for July; so we hurriedly got together a few necessities and set out across Hampton Roads, hoping to be a good ways up the James before night overtook us. In this we were very fortunate. An approaching storm obscured the sultry rays of the sun, and our little craft glided along with a sput-sput, that was musical indeed. We felt as

free as the banished nobles in the forest of Arden, and unconsciously I found myself repeating to the echo:

> *Are not these more free from peril than the envious court?*
> *This is no flattery: These are Counsellors that feelingly*
> *persuade me what I am.*

After a refreshing swim, which sharpened the appetites of all, we made ready to prepare the first real supper of the trip. The captain afterwards laughingly said that the cook merely opened a can of beans and announced supper, but I assure you that the captain told this only as a joke at "scull's" expense. Supper over, we sought our bunks, and there were soon lulled to sleep by the lapping of the waves against the Dixie's side.

The next morning saw us dock at Jamestown Island. It was with a feeling of almost reverence that I set foot upon the place where over three centuries ago John Smith had braved the trials of colonization. Of course, like all other visitors, we went over the island, looking at the monuments and statues, and pausing here and there to read the inscription on some old tomb. The tower of the first English church in America is still standing, and the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities has also been very careful to keep the foundation of the church in which Pocahontas was baptized. There is a small cemetery in the quiet little churchyard, where the epitaphs of the various tombs bear testimony of the colonists' bravery and unselfishness. As I have said, it was with a feeling of respect and pride that we looked at these memorials, and listened to the old Scotch custodian reciting the brave deeds of those whom we are glad to call our forefathers. Time slipped past faster than any of us suspected, and it was not until eleven o'clock that the voyage was resumed, and then not until four "fairy stones" had been brought on board to keep away the evil spirits and to bring good luck to the four members of the Dixie crew.

A steady run of four hours length, on a favorable tide, brought us to City Point, where our course turned from the James to the Appomattox. Twelve miles more, and Petersburg loomed up before us. This town was as hot and dusty as the river had been crooked and muddy. Stopping only long enough for the cook to purchase some provisions, the captain turned

back. It was growing dark at this time quite rapidly, and the mate could not distinguish the channel buoys ahead. Perhaps the mate had lost his fairy stone; anyway, we ran solid aground. This was not the worst of it all; mosquitoes, flies, gnats, and insects of every description, swarmed upon us unmercifully. They seemed to think that we rightfully belonged to them; and each one made a brave effort to claim his share of the spoils. Such trifles as these, however, could not dismay the sunburned members of the good ship's crew; the cook prepared supper, and the steward did yeomen service at the proper time. The effect was cheering. In high spirits, all lay down to sleep, while the tide came in to lift our craft from the mud in which she had been securely planted by the sleepy mate.

The fourth of July was clear and hot. We awoke about nine o'clock and ran lazily into City Point, intending to get some ice and gasoline and straightway resume the return trip. But none of our crew, captain, mate, steward, or scullion, is exempt from the charms of a fair face. We were met at the wharf by real Virginia hospitality, personfied in two sweet ladies, who later became our hostesses. Even the captain, old salt that he is, went up to dinner; and then took the whole family for a short spin on the river. Maybe this was their compensation, I don't know. "Billy" and "Jeff" proved to be quite entertaining, but Marguerite spoke from the corner of her mouth in such a charming manner that the captain gave me no time to form an opinion of her. Even "scull" was loath to leave a place of such hospitality. The captain, thinking it best to coast on the tide for a few hours at least, disengaged himself from Marguerite, and once more started the little Gray on its tut-tut work. City Point was not more than fifteen miles in the distance before a long, sweeping, ground swell came up the river and made everyone forget his sun burns for a while. For two hours or more, our little boat danced rhythmically over the crests, but when the violence of the waves increased, the superior wisdom of the captain prevailed against the childlike joy of the rest of the crew; consequently the Dixie II was nestled in a cove for the night of July fourth. It had been such a strenuous day that we all fell easily into deep slumber, undisturbed by the storm, which had not yet abated.

All along either bank of the James River may be seen magnificent homesteads, old colonial mansions surrounded by hundreds of acres of fertile soil. We had not yet had an opportunity of seeing one at close range, but this morning had something in store for us. Leaving our camping spot, we directed our course towards Sandy Point. Here the captain secured some excellent snapshots of his crew as they dived from the pier into the water fifteen feet below; here was got some information, which helped us to find Ruthven Farm, the place that I am now going to tell you about.

Ruthven Farm is situated between Sandy Point and Dancing Point. One cannot miss it; for just here two bushy little cypress trees, standing out in the water with a sentinel-like air, serve as an excellent landmark for travellers. Ruthven Farm is a typical plantation of the James River. It comprises nearly two thousand acres of fertile fields, and has many modern conveniences. Situated several miles from the nearest neighbor, this farm has naturally by reason of its position, become almost wholly independent. One can find here practically everything from a blacksmith shop to a saw mill. In the center of the plantation on a hill, stands a roomy, well planned dwelling house with a yard of comfortable size. The customary outhouses and two tenant houses are close by—all cut off from each other and from the stock pasture by neat wire fences. From fountains here and there in the yard, crystal waters of an artesian well bubble up, while in the distance, hay barns and silos can be seen outlined against the horizon. All kinds of stock run about the pasture, something misleading the visitors into believing it is a stock farm when in reality, corn is the main crop. The Lady of the house gave us edible entertainment, inquired about the cruise, and wished us well when we embarked for Claremont a few hours later. Although a plain old cook, endowed with no poetic strain, I could not help but sigh on leaving a home so complete and so beautiful within itself. I think Seneca must have been thinking of a place like this when he wrote:

Haec, innocuae quibus est vitae tranquilla quies et laeta suo parvoque domus; spes immanes urbibus errant trefidique metus:

Claremont is on a high hill quite a little distance from the

wharf; on account of this fact, we had the unique experience of taking a ride up town in broad daylight on a freight train with only one box car. After a stay of two or three hours in this modern little Utopia, we bade farewell to our pal of Tettington, with many regrets, and sadly for once, turned the Dixie homeward. As we swept down the James at a steady gait, all of the crew were silent, excepting the scullion, who seems to abhor such a state of affairs. "Old Cap" adjusted his smoked glasses and gave the wheel an extra twist; the mate slunk into the cabin for a hot nap; the steward drummed lazily on his Gibson, leaving "scull" in the cockpit trying to decide what should be for supper, when there was only a stale loaf of bread and two cans of beans in the locker. The sun slowly grew dim and sank in a haze of color, giving no warning of what was to follow. The breeze sprang up, causing the waves to dance right merrily, and we enjoyed *"one crowded hour of glorious life."* Just as the large elevator of Newport News same in sight, the captain gave orders for landing. We ran Dixie II on the beach a scarce quarter mile from a party of young people of Smithfield, Virginia, who were taking their annual beach trip.

On a pressing invitation, our orchestra went down to camp and became *particeps criminis* to a rag dance in the sand. The big time did not last long; sand-ragging is as tiresome as cracking rocks on a dusty road. About half past ten o'clock, the wind grew strong and the lightening flashed wickedly in the distance. Cap bade the company good evening and went on board ship; the other members of the crew merely glanced idly around once or twice and then resumed their conversations.

This too was destined to be short lived. The rain began to fall in large drops, while the wind and lightning grew fiercer each minute. The crowd sought shelter in the girls' tent; some laughed, some pouted, and others hid their faces from the glare of the lightning. The Dixie's crew was apparently storm-bound, but appearances were again deceitful. Leaving their clothes with the boys of Smithfield camp, the mate, steward, and scullion, of the good ship Dixie II swam out three hundreds yards or more and found the captain sitting on the cabin, attired in a sou'wester, calmly chanting to himself:

"A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the wintry waters rave
And the winds their revels keep."

I have seen a good deal of phosphorescence and have also heard old seamen tell about it, but not until that night did I ever realize what a beautiful sight it is. As we swam out to the boat through the driving wind and surging waves, our course was marked by a train of fire, as it were. At every stroke of the arm, a light seemed to sprangle from each finger of our hands, a light by which we could recognize each other's faces in the midst of a roaring thunder storm. We could not sleep while such a sight was visible; we could only sit and admire the *awful* spectacle of the fiery waves trying to rival the lightning clouds in brilliancy.

We tarried next morning only long enough to find out that the party wanted music and not the musicians; accordingly those who had left their clothes swam down to camp and got them. Soon after, a jingle of bells told us that the Dixie had started on her last lap. Newport News slipped by, Norfolk came in sight, and scarce a dozen words had passed between the sun-burned members of the crew. The sun was scorching hot, there was no breeze to amount to anything, and the cabin was too hot to permit sleep. The mate muttered harsh words to himself, and the Dixie ran on. We had now left the James, and our sole purpose was so reach home and that as quickly as possible. Past Norfolk, through the locks, down the North River, we came with unslacked speed. Dixie II was running with a stroke that made her seen almost human to us. Night came on with a gentle breeze to cool and rest our tired bodies, as anchor was cast just below Mundens Point.

Early next day, which was the seventh, "Home, well pleased we went."

John Wesley II

EDNA TAYLOR

It was a small house, but its entire surroundings showed it to be a home of the better class of Southern people probably in limited circumstances. The little lady in black who sat in an antiquated wicker chair on the veranda could be recognized instantly as a member of this class. In fact she and the house looked very much alike, as if they had undergone the same hardships but were still rejoicing in their strength. She held an open letter in her hand; but she was not reading, and now she folded it as she called:

"Rose, Come! Here's a letter from your brother." In a twinkling the awkward, though promisingly graceful figure of a girl of fourteen appeared in the door way. Her eyes were sparkling as she eagerly held out her hand for the missive.

"Oh Mother! Is he really coming?"

"Yes, dear, but read it for yourself. As glad as I am about seeing him after all these eight months, I'm sorry that he must give up his work for awhile. He says that most of the students have already gone to join the army but he must see us before he volunteers."

As Rose read the note Mrs. Brown sat knitting and thinking. Her thoughts must have been rather sad for tears came into her eyes, but she hastily wiped them away lest Rose should see.

She had christened this only son of her's John Wesley; possibly because she knew that Brown alone would never bring her a minister as a son. As this was the profession she had chosen for him; she decided to give him all the encouragement possible; so she had commenced her persuasions by naming him for the greatest preacher she knew anything about, John Wesley.

As he grew up, John had bravely sustained this weighty label, and showed all signs of developing into a full fledged expounder of scriptures. Although he was by no means over pious, his moral character was above the average; he had studied hard while attending a private school in the neighborhood to which a friend of his mother's had sent him and he

seemed to realize when very young that it would soon be his turn to support his mother and sister.

He was just entering the absorbing study of Greek when the first signs of the controversy between the North and South began to cause excitement, and John Wesley was boy enough to long for the opportunity to fight. This desire of his was only now to be realized, and he wrote to his mother from the small Southern college that he had decided to go and was now coming home to bid them goodby.

Mrs. Brown was up early the next morning and assisted by the only remaining slave, Aunt Melindy, was busy getting the little house in order that she might give her time unsparingly to her son when he should arrive. She was just putting on the finishing touches, when she heard the stage couch stop at the crossroads. She hurried to the door, but Rose had been ahead of her. She was just in time to see this wisp of a girl lifted high in a pair of strong arms. A look of motherly solicitude spread over her features as she watched her two handsome children, but it changed to one of joy when John Wesley rushed toward her.

"Oh my boy!" She cried as she kissed him "I'm so glad to have you with us again."

"But mother mine, it is only for a few days. I have promised to join my regiment at Harrow's Crossing tomorrow."

"Never mind, we won't think about the short time. There is so much to think and say and do before tomorrow." She said this as, with his arms around his sister and mother, they went into the house.

"You see, mother, it can't be helped"—he went on "John Wesley and the accompaning ministerial aspirations must go for a while. From now on I'm John Brown, Private. If I can ever be of any use as a minister, God will bring me safely through these few months of fighting—and these will be only a few months—everybody says so."

"Let us hope so, my son, but now let Rose come and help me. You need so many things, and they must all be made by our own hands—not that I attach any sentimental feeling to who does the work; but because there is no other way to get it

done. Every man in the neighborhood is preparing to leave tomorrow and every mother and sister is as busy as we shall be."

The next morning Mrs. Brown, with Rose clinging tightly to her hand, turned sadly away from the crossing as John Wesley stepped into the rickety stage coach which was to take him to the railroad. But there was no time to entertain sorrow in any household of '61, and in the home of the Brown's, time was especially pressing. Already requests had been made of Mrs. Brown for anything that the soldiers needed, and she had been busy in deciding the few things that she had between her son and the general cause.

It is an insolvable problem how Mrs. Brown and Rose lived for the next year. Every thing that could add to the comfort of her son Mrs. Brown had packed into his soldiers' bag, never realizing that after he had been on the march a few days in order to lighten his load he would have to drop, though with a pang, every little article that she had given him.

It was in a very different way that John after two years absence entered the little house. This time the greeting was all on one side for he recognized neither mother nor his little sister. For a week he had been in an army hospital, delirious and helpless as the result of wound, the first that he had received, in the Battle of..... The physicians, realizing that his condition would not improve here, sent him home. Possibly this privilege would not have been allowed him had he not during these two years, risen greatly in the estimation of his superiors. On the day before his fall he had appeared as Lieut. John W. Brown—he still refused to sign the Wesley, saying that he would do that only when the Reverend should take the place of Lieutenant.

When he was brought into the house, Mrs. Brown's heart almost failed her. Could this thin, wasted, hollow eyed, old looking young man be her strong, vigorous son who had left her only two years ago? Though sick at heart she went to work and was rewarded after a few days by seeing John W.

gaze with recognition on his familiar surroundings. She took courage anew and by scrimping and borrowing from her almost now poorer neighbors had him comfortably situated by the time he was able to realize it.

But with his health every day growing stronger, despondency set in. In vain plans were made to arouse him but he seemed to care for nothing and lived in a stupor. Mrs. Brown was at her "wits end" to know what to do when the affair was taken out of her hands, simply by a rose.

Miss Clark, a character that is found in every neighborhood, noted for her talkativeness, her interest in other people's affairs, her good nature and consideration, had denied herself of coffee for a week that she might bring some delicacy to John Wesley. He had always been a pet of hers, and now that he was wounded she thought nothing to good for him.

As Aunt Melindy ushered the visitor in, Mrs. Brown rose from her chair near the bed and motioned to Miss Sallie to come in. Although her query "How is he" was meant to be spoken very low, John heard it and he moved his head impatiently. Miss Sallie walked mindingly up to the bed as Mrs. Brown said gently:

"Here, Son, is Miss Sallie with a dessert for you. Can you eat it now?"

Then his natural politeness overcome his boredom and he raised his dark head with a pretext of a smile. When his mother uncovered the waiter he was certainly attracted to it, but not by the dainty. His eye had lighted on a superb Marohelnid rose laid on the side of the plate and he feebly reached out for it. He had always loved flowers, and now in October, when there were none in his mother's garden and scarcely any in those of the neighbors, he longed for them even more. He shook his head in answer to his mother's question concerning the food and lay back on the pillow, the rose held tightly in his hand.

Miss Sallie seemed not to have noticed his neglect of her dish for she said in her chirpy way:

"John Wesley, the prettiest—I might say the sweetest girl too—in Virginia sent you that rose."

"Who was she to think of a poor, wounded, useless soldier?" He asked without interest.

"Jennie Bailey, I'm sure your mother has heard me speak of her. She is from Maryland and is helping me keep "Old Maids' Hall" (only she isn't a member of that order) while her father is fighting and her mother nursing in the army. Her pet occupation, now that wounded soldiers are few, is in taking care of my long-neglected flowers. After all her trouble, this is the first fruit of her labor and she told me to bring it to you."

"She could not have sent me anything that would have been more appreciated. She must have had an intuition that I loved roses," he answered with more life in his voice.

"I wouldn't be surprised" Miss Sallie went on "she is a far-seeing and intuitive girl to be only eighteen."

This ended the conversation. By the time the Samaritianette had gone Jown W. seemed more like himself and he slept peacefully that night for the first time since his return.

"Mother" he said next morning in a weak but almost natural tone "will you give me some paper and a pen."

His mother complied with his request, though she had to tear the flyleaf from her Bible to furnish the paper. Every thing was scarce in this household of '63. Then she left him after propping him up and cautioning him not to exert himself. For the rest of the morning she was almost happy, interest in life seemed to be returning to her long despondent son.

But her wonder and delight was even greater when she heard his little invalid's tales jingle with an almost lively sound through the quiet house, and she hastened to him. He smiled in his characteristic though almost forgotten way when she entered and handed her the Bibical piece of paper with the request that she read it. Now Mrs. Brown knew that this personification of all her great expectations was handsome and lovable; she knew that he could fight and could preach, but she did not know that he was a poet. This phase of his character seems not to have found an outlet until now. She mentally added another face to the group of American Poets hanging over the parlor mantel as she read:

"I accept the little flower
From the stranger maiden's hand,
And shall watch it every hour
As it withers on the stand.

When its sweetness shall depart
And its beauty be decayed,
On my sad, but grateful heart
Shall its withered leaves be laid.

I feel that I could love thee,
Altho' I know thee not
And "whate'ver sky's above me
Thou ne'er shall be forgot."

He watched his mother's face as she read, and her spoken enthusiastic corroboration of his desire to send it to Miss Bailey was not needed.

After a few days, he received an appreciative little note from the recipient of his lines; although she was a lover of poetry she was also a lover of the characters inspired by poetry, though it may not have always been of the most approved styles. From then on a rose, chrysanthemum, and sometimes only autumn leaves, came to him daily and a line or two from him, not always in poetry, thanked her for it. Occasionally Miss Sallie came to talk to him and her conversation had only one subject—Jennie. It almost seemed that this practical, unromantic soul was becoming a match maker!

He was just able to sit up in bed when to the unbounded joy of his mother and admiration of his little sister, John W. composed his first sermon. It may not have been an usual sermon of a great one but to his two appreciative auditors it was supreme.

"Mother" he added, when their loving approvals could find no more words for utterance. "I am going to ask Dr. Gray tomorrow if I may sit up! If he doesn't get too fussy over that I'm going to ask him how long it will be before I can join the boys. I want to be on the march by Christmas, why, I haven't even had the chance to use my lieutenants' powers."

Dr. Gray is coming in the morning, "we'll see what he says!" Mrs. Brown answered, though she knew that his request would be fruitless. She had read in the old physician's eyes that there would be only one more battle for her son and that—the battle for health.

The next morning Rose, who was stationed at the window, called to her brother that Dr. Gray was coming. Soon his ancient nag ceased its apparently aimless walk at the gate and commenced the all absorbing occupation of devouring the grass within his reach, while the old family physician came into the house.

When his regular visit was over, John W. ventured to ask the all meaning questions—when could he sit up and how long before he could join his regiment?

"Well, said the doctor," I hope to have you out by Christmas, you know the swains are scarce around here now and you must keep all the young ladies company at the Christmas trees. But there is a long way between being up and going back to fighting. You would be dead long before a bullet could kill you. It takes a strong man for military life, and you are far from being that. Put it out of your mind, boy, stay here and take care of your mother and the property that she has left. They may need you to fight, but they wouldn't have you long. Thing it over, you'll see I'm right."

John W. bore this hardest of all sentences that could be pronounced on a soldier better than his mother expected. His forbearance may have been caused a little note of sympathy which came to him next morning written in a now well known feminine hand. He did not admit it; but a confession from him was not needed. It was perfectly evident that he was in love although he had not yet seen the object of it.

This pleasure, however, was not long to be denied him. Christmas day marked his return to the society of the community, which consisted in the congregation gathering and talking in the county church yard after service. It seems that Miss Sallie intended to play her role as match maker to the end for it was she who introduced Miss Bailey to her unknown correspondent.

As John W.'s hand met her's he realized more deeply than ever that there was something else in life besides fighting and writing sermons.

From then on confidential talks before the fire on the long winters evenings or tramps in the woods took the place of poems and notes. When the Maryland beauty returned to her

home, John W. returned to his books. Not that he had anything to forget, but just because he wanted to be able to have a Virginia home for Jennie. He knew that the only way to do this would be by work; so he realized that his college days were over, and settled down alone to fit himself for his profession.

One morning in June he was sitting on the little veranda reading the war news with sympathetic zest when he heard some one chirp good-morning!" Glancing up quickly he saw Miss Sallie at the steps. He jumped up and proffered his chair.

"Come in! Miss Sallie—I'll call mother."

"No, you won't, not yet. Its you I want to see." She said as she sat down and looked at John W. leaning lazily against the banisters. "As all the male half of the congregation is fighting I'm playing business manager for the crowd of feminine hero worshippers that are left in the church. Now, you might as well stop smiling its a very serious proposition that I have come to make to you?

"To me"—Well—Sister."

Then she told him that he had been unanimously elected to fill this now long vacant pulpit. John W. modestly protested that he was not capable; but Miss Sallie would accept no excuse; and he was very glad that she didn't. When she had gone in to make her customary call on Mrs. Brown, and to tell her the news, John W. sat thinking. There was very little else to be desired in life. He had succeeded in saving his mother's little property; he had worked for the cause of the South, and had been appreciated; he had the sweetest girl in the world to be his bride. What did it matter, except for Jennie's sake, if he were "as poor as a church mouse?"—he expected to remain in that institution all his life even though poverty did not.

There could not have been a happier Christmas anywhere than that of 1864 to this little circle. Rev. John Wesley Brown preached his first sermon to the congregation in the little church but as for as he was concerned there was only one person listening, and that—Mrs. John Wesley Brown—was Jennie Bailey.

The Light of the Currituck Bar

Mary Wescott

The beacon light of Currituck bar
Shines out across the sea—
With a flash of red and a flash of white
It guards the coast the livelong night
And a song it sings to me.

O ships sail out across the deep,
And ships sail back again—
Though wild gales blow and breakers roar
And fierce storms lash the sandy shore
And sweep the raging main.

For while man lives still will he dare
To cross the stormy deep,
'Tis his to rove and venture deep,
But I must watch upon the bar,
Nor close my eyes in sleep.

The beacon light on Currituck bar
Shines on through fog mist gray,
With a flash of red and a flash of white
It guards the coast the livelong night
Nor pales 'til break of day.

Pantheism

A. S. BAUGH

The old astrologer strains his keen eye seeking for some undiscovered phenomenon in the heavenly circuit. A new orb twinkles into distinction. He cannot trace its origin, can only wait for it to determine its own course.

He turns his glass to see another glow, burst and shoot into oblivion. And yet he is more puzzled than ever. Forgetful of the God beneath it all, he is ever eager to trace cause and effect.

The virile youth instinctively turns his wanton thoughts to the heavens. He looks seeking for nothing and sees all. Imagination pictures his ideal in every cloud that bursts and reforms into different shapes. The form he pictures in his minds eye discovers itself to his imaginary vision. Nor does he see a God beneath it. The vision he sees is the God he worships.

A Luring Call

DAISY JONES

Although my heart has always been
  As is a fertile garden warm,
No silly love for men—
  The foulest woman-sin—
Has ever swept its bounds within
  Nor roused a passion-storm.

But in the evening calm and fair
  When mystic shadows begin to fall,
I seem somehow to hear,
  In accents deep and clear,
From out a vague, unknown *somewhere*.
  A voice, a luring call.

The Glass-Owen Currency Law

R. Malcus Johnston

This country was first made to realize the necessity for a new banking and currency law by the bankers themselves. The currency law which is now in force, the National Bank Act, was enacted about the close of the Civil War, hence is out of date and not fitted for our time. The banker's associations have tried for many years to make the people of the United States realize this fact. In 1908, Congress passed the Aldrich-Vreeland Currency Bill which was intended as a remedy for some of the defects of the old law. This bill provided for the appointment of a National Monetary Commission, composed of nine senators and nine representatives. The duties of this commission were to study the banking and currency systems of all the leading nations of the world, report to Congress their findings, and make recommendations for the framing of a new law. This commission has performed its task. Among other things, it recommended that the law provide for a single central bank somewhat of the nature of the Bank of the United States of Andrew Jackson's time.

After making a careful study of the reports of the National Monetary Commission, Representative Carter Glass, Chairman of the House committee on Banking and Currency, Secretary of the Treasury, Williams G. McAdoo, and other currency experts framed the new Glass-Owen Currency Bill, which has recently been passed by the House of Representatives and the Senate and has been signed by President Wilson.

Manifestly the banking and currency system could not be changed in a day. The Glass-Owen law provides for an Organization Committee, composed of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of Agriculture, and the Comptroller of the Currency, which is to organize the new system. It will take several months for this committee to perform its task, hence, even tho the Glass-Owen bill is now actually a law, it will be several months before we will live under the brand-new system provided for.

Instead of acting according to the recommendation of the National Monetary Commission that a single central bank be

established, the bill makes a compromise between the banking system provided by the National Bank Act and the central bank idea by providing that the Organization Committee shall designate not less than eight nor more than twelve cities in which Federal Reserve banks are to be located. The Federal Reserve Board, composed of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Comptroller of the Currency and five other members to be appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, will have general supervision over the whole system of regional banks. The business of each reserve bank will be limited to a territory designated by the Organization Committee. Each reserve bank will be governed by a board of nine directors to be chosen as follows: three bankers chosen by the member of the district; three men in active business other than banking, similarly chosen; and three members designated by the Federal Reserve Board.

Now that we have some idea of the way the regional banks are to be governed, let us look at the advantages of the new law. Senator Robert L. Owen, Chairman of the Senate Committee on banking and currency, says that the principal advantages offered by the law are the "establishing (of) a system of Federal reserve banks, furnishing an elastic currency, affording means of rediscounting commercial paper, and insuring a more effective supervision of banking in the United States." We have already considered the establishment of the Federal reserve banks. The National Bank Act provides for a currency backed by good security, but a currency that could not be adjusted to the varying demands for money. The national bank notes are secured by United States bonds of an equivalent amount and on the maintenance of a five per cent. redemption reserve in lawful money. When a national bank, other than that which issued the notes, sends these national bank notes to the United States Treasury, the Treasury returns them immediately to the bank which issued them, and they are placed in circulation again. Because of this fact, the present bank note currency never contracts unless the government is redeeming bonds or the bank by which the notes were issued wishes to sell its bonds. Under the new law, the bank notes will be secured by such commercial paper as the board of directors of the

reserve bank may accept as good, and a forty per cent. gold reserve. The issuing bank can use its cash holdings far more effectively to increase loans and deposits than to increase note circulation, therefore the issuing bank will naturally retire its notes when the demand for them ceases. To make sure of the return of the notes to the issuing bank, the new law provides that each regional bank shall return notes to the issuing bank, under a penalty of a ten per cent. tax against them. In this way, the currency will automatically expand and contract with the demand for money. Had this law been in effect in 1907, the panic of that year would probably have been averted.

The Glass-Owen law provides that upon the endorsement of any of its member banks, with a waiver of demand, notice and protest by the member banks, the reserve bank may discount notes, drafts, and bills of exchange arising out of actual commercial transactions. The Federal Reserve Board is given the right to determine specifically what papers may be discounted under this law. The law provides further that the Federal Reserve Board shall impose upon the reserve banks such regulations regarding the rediscount of domestic or foreign bills of exchange and of any bills receivable as it may deem necessary.

A strict supervision of all Federal reserve banks and member banks by the Federal Reserve Board is provided by the bill. The Board is to publish each week a statement of the condition of the several reserve banks. This statement is to give in full detail the assets and liabilities, and furnish full information regarding the character of the money held as reserve and the nature of the paper held by the reserve banks.

This account does not presume to be a full discussion of the new law, but merely notes a few of the main features.

Day Dreams

R. A. FINCH

Percy Varner, a robust country boy, full of hope and certain of success, was just seventeen when he entered Clayton College. During his high school days he had fondly cherished the hope of some day becoming a great man. He dreamed of a distant future time; he knew not when or how, but he thought of coming back, perhaps well dressed and in a big touring car, to the small country village where he had lived. He wanted to be better than the other country boys. He lived in the future; the past was forgotten, and the present was accepted as a matter of course, a sort of moulding for his future greatness.

Thus young Percy bade adieu to his country friends and home. At last he was off to college, and now to the beginning of his successful career. He smiled when he thought of himself, now his own boss, free from the cares and worry of other people. He would work and wait, he thought, and in the end all would be well. Thus for months he consoled himself. He put away all thoughts of home and old friends. It is true, he occasionally recalled the quiet, pleasant hours which he had spent with Ruth, but now even she must be forgotten. He had no time for sweethearts, and furthermore he had never really loved anyway. It was all a sort of flirtation, and his heart was still impregnable to the assaults of Cupid. Perhaps when he became great he would easily find a partner, a willing sharer in all his wealth and fame; but not till then, he thought, could he ever think of such a course. Love to him seemed a sort of luxury, particularly for the rich, a secondary affair, which should never precede the more vital problems of life.

One year had passed. Percy was again at home on the old homestead. He had made good, and, what is more, had been awarded a second scholarship. Success and greatness were now certain, and it would be only a matter of time till his fond hopes would be realized.

During the summer Percy was at home most of the time. The other young people were having picnics and good times, but these did not attract him at all. He spent spare time read-

ing, writing short stories, or occasionally attempting a short poem. On Sundays he would go to woods or to the river. It was interesting to him, and he loved it all. He often sat among the bowlders below the falls at the old mill and dreamily stared into the misty foam. The roar of the water fascinated him; very often he sat there till sunset; sometimes till dark. He did not think that this very spot would be vitally connected with his future life.

It was a Sunday afternoon in late August that there was a picnic at the old mill. Percy was there as usual and took his accustomed seat among the rocks and bowlders. All about, sitting in the quiet and shady places, were couples of gay young folk. It was strange to Percy that he should be so very different from other people. Was he right? Should he take life so indifferently? Such questions now for the first time entered his mind; but he would struggle on as he had started, he thought, and see. Once more he directed his attention towards the foaming, surging water as if entranced by its majestic beauty and greatness. In the mist of the falls he fancied and pictured huge air-castles, the objects of his endeavor, the goal of his ambition and existence.

Above the song of the waters came a clearer tone, mystic and beautiful. It came from over the river, and there on the opposite bank, seated on the dry sands, Percy beheld a fair and youthful girl. She was, at the most, eighteen, with rosy cheeks, deep blue eyes, and bare feet. She was singing a part of an old love-song; the wind, playing with the tangled curls over her cheeks, discovered to Percy a fairer face than he had ever seen. For a while the roar of the falls was hushed; Percy heard only the song of the strange girl. Perhaps she too was charmed by the beauty of nature, he thought, and cared nothing for the gay people all about. He could not understand; to put the matter from his mind, he again directed his attention towards the falls. But somehow he could not forget so easily as he had thought. He was thinking of the strange girl who had attracted him so, and, do his best, he could not forget her. Oh, well, he thought, he would soon forget anyway.

Thus for a short time he sat debating, when suddenly he heard someone screaming; turning, he saw the strange girl

struggling among the rocks and whirlpools in the rapid stream. In attempting to cross over the shoals she had lost her footing, slipped, and fallen, and was now being borne towards the lower falls. For a brief second Percy watched the struggles of the girl; then he leaped into the stream. Upon his efforts depended the life of the only person to whom he had ever felt peculiarly attached, and save her, he must. The stream bore them swiftly on, but the strength of the young man brought them safely to the bank, and there on the warm sands the girl soon regained consciousness.

Ten years later three persons, clad in country garb, were strolling on the sand heaps down by the old mill falls. The two elder, a man and woman of middle age took a seat on the bank of the rapid stream and were talking in low tones, occasionlly pointing to the rapids below. The third member of the party, a frolicsome chap of some eight years, was amusing himself by playing in the sand or by tossing pebbles and stones into the rippling water.

The Recompense

Ah, days agone, ah, days agone,
I ponder long of you;
How some were fair, and some were sad,
Some skies of gray, some blue.

Full oft we laughed with eyes aglow,
Full often tears we shed.
Ah, days agone, you brought us grief,
But, too, you comforted.

Where be those crowns of laurels green
We thought would make us glad?
Ah, me, they're lost or withered quite,
But, O, the dreams we've had!

Looking Backward

Tom Gill

It is not a happy trait of human nature that the difficult, when it has passed; the burdensome thing of by-gone days; and the hardship well endured become a pleasure for ever after. They are to be dreamed of proudly, thought of joyously, and talked of exultingly. The thought of them wreaths our faces in smiles; fond memories keep us pleasantly atingle throughout our after life.

Recently I heard a New Year's sermon delivered. The preacher discussed the burdens, hardships, and misfortunes of the past and his advice was to *forget* all except the lessons learned through them. But should we not rather *remember?* Is there not something deeper than the mere lesson learned? Every hardship has something for us; adds something to our entire makeup; and shoves us nearer the ideal of a perfect nature. Memories of our trials and hardships are not bitter, for once passed there is thrown about them a cloak of mellowness; the bitterness is squeezed out during the time of endurance, during the hour of strife: only the sweet remains. Suppose we should forget these things—and alas! we are only too prone to forget—do we not in this way lose a great part of our recompense? Without these memories, this sweetness of life, we become hardened and bitter. It is thus that the springs of our sympathy and pity are closed up, for how can one pity when he does not remember the nature of the thing that should call forth his pity.

Does the bitterness of strife and hardship still live in the breasts of the veterans of the Confederacy? Does the old wound still cause their spirits to wrangle within them? No—Oh, No! Every wound is a symbol of honor; each hardship is thought of pleasantly; the long, dreary, body-and-soul racking marchers are now the instigators of pride and joy. Who has not seen the old soldier as he talked with his comrade? Did you not note that smile on his face? It was brought there by the memory of some bloody battle. Did you not see that satisfied look steal over his face as he motioned with his one arm toward the east and moved his head from side to side

in that assuring, self-satisfied manner? He was thinking of one of those terrible, famous marches with Jackson, of a duty well done. It is one of the greatest pleasures of an old soldier's life to talk over his past experiences with someone. Nor is the interest one sided. The group of listeners who gather around the old man are no less interested than he. Some, it is true, catch only the spirit of adventure in the story; some are attracted by the terrors and horrors of the account; and some grasp the real significance of the old man and his story. Only in proportion to the amount and manner of our remembering do we understand. There is this element in every man's nature, in some more than others, that is attracted by the hardships of others. Curiosity draws some, a selfish desire for amusement brings others; but there is a stronger natural bond than either of these in the fact that we have all suffered hardships ourselves.

The magazines are full of such stories of hardship because it is well known that they attract the interest and sympathy of readers. One of the most interesting stories I ever read was an autobiography of his life by Josiah Flynt. In this history of his life he told how the wanderlust had seized him in his early boyhood and made a tramp and hobo of him. The story of his hardships and struggles against the power that was driving him into this kind of life was full of interest. At last, when he had conquered the wanderlust and abandoned his wanderings, the incidents of his roving life were not bitter to him. They were not to be shuddered at as memories of a horrible dream, but were to be remembered fondly. Flynt left that peculiar need of giving vent to his emotions by telling his story to everyone; and he was sure of finding an interested and sympathetic audience.

Even the small boy and youth find a pleasure in talking of hardships and difficulties. In fact, I have seen boys take a hard walk of twenty-five or thirty miles merely in order that they might brag about it afterwards to their friends. For a week or two afterwards their limbs were stiff and sore; the walk itself was painful—yet as soon as they returned home, they told about it with a complacency and severeness that was amazing. They enjoyed the memory of it. These same boys

have taken extended camping trips. They ate poorly prepared, tasteless food, suffered from cold, and endured sleepless nights on the hard ground. There was very little real pleasure in this; the enjoyment came afterwards. For years they will talk of this experience as one of the greatest events in the annals of their history.

Thus it is in all phases of life. We become united through a natural bond of sympathy. We should remember the struggle, not the result; the race, not the prize or defect. The reward is in the future as I think of the long years of looking backward; would it be worth while to forget all the struggles and hardships; to remember only the bitter results, and hard lessons; and to look back with pleasure only on the ease and comforts of life? We would not be happy, for the memory of pleasures is very unsatisfactory. As Burns says, "you size the flower; its bloom is shed." We should not, then, let opportunities slip by because they are arrayed with difficulties; we should not shirk our work because it is disagreeable, for the experiences they bring us will be the very things that we will desire to remember in the future. Perhaps we have failed to make good in our college work this past fall; we have dallied with time and opportunity to such an extent that the mid-term examinations have proved disastrous to us. If so, we will regret the neglect of our work during the term; we will regret the time we have spent in seeking pleasure; but we will never regret having failed on the tests. It is better for us to have failed on them than to have made a barely passing grade for now our outlook on life has been changed; we are aware of the deep seriousness of affairs. In short, we have received the jolt necessary to check our meaningless journey through life. It may seem hard at first, but in after years we will recognize this seeming misfortune as the basis of our success. We will always hold it vividly in our memory.

Editorial

Examinations

Examinations have come and gone, and with their passing there is an universal sight of relief. Hardly ever is much thought given to this period before the holidays, but since the return the impending crisis has loomed before us in dark colors, and the period of intense preparation gave evidence of an earnestness generally not recognized on the campus, for, strange as it may be, the fact remains that we are wont to delay performing our tasks until the last with the inevitable consequence of an over amount of work at that time. This practice isn't at all wholesome, for "Cramming" is recognized as a process that is, to say the least, useless from the view point of real lasting benefit. The best principals of study and education are against this method; and from a psychological viewpoint it is defective because sufficient time isn't given to allow the brain paths to be formed and properly related to one another. To be sure, "Cramming" might enable one to make a better mark, but this isn't the real end in view. In fact, the practice of "Cramming" is a debilitating process; mental indigestion is sure to result from an over-dose of mental food just as too much eating causes a physical weakness. In so far, then, as preparation for examinations has been of this nature it has been work worse than useless. But a systematic review serves to fasten fundamental principles more firmly in mind and is a healthful course to pursue.

But another cycle has been run; another milestone of our collegiate career passed, to the Freshman, it was the initial trial of a long and arduous series of tasks incident to a course of study here, and for many this first period will mark the first real insight with the nature of college work. To the Seniors, the next to the last obstacle before the end is passed, and, in the vernacular of the campus, those of that order of dignity are now seven-eigths educated. To us all, the passing

of this period is another great stride toward the much coveted diploma.

There will be many disappointments when the results are known. Some will not have done what they hoped for. But failure doesn't necessarily result from not having accomplished all that was desired. Failure comes when you fails to do the best you can. If you have not done your best, then no matter what your class standing may be, you have failed in so far as you have not been true to your best efforts. And vice versa, if you have done your best, altho you might seem to have a special affinity for the seventies, you were successful. A man that always tries and does his best can never fail in the true sense of the word. A position is responsible just in the proportion that is calls for the best of a man.

To those then, whose grades seems to denote as of medium ability. Take courage, strive onward, do your best, and then you cannot know what it is to fail. To others, remember success doesn't depend althogether on standing, but on the inner consciousness of having done your best. If you have done this, you are to be congratulated.

B. W. R.

Alumni Department

To L. I. H.

(H.)

Oh! for a rest,—afar from kind
Save only thee dear heart, and one or two
Beside, who, too, had striven their work to do
As best they could, not sparing hand nor brain;

Who, viewing the past effort cannot find
It in their heart to say, " 'Twere better I
Had done the other thing;" Tho sorrows ply
The aching breast for efforts spent *in vain.*

The rest of children far adown the years
'Mid flowers and bees and sunny fields of June,
'Mid singing birds, with nature all in tune:
Before our tears were scalding bitter tears.
In Lethean peace, we'd ease the anguished soul—
Then the fight resolved to reach the goal.

WAYSIDE WARES

(W. R.)

Mary had a Latin-Jack
An interlin-e-ar,
And every time that Mary read
Jack wasn't very far.

Examination came one day.
Oh my! they seem an age;
The Latin—Jack began to bray
In the middle of a page.

Now Mary loved her Latin-Jack
She thought it very well,
But when the thing began to bray
She smashed it all to H——L.

The College Boy

The College boy does not attend college: he only looks it. That is, he follows out Sunday supplement ideas on the subject. Consequently his personal appearance, conduct, and speech are typical of College life; the College life portrayed by the indubitable newspaper authorities.

The daily pursuits of the College Boy in reality savor more of the commercial than the academic. To be sure, he is a member of some well known institution, and is directed by instructors of long experience; but a dry-goods, grocery, or drug store is not strictly speaking a university. The College Boy is strictly in character there, after six o'clock at night, and at the noon hour. During office hours, coarse, unobserving persons would call him a clerk.

You may see him almost any evening imparting his peculiar academic flavor to certain favored thoroughfares. His costume consists conspicuously of a slouch hat and cigarette. A noisy

necktie, high-top vest, together with plaid stockings and a horseshoe scarf-pin, help to make up his " nobby" rig. If such array of ocular proofs fails to convince you that the ornate being you behold is a College Boy, you must cross the street and follow in his wake. After you have heard him greet a few acquaintances as, "Hello Old Man!" or "How's the boy?", you cannot fail to assure yourself that this must be one of those real College Boys. When you are thus assured, never follow further, for you may be sadly disillusioned. You will probably find your thing of beauty on his way to the most obscure door of the cheapest dairy lunch or beanery in the vicinity.

Besides demonstrating to the public by dress and action his identity as a College Boy, an ambitious performer must model his language according to college standards. He must follow along the lines of expression that the writers tell us are characteristic of literary men. This he can easily master after a few weeks perusal of newspaper articles bearing on real college life. Then he must accost and converse with other College Boys, in a manner too sickening to here describe.

Thus does the sad-dog College Boy, with the assistance of the rollicking blade College Boy, set forth to the gratified bystanders the true inwardness of college friendship and its accompaniments. And having thus creditably deported himself according to the only standards, he goes back satisfied to his ribbon counter.

In such laudable exhibition the College Boy lives his perpetual course. You see him in cafes, billiard rooms and cheap table d'hotes, on pleasure bent, in department stores, offices on daily compulsion;——in College never!

"Would you marry for money?" asked one girl of another.

"Not I; I want brains!" was the reply.

"Yes, I should think so," said the first speaker, if you don't want to marry for money!" *Puck.*

The lines of all men oft remind us,
Life is not fully sublime,
For the Editor, as he goes, goes cussing,
The papers, that didn't come on time.—*C, '99.*

(F. H.)

Say d'j you see my sister Annie
When she wez here?
Home for two weeks durin' Xmas
Been gone most a year.

Annie's changed a heep since August,
Dunno why.
N' the way that girl spends money
Makes pa sigh.

She puts on paint and powder
By the pound
An' c'lo'ne enough to smell
For miles aroun'.

Says her beau's the richest ever,
Han'some too.
She uster like Bob Jone's bud, but—
"He won't do."

Talk about yer ejerkashun
Go 'way man,
I'd ruther be an ignerans
Than like Ann.

Editor's Table

The exchange editor has an interesting study in comparing the different magazines which come to his department. He, of course, is inclined to compare the magazines of other colleges with that of his own, and hence to judge them according to the standard of his own. Yet he would by no means have the reader assume that he thinks his publication superior in all ways to that of other colleges, for he endeavors only to make helpful suggestions to others, and in turn, welcomes with pleasure any criticism from them.

In such a comparison his attention is called to the lack of good verse, and in some cases to the total lack of verse of any kind. This feature is peculiar to very many of the magazines which we receive, and in our opinion it is one which detracts much from them. We, to be sure, do not expect to see any Burns or Byrons spring up suddenly in our midst, but we do think that the poetic instinct is in many and only needs to be developed, and encouraged, and as for those few born poets which are found in almost every community, surely we expect good poetry from them.

Again, one is greatly surprised at some of the short stories that are allowed to be published in the various magazines. In this day of the perfection of the short story, one expects much from the writers of them, and one is perhaps as disappointed as much in these as in the poetry. We would say like Wordsworth that there is "a tale in everything," but, again, would we agree with him in saying that silent thought alone can bring these tales, and evidently many of the stories we see have lacked silent thoughts. Such we should not see in the college magazine, but such we still find. Occasionally, though, in our exchanges we do run across stories which would do credit to O'Henry or Bret Harte, and as again our expectations are raised, and we think that after all the college magazine is worth while.

THE RED AND WHITE

The December number of "The Red and White" has a neat and attractive cover, and some of its contents as well are attractive. The editorials are indeed few and short, but contain in them topics or such subjects as "The New Renaissance" which, if worked out and added to, would be very interesting to any class of readers. We congratulate this number on its poetry, of which the lullably, "At Twilight," is especially worthy of praise. This is gently and delicately expressed in appropriate diction. The ludicrous poetry certainly has a universal appeal to students, and although the sentiment is not very lofty, yet the verse interests us. "Two Thoughts on Woman Suffrage" is well written and shows a broad and commendable view of this question. There is really only one very good story, but this does more than make up for the others. This, "The Trail of the Skirt," has a single plot, which is not an unusual one, but one which is handled in a masterly and entertaining way. The conversation is well constructed and very natural, a feature which adds much to any story. "The Bare Facts" seems below the dignity of such a magazine and decidedly out of place. They have no exchange department, and we do not understand why they have not. It seems to us that entirely too much space is devoted to athletics.

STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE

The editors of the "State Normal Magazine" are certainly to be commended upon their splendid December number. It is one of the best well-rounded and well-arranged magazines that has come to our table this year. It clearly shows the high ideals of the literary work at the State Normal, and there seems to be an ideal spirit on the part of the students towards their magazine, for it seems well supported. There are stories both of a lighter and a serious vein, and all are fairly good. "The Christmas Spirit" is an interesting and inspiring account of a little girl who found the real Christmas spirit, and, although the plot is slight, it is admirably handled. "The Return" is also good, and we like the author's quaint, natural style. Of the essays we were especially impressed by "The Life of Wordsworth," which gives us the interesting facts of this lovable

poet's life in a condensed and attractive manner. It is a sketch of his inner life and much stress is laid upon his attitude toward nature. The poetry in this magazine is of high order. We do not agree with the sentiment expressed in "The Lure of the Crowd," but, nevertheless, it is good poetry. The department called "Sketches" is interesting and it, too, displays the originality and talent of the Normal girls. We like the whole edition very much, but still we would like to see more detailed criticism from the exchange editor.

THE BUFF AND BLUE

We cannot say much by way of praise for the literary department of "The Buff and Blue." To our surprise it contains only three contributions: a poem, a story, and a sketch. The poem is a feeble attempt at poetry; the story is fairly good; and the sketch contains a poorly arranged body of facts which are uninteresting to the casual reader. Much more attention seems to be given to locals and athletics than to the literary productions, and, to be sure, it does not attract us very much. The exchange editor has good ideas and we shall look forward to his criticisms.

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA MAGAZINE

We are glad to say, and to say it sincerely, that "The University of Virginia Magazine" is one of the few of our exchanges which never disappoints us in its contents. There is always a creditable number of interesting stories, and essays in it, and the verse usually excells that of the other college magazines which we receive. The December number is certainly not diappointing in any of its features, for it contains three well written stories, four poems, one very clever essay, good editorials and some valuable critical notes on the exchanges. We enjoyed reading "The Birth of a Man" immensely and, although the ending left us with a slight feeling of sadness and disappointment, yet we thought it excellent. The other stories deal with vital conditions of the day, but they do not leave, as it were, a good taste in one's mouth. The heroes and heroines of both are not at all admirable, and one can not enter so well into the stories of them. "The Pursuit of an Education" is a

practical and convincing essay, which give the real facts of an education as the student sees them, and as he should see them. All of the verse in this number is good, but "Aimless Winds" and "Vignettes in Ebony, An Echo" show real genuis in poetic creations. The internal rhyme adds much to the quaint and original verse, "Aimless Winds." "An Echo" displays unusual talent in the handling of the negro dialect, and seems to have real feeling and sympathy in it.

We shall certainly look forward with pleasure to the succeeding issues of this magazine.

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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Volume XXVII Number Five

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Changes may be made in advertisements by notifying the Business Manager.

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The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., March, 1914

A Song of Spring

O the Spring o' the Year is come again
And the woods and the fields are green;
The brooklet leaps from its icy bed,
The birds sing out in the boughs o'erhead,
There's flowers where the snow has been.

For a long, long time the Spring was gone
Close held in icy thrall.
And the Frost King laughed as he held his sway,
And harder bonds he wrought each day
For the Spring in his mighty hall.

But the shackles of ice are broke at last
And the princess come again;
And O how the birds sing out in glee,
And the leaflets dance on the swaying tree
For joy at her coming reign.
And the whole world laughs in the warm sunlight
And echoes the song of cheer
That the bright flowers murmur where'er they lie,
For the brook and the breeze and the blue, blue sky
"We are glad for you, Spring o' the Year!"

The "Spitter"

THOS. J. GILL, JR.

"Young men, Captain Spinks and I have decided to make the rules regarding dissipations a little firmer this year. They have been altogether too lax in the past and have probably had a great deal to do with the quality of team which we put out here. Together with other dissipations we are going to put each one of you on honor during the coming season not to use tobacco in any form; this includes pipes, cigars, cigarettes—and chewing tobacco. If you don't see the need of cutting out these things for your own good, do it for your college—for the honor of your college." Doc. Wadkins, our baseball coach, had spoken; and his word, to any one who wished to make the team, was law.

The quiet, which had reigned over the little crowd of ball players assembled in Cap. Deck's gym. office, now deepened into a brooding silence. The young hopefuls of the Freshman class did not grasp the real significance of the coach's speech; they were merely charmed by the personality of the great man: but we, who understood, felt a pause such as precedes some great calamity. The utter unreasonableness of the thing left me speechless. Hadn't I caught the "Spitter" for three successive years, and didn't I know—ah, far better than any one else—that the mirthfulness of his dry humor, the sereneness of his ruminative temperament, and the very elusiveness of his noted "spit ball" depended almost entirely on the "weed" for inspiration and support? I peeped under the edge of my lowered hat brim at the place where the "Spitter" sat; his jaw was set, and his dark eyes were gazing steadily out of the window—a Samson shorn of his strength. Cigarettes and pipes had been frowned upon in former years, and the "Spitter," unaffected by such trivialities, had continued his career in all the joyousness of his strength; but now—now he was to be as other pitchers: his power was gone, and with it had departed the hope of Israel.

After the meeting was over I went to my room to think; to reason over the matter; and to see if I could not discover some way out of this new difficulty which confronted us. I

knew that nothing could be gained by arguing with Doc. Wadkins, for I could offer no argument that would stand the assault of cool, clear reason. I could not explain without appearing nonsensical; yet I knew that I was right. It was not in my mind to contend that spit balls could not be thrown with the aid of elm bark, that tobacco was a necessary factor in the mechanics of the "spit ball." The relation of chewing tobacco to the "Spitter" was a matter of moods; without it he became blue, dejected, and generally dispirited; his spells of sulkiness were almost continuous: but when he took a chew of his favorite twist and began to oil up his jaws, his spirits rose, and his wit became Twainistic. His accuracy of lip was phenomenal; he could hit the bull's eye in the bottom of a cuspidor every time without even flicking its polished exterior—and this from almost any position in the room. It was his pastime to act as a volunteer fireman whenever a friend struck a match to light his pipe. A story was told of him, that on a dark and stormy night, as he was returning from the city, a highwayman held him up on Faculty Avenue; the Spitter, with admirable presence of mind—so the story goes—skeeted a stream of fiery liquid directly into the eyes of the bandit and escaped while that gentleman was regaining his eyesight. It was more on account of this remarkable dexterity of lip than any ability as a spit ball artist that he had been given the nickname, Spitter; and now they were going to take it all away from him.

Late that night, after I had gone to bed, the Spitter came in. He had probably spent the time since the meeting in the gymnasium in one of his long thoughtful walks throughout the city. Next morning, as we sat on the edge of our beds he told me—what I had never doubted—that he would not use tobacco again during the Spring Term.

The weeks rolled by; the days became long and warm; everything was bursting with life and energy; and now the first game of the season was only a few days distant. The Spitter—what shall I say to describe him? He was like a cow that has lost her cud. A substitute had been supplied which mechanically, or scientifically was as good or better than the original; but it lacked the spirit and potency of the

old. The Spitter was now using that disgustingly tasteless thing known as slippery elm bark. Although he was still the best pitcher we possessed, he had not reached his usual form; he had not that debonair grace and keenness of wit that had distinguished him in former years, nor did the old joy light up his face when he stepped into the box. However, we were all hopeful.

The first few games of the season were played on our home diamond with second rate teams, and we won them with ease. The Northern trip had not turned out so successfully—in fact the Spitter had won only one of his four games. The prelude had been spoken; the strength and weakness of the characters had been tested; and now the main crisis of the drama was to be enacted. The great game with Lake Norrest was at hand, the last game of the season and the last college game in which the Spitter would ever pitch. Neutral grounds had been selected at the State Capital, and the Spitter was to pitch against the great Smythe. We had little hope of winning the game, but we were determined to put up a hard fight.

On the way over to the Capital I attempted to arouse some spirit in the Spitter, and to this end we got off and on the train at every little station, that is at every station up to Maryville; there we got off, but unfortunately—or perhaps providentially—we remained off. While we were drinking a "dope" behind the station, the train pulled out and left us alone and without friends in a strange town. As the rear end of the Pullman with its flaunting flags glided serenely out of sight, I looked at the Spitter, and the Spitter looked at me. He slipped his hand toward his left hip-pocket in quest of the comforter which availed him so much in times like this; but as his fingers touched the physical reality of the little flap over the pocket, he remembered and his hand dropped wearily to his side again. I led the way back behind the station: we sank weakly down upon some old crates, and—drank another "dope." Upon investigation we learned that another train would be due in two hours, just in time to get us to the Capital for the game; but what had we to do with trains? Trains might continue to run on an ever-

lasting schedule, but they would never be brightened by our youthful faces as long as one dollar represented our total cash supply.

Having unlimited leisure on our hands, and feeling indisposed to taking a prolonged stroll, we crossed over to the corner grocery and sat down on a much be-whittled bench beside the doorway. On the other side of the doorway, occupying a similar bench, sat the village man of leisure; his red tie and lavender socks bespoke his sporting blood. Now and then he sank his Barlow into a piece of white pine and sent a gleaming white shaving flying into the air. When the shaving had settled itself comfortably some four or five feet away, the "whittler" placidly squinted one eye at it, and proceeded to besmirch its purity with a copious stream of liquid amber. He followed this programme with consistent regularity, and the Spitter surveyed him hungrily. Two young fellows, who had been watching this systematic operation with growing admiration, from the loving support of a rustic bench across the street, now approached and began to engage the Whittler in conversation.

"Hank, old boy," said the slimmer of the two lads, "you're just about the best brown water marksman I ever seen. I'd put you up against any man in the State in an expectoratin' contes'." The Whittler grunted, expectorated, and at last got up steam enough to speak.

"Wal, Jim," he said, "I dunno but as how I might keep the honor of the ole town safe ef it come to anything like that." This was the extent of the conversation of the parties; the two new-comers took seats on the bench, and all maintained a stoical silence. I had been watching these countrymen with an amused interest, and for the time my mind was rid of the plight which engulfed us; suddenly I felt a quick jerk at my sleeve. I turned and beheld the Spitter's face actually animated and full of resolve.

"Wait here a minute," he said, and leaving me, hastened into the grocery store. When he returned, he was cutting a plug out of a dark square of—I strained my eyes—yes, a dark square of tobacco. I was too amazed to speak even if I had known what to say.

After the Spitter had worked a chew into a conformable state, he sauntered over to the other bench and began to interest its occupants with his conversation (the Spitter was a good "mixer" when he had a chew in his mouth). Soon he began to mould the conversation into the channel which suited his purpose.

"Say, son," he said to Jim, "didn't I hear you say just now that you'd back your champeen here in an expectoratin' contest?"

"You show did hear them words," replied Jim, "them words *ex-actly*. Jus' prodoos your man here, an' I'll back Hank, over thar, agin him all day."

"Well," drawled the Spitter in his sweet, easy way, "I always considered myself somewhat of an expert in that line. Suppose we get up a little sluicing match here while I'm waiting for my train. What do you say to four "bits" on each shot?"

You can imagine the complexity of my thoughts and feelings during all this conversation. When I saw the Spitter put a chew of tobacco in his mouth, I was dumbfounded. What in the wide world had caused the Spitter of all people to thus besmirch his honor? Was he simply throwing up the cake because of our misfortune? I could not understand it. However, as the conversation proceeded, I caught an inkling of his purpose; his cheery, good humor and easy manner infected me with hope; then a thought flitted into my mind like a piece of thistle-down into a tree top and remained there like the weight of the world upon Atlas' shoulders—the thought, the fear that the Spitter would fail, that he knew not that his strength and skill was departed from him.

The conditions of the contest were soon arranged. The target was a white pine splinter placed about five feet from the bench. Each contestant was to operate in turn from an upright position on the bench; he must not lean over or move his head. The bets were not put up—a fortunate thing for us—but were left to the honor of the gentlemen concerned.

When everything was ready, the contest began. The Whittler, as a matter of politeness, took first turn and the result was a brown splinter where a white one had lain before. My heart sank within me. As the Spitter prepared to take his

turn, I held my breath; then the silly thought came into my head that the Spitter in gauging the force of the wind might also be including the force of my breathing. I started my lungs to working again, and the Spitter deluged the splinter mercilessly. Hope surged up strong within me; the Spitter had "come back." The glorious skill of the past had returned—but would it stay? The first trial had been a tie; so, likewise, were the second and the third. I could have cried out in the anxiety and strain of the moment, but I dared not so much as to open my mouth. Both of the contestants were confident; but oh, the difference of that confidence. The Spitter had the confidence of an imprisoned Daniel; the Whittler, that of a conquering Napoleon. Which was to win?

At the fourth shot, the Spitter upon his own request took the first turn. The result was as before; for a fourth time the Spitter had saved the day. As the Whittler took his position on the bench and prepared to expectorate, I closed my eyes and called on the elements to send a whirlwind between him and the little brown splinter. I do not know how the other spectators felt or acted; I could not watch them, for my nerves were tense with excitement, and my eyes were glued to the scene before me.

He spat, but the watery missile like some too fond hunter's dart o'ershot the mark and splattered (I had almost said crashed) upon the sands beyond it. Far in the distance I heard the whistle of an approaching locomotive. Our train was coming. The Spitter with all the regret of a true sportsman explained to the villagers the necessity of our immediate departure, collected his winnings, and together we hastened to the station. For a long time after we had entered the cars, we were silent; then the Spitter murmured softly to himself, "To do a great right, do a little wrong."

I will not attempt to describe the game at the Capital that day. It is enough to say that we defeated the Lake Norrestites; and to the Spitter belongs all the glory of that defeat and all the honor of that victory. He was transformed into the Spitter of other days. All of his gaiety and humor, and grace returned to him; and his spit ball again broke with its old elusive truancy.

Gossip of the Gods

(*Overheard and Translated by Muréides, the Scribe.*)

Characters.

Statue of Pallas-Athene.
Statue of Aphrodite.
Picture of Ares.
A Student.
A Co-Ed.

SCENE—Balcony of Trinity College Library.

ARES (*passionately*): Sweet Aphrodite, Cyntherian queen, hearken unto my complaint:
Pallas-Athena, with proud curling lip, has snatched away honor from me.
With new zeal for learning the young men are turning from manly pursuits and from me.
Sweet child of Dione, thou also hast suffered through Pallas' power:
Thine altars of incense are bare; no more rises smoke from the suppliant shrine.
No more do men gather in martial array to fight for the glory of War;
No more am I hailed as a ruler supreme, who once was a lord next to Jove.
My day it is past, my influence is gone—men crave no more for the sword.
No more are young women thy love philters seeking, beautiful mother of Love;
No more are young lovers seen 'neath the pale moon when springtime is over the world.
Vowing rash vows in their excess of passion, exultingly mad from thy dart,
Swearing wild oaths in their hot-blooded folly as reckless and binding as wind.
The world has gone mad in its search after knowledge—the world has gone mad, I say;
Now who is to blame for his unseemly muddle? Now, who is to blame, I pray?

APHRODITE (*sighing*): Too true are thy words, mighty lord of the spear—alas, too true are they;

Our shrines are neglected; our fires have gone out; our worshippers they are few.
Too long has Athene, the virgin, held sway—the consummate scorner of Love.
Maidens are losing their maidenly charms, usurping the places of men,
And youths they are seeking to smother their hearts in a profitless race after gain.
Proud Pallas-Athene's to blame! With all of her virtues Athene is vain!

PALLAS-ATHENE (*indignantly*): Speak not so idly; thy words have a sting, thoughtless and false as they are.
Think'st thou the world's at my feet? Disciples of mine have forgotten my name.
Throughout all Hellas long centuries ago my altars were blazing with fires;
The smoke from my temples rose throughout the land; blood dripped from all of my shrines
Throughout the civilized world from Astarte's broad kingdom to Osiris' stream
Today the weeds have choked the paths that lead unto my shrines.
A foreign god of mighty mien has cast me from my throne:
To Science must I, the mightiest of Jove's daughters, humbly bow
And see my altar's due outspread before his shrine.
Ah, sister, I'm a-weary of this world of groping fools;
They seek the light and oft mistake a single gleam for it.
Fools seek for wisdom and, knowing it not, lose that which they have found
In striving to conquer the whole universe and peer into mysteries beyond.
My heart is disgusted, my soul it is sick of watching the actions of men.

APHRODITE (*apologetically*): Cheer up, Athene, I take back my words: idle and thoughtless they were.
Ares is disgruntled, and I'm feeling blue: that's what's the matter with us.

I tell you, my dear, I'm about to lose out; my business is falling off.
This Science you speak of has stepped on my toes as well as infringed upon you.
Love is so common—an everyday thing—that, honest, it's losing pull;
Dan Cupid's a spendthrift—the rascally kid—his arrows he flings to the winds.
Since plebeian Science has swept through the world, my tricks and intrigues have lost caste.
Obstacles hindering ardent devotion bring out the fire of love;
Now, Science has meddled and thrown down the bars that once kept young lovers apart.
No more does Leander the Hellespont swim, because I demand it of him;
Nor Heracles walk while his Deianira rides on a treacherous centaur's back;
Nor dark-eyed Aenone weep, longing for death, out on a mountain side.
Now Leander's plying a gasoline launch, and Heracles drives a *Ford;*
While maidens deserted their cases bring up before the Superior Court.
Alphaeus now rides in a submarine boat, and Phoebus a monoplane guides.

PALLAS-ATHENE (*disdainfully*): Thy chatter is idle as ever it was; thy thoughts they are shallow as air.
Thou, Aphrodite, art only a name that stands for voluptuous joy;
Ares is scorned by the civilized man as only a physical god;
I, Zeus' daughter, the goddess of Truth, still live in the world today.
Though men forget me, and *Pallas* is dead, that which I *am* remains.
Science and Reason, the gods of today, have turned away many from me,
For men seek the Truth and, discovering Fact, give up the quest as won.

Though men revile me and worship false gods—saying my spirit is dead—
That which I was still always I am—for Wisdom it changeth not.
Truth is the essence of spiritual life, embodying virtues of God.
Art and Religion and Culture are mine; and in them my spirit lives on.

(*Extended pause.*)

ARES (*rallying from a period of deep pre-occupation*): Speaking of Science recalls to my mind what I started out to say.
Do you know, Athena, it's just come to me that he is thine own brother's child,
The offspring of Hermes who Hera detested for putting out Argus' eyes?
A trickster was *he* when a babe in arms and more tricky grew he with age.
Now Science, Athene, like Hermes before him, is tricky and cunning and shrewd.
His face is not open, his ways are not frank, nor physic'ly brave is he.
In Attica's valleys the youths used to come and struggle in honor of me;
In war games and races they hurled themselves madly and thought it an honor to slay.
Then Hermes was jealous and trickery taught that cunning might outwit the bold.
These games that today the college youths play are Hermes' devices, I ween.
No bodily contact, no glory of kill, the victor is he with superior skill.

APHRODITE (*shrugging her shoulders*): The day is long past when a hot-blooded youth pours out his soul in song
And loves a maiden for Love's sake alone and thinks not of ways and of means.
The cooing of doves and the humble love-knot and glorious nights in June

Are scorned by a youth as he writes her a note explaining his political views,
And the maiden, consulting a Eugenic text, decides on the answer to give—
Forgotten is love, forgotten is passion, forgotten avowals of love!

PALLAS-ATHENE (*scornfully*): Thy life it was always a frivolous one, O, daughter of lashing waves;
Notoriety was thy fame at its best; to be sunk in oblivion's a charitable end.

APHRODITE (*laughing good-naturedly*): Forget it, forget it, you're knocking too hard—Morality's not my line.
Now, tell me, my dear, does my hair look all right; it feels like it's coming down!

PALLAS-ATHENE (*in disgust*): Where there is woman is vanity, too, and ministering to its whims!

APHRODITE (*ignoring Pallas' scorn, and turning to her confidentially*): Now, look at the fashions, Athene, my dear —Ares, you're not in this.
Remember the day Atalanta was racing, and I dropped the apple of gold?
Remember the robe that the maiden was wearing, the loose flowing tunic and scarf?
Noticed the garb of the modern woman? She says it's a Grecian gown—
You smile, proud Athene, and I laugh aloud at a figure fetched so far.
And hair! Gods of Egypt!—Who taught them to dress it? Who taught them to dress it, I say?
When I in Ionia set the spring styles, simplicity was the cue;
Now curls and braids and psyche knots and marcelle waves and such
Demand a thousand pins or more to hold them all in place.

ARES (*interrupting eagerly*): The men of today are a wonderful race—aye, a vigorous lot are they!
Dolled up in fashion they stroll on the streets, emitting great clouds of smoke;

In tight fitting garments and long, narrow shoes, they strut vainly here and there,
Leering at maidens, who leer back at them in silly, insipid glee.
Just notice the form of the youth of today as he flaunts it on the track!
With weak, spindling legs, chest narrow and thin, and long and scrawny arms,
Splurging and gasping he runs round the track, and thanks his stars when it's done.
Where are the figures and strong manly frames that met on the plains of Thrace?
Such males as we see with weak simpering smiles and feminine mincing gait.
Swinging fair maids through the Buzzard Wing Lope or guiding their steps to a waltz
Cannot know Love, nor the charm of its thrill, nor the glory of martial toil.

Aphrodite (*flippantly*): Hush! Here comes a bespectacled virgin; and, also, an unfledged youth.
I'll wager my power is stronger than thine, Pallas-Athene, my dear:
I'll call forth my son, and I'll charge them with Love—that diligent couple there.
We'll see if the world is immune, if the glow of my charm has departed from earth.
I'll wager my legs—since my arms are gone—'gainst that frumpy old shield of thine
That Love will outweigh the desire for Lore in the youthful book-worms there.
Throw out thy spirit as strong as you will—Ares shall be the judge.

Pallas-Athene (*sarcastically*): A pity 'twould be, Aphrodite, dear, to demand such a stake from thee; still—you're on.

(*Enter a Co-ed carrying several heavy volumes and two or three note books. She sits down at a table, and is soon absorbed in a book. Occasionally she pauses to jot down a note.*

Enter a student. He sits down at a table next to that of the Co-ed and begins reading from a book he has brought with him.

A short time passes in silence. The Student glances casually toward the Co-ed. She has stopped reading and is gazing abstractedly into space. A dreamy smile rests over her face. The Student clears his throat suggestively. A self-conscious glow of embarrassment spreads over the Co-ed's face as she becomes aware of the Student's presence. She drops her eyes; then raises them coyly, traces of a smile about to burst into full flower hovering about her lips.

The Student turns pages frantically. He looks up in time to catch the reflection of the Co-ed's smile. He lays the book aside, and gazes dreamily toward the Co-ed.

The Co-ed assumes an attitude of great industry and holds the book up close to her face; however, she peeps more and more frequently over the top of the book toward the opposite table.

The Student gets up and goes over to the Co-ed's table. She ignores him, but carelessly drops her left hand beneath the table. Both his hands find it and close over it tenderly.

The Co-ed heaves a sigh, and drops the book she is reading. Pallas-Athene frowns disappointingly; Ares turns his back in disgust; Aphrodite smiles sweetly from her pedestal.

(*Curtain.*)

Romantic Interpretations

The Sirens were the Locus Eaters, who lived in ease and comfort. They were called Locus Eaters because they lived by eating herbs and small grass.

Scylla and Charybdis were two fair maidens who lived out on an island. Ulysses in his wanderings visited them. Because they were so beautiful, he like to have staid and dwelled with them on the island.

Aurora was a woman of wonderful features. Anyone passing her island was so much attracted by her music that one could not pass without going to the island.—Extract from a Freshman quiz paper.

The Golden Fleece

C. W. DAVIS

"Nonsense," said Robert Howell, professor of chemistry in Havilon College, as he laid aside the latest copy of a popular monthly. "These scientific detective stories are rubbish. Nothing like them ever really happens. They are not the least bit probable. This author makes his hero hide a bit of stolen radium in a silver capsule. Even a high school boy knows that radium emanations can be kept in by nothing but lead. A small element of truth and probability is desirable, even in a modern short-story."

The door bell rang and a telegram was placed on the table before him. Opening it he read:

"Be at the station at ten tomorrow. Important.
"R. L. PATTERSON."

His mind flew back to the time, some two years before when, as an undergraduate, Patterson had been seriously hurt by an explosion in the laboratory. He remembered the boy's love for scientific experimentation which even his accident did not lessen. Since his graduation he had managed to keep track of him until he had accepted a position in the diplomatic secret service. That had been a year ago. This telegram aroused his curiosity and he was in the station even before ten the next morning. Patterson was also on time and, at his suggestion, they took a spin out in the country in the professor's car so that they could talk undisturbed.

"Professor," said Patterson finally, "I have been assigned to a peculiar case and I want you to help me. Your knowledge of industrial chemistry will be useful, for the first thing I must do is to investigate a gold mine. Recently a mine has been opened on a small island in Puget Sound; it is, by the way, the only mine on record in a tidewater country. This mine has been producing such large quantities of gold that the administration is afraid of a panic—not the usual kind during which money is scarce, however. If this mine keeps on producing gold at its present rate for a year, there will be so much in circulation that its value will drop. The gov-

ernment has sent me out to investigate its methods and to suggest a way of making them lessen their output; otherwise it will be compelled to step in and regulate the mine itself. You can leave the college for ten days or so, can't you?"

"Yes, I suppose my students will let me go for that length of time."

"Well, drive me to a hotel and then pack your grip. We had better leave at two-ten."

Four days later they stepped from a small gas boat to the mining company's dock. They had come disguised as men seeking work. Their five days' growth of beard and general rough appearance prevented any one from thinking that they were other than what they seemed—two country men attracted by the high wages of the miners. After a day or two they were put to work—Howell underground, Patterson as fireman of the elevator engine. Their nightly conferences, however, resulted in no feasible plans for carrying on their investigation.

On Monday Howell resolved to pretend sick so that he could look around a little. He spent several days examining the rock crushers, the mercury troughs, and the cyanide tanks. In these tanks the gold went through its final analysis. Only two of them was Howell able to examine, however, for the last two were in a building into which no one but the superintendent might go. The crushed rock was piled up near the first series of tanks, and here he finally made an important discovery: though the rock was crushed and run through the troughs and first series of tanks, he could not see that any was ever put through the final analysis. This was unbelievable; yet it certainly was true. He watched a long time and finally went away hardly believing his own eyes. He now resolved to search in the closed building, for whatever there was for him to find out must be in there. To get in there was now the problem. But how? No one could go in but the superintendent and a guard kept watch at night. He consulted Patterson about searching the building but did not tell him what he had observed. They resolved to make the attempt the next rainy night. Saturday their opportunity came. All the afternoon a drizzling rain had been falling and

the night was dark and stormy. Long after midnight they left their room and started along the path to the works. At the power house a single arc-light was burning around which the rain and mist formed a ghostly halo; its beams seemed to make the darkness only the more impenetrable. Splashing through the mud they passed on to the refinery. They stopped behind a corner of the building and waited for the next round of the watchman. While they were waiting they covered their faces with rough masks. To bind and gag the watchman was but the work of a moment. Immediately Howell climbed up to a window and disappeared in the darkness, and Patterson followed shortly.

With the aid of a small flashlight they began their search. In place of the customary solution tanks they were astonished to see one large tank full of some slightly phosphorescent liquid. Taking a flask from a shelf, Howell filled it from the tank and put it in his pocket.

"We'll look into that later," he said to himself. The light now revealed a machine in a glass case which both examined closely. "A machine to produce cathode rays," Howell ventured. Further search revealed a powerful static machine. On a shelf in the corner something glowed softly which Howell examined closely. "Radium," he ejaculated.

Patterson went over to the side of the big tank, put one finger into the liquid, sniffed at it and was about to taste it. His companion caught his hand.

"You ought to know better than that," he said. "This is probably a solution of some cyanide, very likely, potassium."

Despairing of finding anything more in the building, they determined to search the superintendent's shack. This was not hard since he had taken his usual Saturday night drink. They entered quietly by raising the window. Then by means of their flashlight they began to search the papers on his table. Most of them were from local business concerns but one was post marked "Ninth Street Station, Boston, Mass." This was only an inquiry, however, about the company's new process. Howell was about to throw it aside as he had done the others, but suddenly he stopped. Pointing with his finger, he showed Patterson a scratch in the paper, below the signa-

ture, that looked like an "F." They took it to their room, lit a lamp, and held the letter near the flame.

'Just as I thought," Howell said. "Invisible ink." Patterson looked over his shoulder while a line of writing was seen to develop.

Am coming down to inspect plant Friday.

R. DU PREISE.

The signature was that of a noted scientist who conducted his experiments in the Harvard laboratories.

"He has probably invented something and does not want it known until it is thoroughly tried out," said Howell. "Send that bottle of liquid to Washington and have its contents telegraphed back immediately. Tell them to send you a couple of secret service men with extradition papers for a Federal criminal, say Henry Fallon, Moonshiner. If we find out anything we can take Du Preise back as Fallon.

Three days later a telegram told them the contents of their bottle—seawater.

"If you had let me taste it Saturday we would not have had to wait," Patterson said laughing. "I thought of sea water when I saw the phosphorescence on the surface."

Howell's face suddenly brightened. "I see it now," he cried. "He has discovered a practical way to take the gold out of sea water." Though he, scientist that he was, could not imagine the process, yet he realized, with that strange intuition which such men sometimes have, what was taking place.

Then his face clouded.

"If the government tries to molest him, he will probably give his secret and formula to some other country. How much power for one man to have! He could make himself a King or even an Emperor with such unlimited means. There's no limit to what he can do with his money. Patterson, we must take this man to Washington just as soon as he gets here. He will have his papers with him, for he would never dare trust them to any one else. The President shall determine what is to be done when we take the man to him."

Du Preise was very much surprised and not a little dismayed when he was arrested by two detectives as Henry

Fallon and taken to a little room to be searched. Once in the room he seemed to recover his nerve. He immediately placed his back to the wall and resisted violently every attempt on the part of the men to search him. He drew a revolver, but one of the detectives struck it from his hand. His face turned now red, now white. The veins stood out on his temples like cords. He fought like a cornered beast, biting, scratching, but always eluding their grasp. This one-sided fight continued for several minutes. Then suddenly he caught at his throat with his hand and fell back gasping.

"Get a doctor," Patterson said to one of the men.

They placed him on a couch and tried to revive him; but it did no good. Before a doctor could be brought in, he died. When the doctor finally saw the body, he said that the man had died of apoplexy, probably brought on by excitement, and as there were no marks of violence to discredit the story, they did not tell the real trouble.

When he was searched, a money belt was found under his vest, in which were some sealed papers. Howell took them and sealed them in the doctor's presence.

"We will let the President himself open these," he said.

A few days later the men were ushered into the President's study and he and the Secretary of War were waiting for them. In a few words Patterson told the story. The Secretary's eyes glistened when he realized the power to which those papers were the key.

"We need hesitate no longer about annexing Mexico," he said. "We now have money, and money is power." He began to break the seal but the President took them from his hand. Deliberately he struck a match and lit the papers; with awed fascination they watched them burn.

Henry McKinnon (in a Greensboro Hotel)—It's only three flights to the ground floor; we can walk down before the radiator gets here.

Cry of the Battle-Weary

"N'IMPORTE."

We have striven in terrible labor,
  Through stress of body and soul,
Till the bars of our faith were weakened
  And the Devil obtained his toll:
O God of the frenzied workers—
  If thou art a God of Peace—
Come, loosen the tension of struggle;
  Come, grant us a brief release!

God send us the ancient moorings;
  God send us the simple creed,
To soothe the doubts of our spirit,
  To hearten our direst need!
We are clean distracted with doubting,
  Till we doubt sometimes that we doubt;
We must fight through an inward struggle
  'Gainst a vast turmoil without.

Lord show us a glimpse of Thy goodness;
  Lord send us the faith of youth,
Till we rest in the old illusions
  We lost in the search for Truth!
We have tasted the bitter triumph
  That comes with the freedom of thought—
O Lord, send us back to the bondage
  Of the creed our fathers taught!

Co-Education at Home and Abroad

Lizzie Mae Smith

There are various indications that the question of co-education is attracting increased attention in Europe; it has already been discussed at various times in Germany from the viewpoint of the theory; the Scandinavian nations have without hesitation carried it into practice; and even in conservative England a number of seriously minded teachers are experimenting with it in various types of schools.

This is the prevailing system of education in the United States. In the Western States and territories it is almost the only system in use and is rapidly becoming the prevailing one in the South, where the influence of the State Universities is predominant. In New England and the Middle States the great majority of both sexes receive separate college education. Co-education was introduced in the West as a logical consequence of the so-called American system of free elementary and secondary schools. During the great school revival from 1830 till 1845, and the ensuing years until the outbreak of the war between the States in 1861, free elementary and secondary schools were established throughout the North, East and Middle States and such Western States as existed in those days. It was fortunate for girls that the country was at that time sparsely settled; in most neighborhoods it was so difficult to establish and secure pupils for even one grammar school and one high school that girls were admitted from the first to both. In the reorganization of lower and higher education that took place between 1865 and 1870, this same system, bringing with it complete co-education of the sexes, was introduced throughout the South and was extended to every part of the West.

In the elementary and grammar schools of the United States co-education holds almost universal sway, and with the exception of the large cities along the Atlantic Coast it practically controls our high school system. Now, the girls of our nation from their earliest training till they finish the high school receive the same education as the boys, and the ladder leading to the University may be climbed as easily by a girl

as by a boy. When most of the State Universities of the West were founded, they were in reality scarcely more than secondary schools supplemented in most cases by large preparatory departments; girls were already being educated with boys in the high schools of the West, and not to admit them to the State Universities would have been a break with tradition. The development of women's education in the East has followed a different course, because there were here no State Universities, and the private colleges for men had been founded before women were allowed to become either pupils or teachers in schools.

The co-education of men and women in colleges and at the same time the college education of women, began in Ohio, the earliest settled of the Western States. In 1833 Oberlin Collegiate Institute was opened admitting both men and women, and the uniformly favorable testimony of its faculty had great influence on the side of co-education. In 1853 Antioch College, also in Ohio, was opened admitting both men and women on equal terms. Its first president, Horace Mann, was one of the most brilliant and energetic educational leaders in the United States, and his ardent advocacy of co-education based on his own practical experience had great weight with the public. From this time on it became a custom as State Universities were opened in the far West to admit women. Utah opened her University in 1850; Iowa, in 1856; Washington, in 1862; Kansas, in 1866; Minnesota, in 1868; Nebraska, in 1871; all these were co-educational from the first. Indiana University opened in 1820, but did not admit women till 1868. Michigan State University opened its doors to women in 1870. This step was taken in response to public sentiment, as shown by two requests of the State Legislature, but against the will of the faculty as a whole. The same year women were allowed to enter the Universities of Illinois and California. In 1873 Ohio University admitted women. Wisconsin which, since 1860, had given some instruction to women became in 1874 unreservedly co-educational. All State Universities of the West organized since 1871 have admitted women from the first. Missouri opened her doors in 1870; Texas, in 1883; Mississippi, in 1882; Kentucky, in 1889;

Alabama, in 1893; South Carolina, in 1894; North Carolina, in 1897—the last mentioned only to women prepared to enter the Junior and Senior years. West Virginia admitted women in 1897; Maine, in 1872.

The greater part of the college education of the United States is not carried on in State Universities but in private colleges or universities. The part taken by Cornell University in New York in opening private colleges to women was as significant as the part taken by Michigan in opening State Universities to them. There is little reason to suppose that Cornell would have admitted women had it not been for the generosity of Henry W. Sage, who built a large hall of residence for women at Cornell University. Soon this example was followed by other private universities of the North, East and Middle States. Boston University opened its department of arts in 1873 to which women were admitted. In 1883 Massachusetts Institute of Technology admitted women. In 1892 Tuft's College was opened to women, but in 1910 by action of the board of trustees, the co-educational plan was abolished, and plans were instituted for Jackson College for women to be co-ordinated with Tuft's College for men. Among the important co-educational institutions on the Pacific Coast is Leland Stanford University, opened in 1891. Yale, the University of Pennsylvania, and the University of New York make no distinction between men and women in graduate departments. Johns-Hopkins maintains a co-educational medical school.

In England about 65 per cent. of the elementary schools are mixed. It was London University that opened from the start giving women equal chance with men. Bedford, King's, Newnham, Girton, Oxford, Cheltenham and Holloway succeeded, and give degrees annually to hundreds of women. Durham University offers to women all degrees except in divinity. Universities and colleges in England established since 1868 are open to both men and women.

In Ireland about 51 per cent. of the elementary schools are co-educational. As early as 1866 Alexandria College, Dublin, offered degrees to women; in 1880 was founded the Royal University of Ireland, where women compete for the

highest academic distinctions. In 1909 the Royal was merged into the National University in Dublin with affiliated colleges in Cork, and Galway. In some Irish colleges women are eligible to places on the faculty, and a fellowship worth $1,000 a year has been taken by them four times. After graduation, school inspection, lectureships, municipal service of various sorts and teaching are the professions open to those holding degrees.

The tendency in Scotland has been toward mixed schools, 97 per cent. of the preparatory schools being of this class. In 1892 Scotch Universities were opened to women on precisely the same footing as for men. In St. Andrew's, the College of the Scarlet Gown, young women have their own residential hotel where about fifty live under conditions of fine adaptation to their work. Medicine is the chief profession here, but many lines of usefulness are open to the Scotch girl who holds a degree.

Germany prefers separate schools. However, with her million and a half more women than men she began to offer larger opportunity for girls with the establishment of gymnasia, first in Berlin and then in all her larger cities. It is due to Helene Lange and her Real Schule in Berlin that a profounder interest was awakened; and perhaps next to her the clamor of foreign girls, notably young Americans, caused one University after another to open its doors to women. As early as 1895 Berlin registered 40 women; Gottingen, 31; Heidelburg and Freiburg followed in 1901; and 1902 saw Baden and Mecklenburg added to the list of co-educational Universities.

Zurich, Switzerland, opened like London University with no restrictions for women and has consequently been a most popular educational center, especially for Russian and American women. Of the 700 women in Zurich in 1910 three-fifths of them were in the medical schools; but many of these were foreigners, the native girl inclining more frequently to pedagogy.

Denmark's first woman graduate was sent out of Copenhagen University in 1874. All professions are open to Danish women, and, though not members of the Reichstag, they

are accepted as city supervisors of health and of education.

Advance has been slow in Austria. It was not till 1896 that she permitted women to enter the University of Vienna for arts and philosophy. An order issued by the Austrian Minister in 1910 opened to girls all industrial schools. Still it is not expected that girls will crowd bricklayers, stone masons, trench diggers, road builders and similar laborers out of their occupations; there are many other industries and trades better fitted for women, and they will not be slow in making use of the opportunities offered by the minister.

Italy has long given woman generous opportunity in her chief universities, and the year 1912 saw the first woman admitted to the bar as a practicing lawyer.

Constantinople College, despite its Turkish environment, has forged to the front in offering its courses to women. The University of Sofia, Bulgaria, and that of Bucharest, at the capital of Roumania, have several hundred women students.

Finland has ever been to the front in education for both men and women. In 1874 a woman won a degree at Helsingfors University. It was not until the '80's, however, that the doors were thrown wide open and this University now has a record of 3,000 women matriculated and 700 annually enrolled. When the young women first asked to have their lectures with the young men, it was refused; but when the young men made the same request, it was granted.

In Russia women have been University students for many years. Women have been admitted to degrees in Sweden since 1685. Upsala gave her first degree to a woman in 1881.

Custom and sentiment in France have been against coeducation. The University has always been open to women, but it was not till the latter part of the Nineteenth Century that women dared seat themselves in the Sorbone. In all French Universities, 82 courses are open to women. Student hostels are a modern feature for the home protection and comfort of young women.

Opportunities for women in Portugal and Spain are few and inferior. A few lectures in Lisbon and Oporto in Portugal and a school of Design in Lisbon sum up most of the chances an ambitious young Portugese girl finds at home. In

Spain fifty years ago the education of girls was most restricted and is still comparatively so. Hungary, Greece and Bohemia have been stirred by their immediate neighbors to offer better opportunities to their women.

All of the arguments against co-education of the sexes have been met and answered by experience. It was feared at first that the admission of women to colleges and universities would lower the standard of scholarship, on account of the supposed inferior quality of women's minds. However, the unanimous experience in co-educational institutions shows that the average standing of women is slightly higher than that of men. Many reasons for the greater success of women are given, such as absence of the distraction of athletic sports, greater diligence and higher moral standards; but the fact, however it may be explained, remains and is as gratifying as astonishing to those interested in woman's education. The question of health has also been finally disposed of; thousands of women have been working side by side with men in co-educational institutions for the past twenty-five years and undergoing the same tests without a larger percentage of withdrawals on account of illness than men. None of the difficulties have arisen that were feared from the association of men and women together in the class room. Perhaps, the only objection that can be made from men's point of view to co-education is that it has succeeded only too well and that the proportion of women students is increasing too steadily.

The economical side of this system has been a factor in its favor. Faculties, libraries and laboratories are expensive; and the State Legislatures in trying to provide equal advantages for both sexes have found co-education the only solution to the problem.

On the whole, the question of co-education appears more or less as one of adjustment to prevailing conditions. The reorganization of industry and vast increase of municipal public services and of collective social activities are giving new measures of efficiency for both men and women; and will doubtless in time become the determining factor in regard to the method and conditions of higher education of women.

The Forest

M. B. Andrews

The winter winds have seized her friends
And brought her sleet and snow,
Have seized the rills on all her hills
And will not let them flow,
Have sent her birds and lowing herds
To realms she doesn't know;

The Forest grieves because her leaves
Are fallen, scattered, gone;
Her limbs are bare—the cold, cold air
Has made them dead as stone:
It brings a tear for me to hear
Her melancholy groan.

She longs to feel the sap-life steal
Through every twig and thing;
She longs to hear the music dear
Of song-birds as they sing,
And for the bliss, embrace, and kiss
Of merry, fairy Spring.

The Lure of the Spirit of Spring

TREBOR YARRUM

We don't know what it is. The pantheistic Greeks interpreted it as being a spontaneous stream of contagious elation and joy emanating from the heart of Demeter in rapture over her daughter's return from the realms of the Dead. Surely, there is something of the divine in it; and it may as well be the reflection upon mortals of the thanksgiving of the gods as anything else. Sappho felt its thrill and gave expression to it; Catullus exulted in its glow; Tennyson tried to explain it to the world; and Percival Algernon Jones experienced its charm. Percival Algernon, by the way, was not a poet—that is, under ordinary circumstances—but was somewhat poetically inclined.

As we were saying, what that subtle something is that finds its way into the atmosphere—into the very beings of man—with the tree-frogs, awakened chorus and the return of birds from the South, or whence it comes, we know not; we only know that with the spring comes a presence over the world that sends new life and vitality coursing through the veins of everything that breathes. In man this sensation must find expression in one of two ways: in turning his thoughts toward the baseball park, or in centering his mind on the curve of a certain lip or the smile of a certain girl. One of the two inevitably happens when Demeter's daughter appears. Occasionally both come to pass; then, disaster stalks abroad: man cannot serve two masters, for either he will neglect the one and forget the other, or else he will forget the one and neglect the other.

Mildred Lovell—accent on the last syllable if you please—was the fairest of the fair Co-eds at Trinity—No, you don't know her. She left here long before you had passed out of the stage of short skirts and pigtails, or stubbed toes and dirty faces, as the case may be—and as such was regarded by her fellow co-eds, to plagiarize Miss Laura Jean Libbey, "with mingled emotions;" for her less attractive companions treated her with about the same loving deference that Aenone felt for Helen—when she didn't happen to be present. Accord-

ing to Miss Lovell's room-mate, who had simply adored her up until a certain time when her "steady" had been calmly appropriated unto herself by the young lady in question, Miss Lovell was many things that she did not appear to be and appeared to be many things that she was not. To begin with, Miss Lovell's dear friend declared to another dear friend in the strictest confidence, Mildred Lovell was not a day under twenty-six. Further points of her disclosure were that that head of glorious golden hair was not all her own, that her dresser was the depository for a unique and bizarre collection of cosmetics, and that she even smoked cigarettes when the lights were off! Rumor went so far as to hint that she had actually been on the stage—not merely as an amateur, O, dear, No! but as a *professional!* Of course, the Trinity Co-eds couldn't think of sanctioning the presence of such a worldly creature among them—especially since she seemed to delight in picking out the most attractive specimens of the other sex in the community to exercise her blandishments upon; nor could they openly cut her, for it was whispered that she was an heiress to millions. Under the circumstances, the dear young ladies thought it best to act with discretion even unto simulation; hence, when Miss Lovell happened to be present at one of their informal gatherings, she was the recipient of many honeyed expressions of endearment—her beautiful hair was envied; her perfect complexion marveled at; and her other attributes duly categoried and praised. Through it all, Mildred Lovell maintained a demeanor of good natured tolerance, slightly tinged, to be sure, with a sense of conscious superiority. Not gushy was Mildred Lovell when there were only girls to gush back at her.

Now it happened that when Mildred Lovell was a Senior, Percival Algernon Jones, hailing from somewhere in Gates County, came as a Freshman to Trinity. Percival was not primarily a poet, as his name might entice you into believing, but like many Freshmen he had a "leaning in that direction." Once, to be sure, he had thought of being a poet. That was in his callow and unsophisticated youth, fully a year before he had attained the dignity of having the title "Freshman" attached to his cognomen. His efforts, however, like

many another good man's had been cruelly misunderstood. He had written a highly impassioned lyric beginning:

I love but you, Mehetabel,
With eyes of azure blue,
And I would fight the imps of hell
To win a smile from you.

This masterpiece he had slipped into the algebra book of his fair inamorata, Cleopatra Mehetabel Pigg, in the little log school house down at Possum Trot. Cleopatra Mehetabel had been shocked at its implied profanity, and had straightway given it over to the teacher, who had little sympathy with springtime poetry and less with vernal poets. When he left the school house late that afternoon, Percival had fully made up his mind to go to his grave a "mute, inglorious Milton." The poetic fire within him had been quenched, and the world had glimpsed another hero of unfulfilled renown, lost to it all through the false modesty of a snaggle-toothed girl and the lack of poetic understanding of a boneheaded professor. He had fully determined never to write another line of verse as long as he might draw breath.

When Percival Algernon first came to Trinity, he had not fully made up his mind whether he would enter the forensic field or confine his talents to the commercial world. "Percival Algernon Jones," however, produced a wondrously sonorous effect when rolled slowly and nonchalantly from the lips, quite Homeric, in fact; and, too, written with manifold flourishes, it looked quite pretentious on the back of a freshman theme; altogether, "our hero," for Percival Algernon is going to be it, decided that it would be quite improper, considering his future possibilities, to cut down his name to plain "Jones, P. A."

Maybe the Freshman English course had something to do with it. Maybe it was merely the contagious spirit of the springtime. Be that as it may, along in the spring of his Freshman year, Percival Algernon's thoughts kept recurring with more and more frequency toward the art of poesy. His ordinary speech became metrical; iams and trochees oozed from his lips upon the slightest provocation; and rhymes

darted through his brain at night in jumbled confusion. It needed but the appearance of his Beatrice, for this inspired Dante to burst forth into spontaneous song. One day his roving eye fell upon Mildred Lovell as she tripped lightly across the campus. She was bareheaded, and her hair shone golden in the sunshine. Maybe it was the gleam of hair—maybe it was a telepathic message darted to him from underneath those curling lashes as she passed by—maybe it was the irresistible spirit of the spring personified in her beauty that caused him to turn and look again at her. Another Dante had beheld his Beatrice!

Fate had a card up her sleeve, and she laughed sardonically as she played it. Miss Lovell dropped her handkerchief—to be sure, it was accidental—and beautifully unconscious of her loss, sped lightly and gracefully on her way. Percival looked at the fallen bit of linen and lace; then looked upon the back of the retreating girl. His hesitation was short lived. Stooping, he picked up the handkerchief and walked rapidly after its owner. A few strides brought him to her side.

"Er—I beg your pardon, Miss," he essayed awkwardly, removing his hat," did you drop this handkerchief?"—An inane question; for he knew all along that nobody but she had dropped it.

"Why—" and she glanced quickly, even aimlessly, among her books, felt up her sleeve, and looked at the handkerchief he had been holding out to her for the past several seconds, "why, I believe it *is* mine! How careless of me to drop it." And she beamed radiantly upon him as she accepted the proffered property.

That was the beginning of Percival Algernon Jones' second romance and of Mildred Lovell's fortieth.

II.

It was one of those clear, fragrant nights of late spring. Overhead a million stars were shedding a shimmering radiance over the world. On the porch of the old Woman's building, reclining in a hammock among pillows and cushions, was Mildred Lovell. At her feet on a low footstool sat Percival Algernon Jones, idly strumming a guitar. The spell of the night

was upon them; long since they had ceased to talk, submitting themselves to the mystic thrall of the night. Breezes wafted indolently about, heavy with the fragrance of roses and lilacs. The pale moonlight, streaming through the rose vines clambering over the porch, cast a flickering, silver luster over the girl's bare arms and neck and hovered over her hair like a divine halo. It was a mystical scene—a scene that called up visions as old as the world. The silver glow of the moon, the low strumming of string music, the rhythmic swaying of the hammock, the supreme fragrance of the night—all spoke of enchantment and of love.

"Mildred," Percy spoke softly as if fearful of breaking the spell that enveloped them.

She merely dropped her eyes toward him.

"Do you remember the scene in The Merchant of Venice where Lorenzo and Jessica are in the garden? Remember the lines 'On such a night Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls and sighed his soul toward Grecian tents where Cressid lay that night?' "

> " 'In such a night
> Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
> And saw the lion's shadow e'er himself,
> And ran dismay'd away.' " she continued softly:

"The lines come to me spontaneously. I haven't read that play in years and years. It's the charm of the night that recalls them."

She sighed; he edged the stool closer to the hammock and attempted to grasp her hand which lay listlessly in her lap. She appeared to realize suddenly that they were drifting too close to the sentimental and attempted to change the subject. Her efforts were futile. The night seemed to Percy ideal for the background for the pouring out of some of his poetic soul, and this he proceeded to do. He talked of poets and of poetry from Sappho to Theodosia Garrison. Especially did he dwell upon the sonnetteers—no doubt, then as now they had been duly stressed in English I.

"I love poetry," declared Mildred softly. "How I envy Laura and Beatrice! It must be a glorious thing to be able

to inspire a poet. They must have been strange women—Beatrice and Laura—not to have returned the loves of those who worshipped them so divinely. I could love any man who loved me well enough to write heavenly verse to me." Mildred's eyes were glowing with a strange luster; and her bosom was heaving rapidly.

A thought suggested itself to Percival Algernon; it rapidly merged into a firm resolution. He would write a sonnet more impassioned than Petrarch's most divine one. This he would dedicate and send to the girl at his side. He would see if she meant what she had just said. Full of the new idea, he found it necessary to go to his room at once and begin the masterpiece while the spirit was upon him. It fitted well with his desire when a moment later, Mildred rose languidly from the hammock, yawned, and bade him good night, saying that she had some lessons to get up before morning.

Mildred stood on the steps gazing up at the heavens for a few minutes after Percival Algernon had bidden her an abstracted good night. It was only a little after nine, and she had no intentions of going to bed so early; neither did she intend to waste such a beautiful night in studying some boresome old lesson. She did not have to wait long. Some one came rapidly down the plank walk leading to the Woman's Building. The newcomer was whistling merrily, and his steps were brisk and lively.

"Hello, Mildred," the newcomer greeted her. "I am late tonight, eh? I had some Bible to read before I could get off. We have a quiz on it tomorrow, and I've flunked flat on the last three."

The girl did not reply to this extended explanation. She merely nodded and continued to gaze out into the night. She seemed rapt in deep meditation.

"Who was the Freshman I met coming from this direction?" he continued, trying to draw her out of her abstraction.

"The Freshman?—Oh, that's a new friend of mine. Name's Jones, Percival Algernon, and he has the most poetic nature you ever heard of. Really, he is quite refreshing after a long seance with fellows like yourself who don't know how to talk about anything but athletics and girls."

Hal Riordan gave a long whistle of amazement.

"Say, Mildred, what's the matter with you tonight. I never heard you talk in such a strain before. What have I done?" demanded Riordan wonderingly.

"Oh, nothing—I suppose it's the moonlight that makes me talk this way. You know there is such a thing as moon-madness.

"But, come on in; we can talk much better there in the hammock."

For the next few weeks it looked as if Percival Algernon had things going his way. Mildred had quarreled with Hal Riordan and vowed never to speak to him again. He had persisted in making fun of her "Freshman poet," until Mildred had summarily dismissed him from her presence for ever and aye. Percy had been permitted to fill up the time formerly granted to Riordan, and it seemed that he was making rapid headway. The college fellows looked upon Percy with growing respect, for was not one who could easily win a way into Mildred Lovell's good graces one worthy of respect—even though he were a Freshman? Certainly. The sweet young co-eds did not try to conceal their growing admiration for "our young hero," for the very fact that Mildred Lovell had deigned to notice him was proof enough that he was a superior sort of Freshman. But Percival was so far gone that he did not even notice his increased popularity. His poetic soul, when not centered on the charms of his lady, was speeding forth through the realms of poesy in search of poetic expression worthy of its inspiration.

The novelty of the situation appealed to Mildred at first; but hers was a vacillating nature, and it could not long be content with merely the homage of a poetic soul. She hinted to Percival that a change of tactics would be appreciated, but Percival didn't take the hint. He was just on the point of finishing up a masterful sonnet, concluding with the inspired couplet summarizing the charm of his enchantress:

> "Madonna-like, thy soulful eyes and face
> Subdue the soul with pure, uplifting grace."

What heart could resist the appeal of such a tribute? What breast but would quiver with elation at being the inspiration

of such divine lines? Mildred appeared ecstatic when he read the sonnet through to her. In fact, she appeared almost reduced to tears. Her handkerchief came into play several times during the recital; but Percival was too much engrossed in a comprehensive rendering of his sonnet to notice exactly what part the handkerchief played. Had he been permitted to glance into the privacy of his adored one's room a few minutes later and seen her tumbling on her bed in the throes of convulsed laughter, his poetic soul might have been puzzled in finding the solution of her unseemly conduct. The joke was so good, however, that Mildred was constrained to let her room-mate, for whom she had no very deep feelings of regard, in on it. Over and over again she read the sonnet, mimicing the adoring Percival Algernon in the minutest detail of the delivery, and each additional perusal brought out renewed outbursts of merriment.

"Just listen to this, won't you?" commanded Mildred between gasps:

> "'Ah, Mildred!—key that opes the inmost soul
> Into a fairy-land of imagery,
> Wherein are palaces of purest gold,
> The treasure-vaults of inner reverie.'"

"What sort of a creature am I, anyhow, Ellen? Do I look as if I could set agoing such a passionate stream as that?" And she waved the manuscript before the face of her friend, and subsided gasping upon the bed.

"Evidently, our Freshman poet doesn't know you as well as I do," replied Ellen with a covert sneer. "Really, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mildred, for leading a callow Freshman on as you have been doing. Why, the child might grow desperate over you. There is no telling to what lengths these poetic souls will fly." Ellen was trying to become serious; but Mildred would have none of it.

"Now, please don't preach, carrissima," broke in Mildred half petulantly. "You know that I simply could not exist here a week without having a good time. I get tired of one sort of fellow, and I must have a change occasionally. The Freshman has been quite entertaining; but, really, I think I've

had about as much of him as I can stand for a while. As for his becoming desperate, Ellen, you don't know what you are talking about. You have derived your ideas of the actions of men from novels; I have secured mine first hand. I know that no seventeen-year-old Freshman will suffer lasting heart-wounds from the severest tumble I might give him. Besides, a Freshman that dares to make love to a Senior deserves all that's coming to him. You yourself can't deny that."

Ellen grumbled something about the shallowness of female nature in general; Mildred had glimpsed a man whom she didn't recognize on the campus, and was standing at the window trying to appraise him.

III.

The Trinity baseball season was in full swing. Five games had already been won, and only one lost. Everybody was enthusiastic over the prospects for the best season in the history of the institution. One of the big league teams—perhaps it was the Red Sox, maybe it was the Phillies, I can't recall which—was making a tour en route from training quarters in the far South to their regular stamping grounds in the North. The big boys stopped over to play a single game with Trinity. Of course, none of the college supporters had any real hopes of winning the game, but everybody was betting that home team would not be licked beyond recognition.

On the field everybody was happy. Dempsey Darden cavorted up and down before the bleachers, megaphone held to his mouth with his left hand, and his right arm beating time for the rooting. Yells penetrated the quiet recesses of the library, and the inmates of that institution found time enough to crowd about the windows facing the north—and the ball park. The Trinity squad rushed through the little southeast gate upon the field. In Indian file they came through the gate, then spread like a Japanese fan to all parts of the field. A shout, long and loud, rose from the bleachers and grandstand as from one gigantic throat.

The "big boys" were coming. They did not rush upon the field with the impetuosity of the college players. One by one they straggled in from the car line. Some of them were

carrying bats, gloves and other paraphernalia of the game. Sunburned veterans they were, and the Trinity players looked like a bunch of prep school kiddies beside them. Cheering was renewed at the entrance of the first big leaguer; but as they continued to arrive by twos, threes and even singly, cheering gave place to silent looks of appraisal.

Two big leaguers were coming through the east gate. One of them was a grizzled old fellow, evidently coach or manager. The other was a young fellow, decidedly of a prepossessing appearance. Long and lithe was he, and the ruddy color in his face and the free swinging gait of him bespoke him a healthful specimen of American manhood.

Mildred Lovell and Percy were in the grandstand, watching the entrance of the players and making comments upon them.

"Jus' look yonder at that young giant, ain't he a bean, though?" demanded Percival, entirely forgetful of his poetic diction upon beholding the entrance of the two above mentioned players.

Mildred followed with her eyes the direction of his pointed finger. She gave a little squeal; half rose in her seat; then sank back on the bench, her bosom heaving, and her fingers clinched firmly.

"What's the matter?" demanded Percy in alarm, wondering subconsciously whether the water boy had brought any water to the field yet in case she was about to faint.

"Oh, nothing," declared Mildred striving to regain her composure. "I used to know that player who just came in at the gate. He used to live in my home town. His appearance here was so sudden and unexpected that I almost fainted."

Throughout the game, which was a decidedly interesting one, Mildred scarcely took her eyes off the fellow whom she professed to have known in her home town. He was playing second base, and try as Percival would to get her to take an interest in the plays, he could not distract her attention from the good looking keystone man. She applauded enthusiastically whenever he made a play; and once when he made an error, which allowed the only run that Trinity scored, she gasped audibly, and sighed "too bad!" much to the disgust of those about her in the grandstand.

The game was almost over. Trinity was taking her part of the ninth inning. The score was so one-sided that hope of the college boys rallying was out of the question. People began relinquishing their seats and strolling toward the gate in order to make quick exits when the game should be over.

"Percy," Mildred was speaking; but Percival was rooting so hard for the home team that he scarcely heard her, and certainly paid no attention to her.

"Percy," she repeated it; and there was a tense quality in her voice.

A yell died prematurely in his throat, and he turned halfway round to look at her curiously.

"Percy," she began a third time," I want you to go out there on the field and tell Mr. Ericson—the second-baseman—that there is someone over here who wishes to see him after the game. Wait a second; there are two outs on Trinity. Now go."

Percy didn't like his job, but he didn't know what else to do under the circumstances. Accordingly, he climbed over the low fence cutting off the park proper from the bleachers, and waited patiently for Trinity to make her last out.

Ericson turned half-impatiently when Percival touched him on the sleeve. No doubt he thought it was some fool freshman hero-worshiper who wanted to have the honor of having shaken hands with "Thor" Ericson When Percy informed him that a lady was waiting in the grandstand to see him, a puzzled expression passed over his face.

"Are you sure she wants to see me?" he demanded.

"Yep," returned Percy laconically. "She pointed you out particular."

The big leaguer's eyes roved the grandstand; they fell upon Mildred. She waved her hand. An expression of amazement gave place to one of delight on his sunburned face, and he ran, leaving poor, startled Percival far in his wake, toward the grandstand. He vaulted the separating fence easily, and pushed his way through the open-mouthed college students who were amazed to see the big leaguer manifesting such actions.

"Mildred," he exclaimed, seizing both her hands and looking very much as if he would like nothing better than folding her to his breast right there and kissing her, "what are you doing here?"

Mildred actually blushed and dropped her eyes before the concentrated gaze of the student body, college community and Henry Ericson.

"Come on, I'll explain as we walk along."

"By the way," suddenly remembering poor Percival, who hovered vaguely about her, "Mr. Ericson, meet my friend Mr. Jones, Percival Algernon Jones."

The big leaguer grabbed Percy's limp hand in his own and squeezed it unmercifully. "Glad to know you, Mr. Jones. Any friend of Mildred's is surely a friend of mine."

Percy didn't know what to say, so he didn't say anything right then. After a few minutes' walking, during which time Mildred and Ericson had apparently forgotten that such a creature as Percival Algernon Jones existed, Percy decided that the best thing he could do would be to make himself scarce.

"Oh, don't leave us Percy," pouted Mildred. But she didn't insist. "Come round tonight; I shall probably need you," she finished.

IV.

It was another one of those glorious nights of spring. The moon still shone with a silver luster, and the breezes were still heavy with the fragrance of the night. Percival's heart, however, was out of tune with the beauty of the night. He felt nothing of the mystic spell of the moonlight as he walked thoughtfully down the boardwalk to the Woman's Building. Mildred met him at the steps. She appeared unusually vivacious—even unto nervousness—and her beauty seemed more powerful and magnetic than ever before.

"Percival," she began mysteriously; "you are a true friend of mine, are you not? I can count on your friendship through anything, can't I?" Her tone was new, almost beseeching.

"Why, of course you can. What's up?" exclaimed Percival Algernon heartily—hoping at the same time that it was

not a financial loan that she wanted as he fondled the lone quarter in his right hand trouser pocket.

"Come in," she continued in her old voice. The worried, anxious quality of her voice had disappeared quickly. "Henry, that is, Mr. Ericson, is out here in the hammock. We will explain everything."

And explain they did. So that when they had finished Percival was like a man who has built a magnificent temple, and found out too late that his foundation was sand.

It seemed that Ericson and Mildred had been sweethearts in their home town several years back. Mildred's people had disapproved of the affair and had sent Mildred abroad. Later when she returned home, Ericson had left the old home town. Immediately upon her return from Europe she had been sent to Trinity, and here she had been three years, not knowing where her lover was, and he had been equally ignorant of her whereabouts. He had drifted from college baseball into professional. That was about all they revealed of the past. What they wanted Percival to do wasn't much. Oh, no! It wasn't much!

"You see," Mildred explained, "Henry and I have decided to get married right away. I'll stay here and get my diploma; Henry will go on and finish the season with his team. Then we'll meet somewhere easily enough; or he can even come to my home and claim me. But, you see, if we dare put off the marriage, my people will no doubt find out that we have met again, and will separate us for ever." She tempered her plea with tears. Percy was moved and demanded what he could do.

"It's like this, kid,"—that "kid" almost lost him his case had Ericson only known it—"we must keep the thing quiet. In order to do that we've got to have someone we can trust for a witness. If a word of it should get out, Mildred would be shipped from college, and there'd be the devil to pay generally. Get me?"

Percy "got him."

"You dear, sweet child!" And his angel of inspiration bent over and pressed a chaste kiss on his classic brow.

Mutlosigkeit

(*Suggested by Life of Heinrich Von Kleist.*)

With Thalia once I sported free
And laughed the livelong day;
And, too, with young Euphrosyne
I used to dance and play.
With Pan I've frolick'd o'er the lea
And often chased Agalaia;
I've chummed the Nereids of the sea
And drunk a toast to Maia.
I've romped with graceful nymph and faun
And played with hornéd satyr—
Alas,—those carefree days are gone:
Life's now an empty shadow.

Behind me lies the pleasant vale,
Where once I sought for Truth;
Before me rises stark and pale
The ghost of wasted youth.
Melpom'na grim now waits on me,
Where once the graces stood;
And over Death and Tragedy
My morbid senses brood.

Character Sketch of Macbeth

B. D. McCUBBINS.

Macbeth is a tragic example of the downfall of man through that power so fatal to men—unchastened ambition. In heart and nature Macbeth was not a cold-blooded murderer. He had deep and black desires, but he would never have succeeded in accomplishing the first crime had it not been for the stronger will and determination of Lady Macbeth. His nature was entirely averse to such atrocity. He was a brave, gallant soldier with the vividly imaginative temperament of a poet or painter. His nature was noble and generous, with the exception of one fault which Lady Macbeth reveals:

"Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full of the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great,
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it; what thou wouldst highly
That wouldst thou holily, wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win."

Thus we see that though he had many noble qualities, Macbeth's character was not pure and candid. The first pale shadow of hypocrisy in him is revealed when he cries:

"Stay, you imperfect speakers!
Tell me more!"

His emotions are not of mere excited curiosity, but the echo of an answering chord struck deep in his heart—the birth of that "fantastical murder" which causes him to forget himself and, his friends to say: "Look how our pardner's rapt!" His emotions vary as he contemplates his dark design. First he wavers, and his better nature, re-asserting itself, dismisses the thought. Then he reconsiders: "If the assassination could trammel up the consequences and catch with its surcease, success?" He has no thought of the life to come, but fears that "even-handed justice here" which might hold the poisoned chalice to his own lips. And pity, too, assails him:

"Besides this Duncan

Hath borne his facilities so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against
The deep damnation of his taking-off.
I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other."

It is clearly evident here that Macbeth—poetic, kindly-natured Macbeth, would never have committed the murder alone.

"Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dressed yourself?
Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valor
As thou art in desire?"

With her powerful intuition, Lady Macbeth strikes the vulnerable spot. She had tried his love, and now she assails Macbeth, the man and soldier, and stung, he replies:

"I am settled and bend up.
Away and mock the time with fairest show.
False face must hide what false heart doth know."

This marks the first downward step.

What could be a more tragic picture than that of the two blood-stained murderers standing in the gilded palace, whispering hoarsely and shrinking at the slightest noise—not daring to look each other in the eyes in their black guilt?

As they stand alone in the gray, silent hall, Lady Macbeth first regains her composure and realizes the fulness of the crime, but Macbeth, extending his red-dripping hands, asks over and over:

"But wherefore could I not pronounce amen?
I had most need of blessing, and "amen"
Stuck in my throat.
Methought I heard a voice cry:
'Sleep no more!
Macbeth doth murder sleep'—the innocent sleep
That knits up the ravelled sleeve of care."

What a strange murderer! More like a child that had broken a piece of precious china than a vicious murderer.

In the discovery scene Macbeth repeatedly blunders. His compunction and pity for the murdered Duncan with "his silver skin interlaced with his golden blood" overcomes his discretion, and already he is attracting suspecting glances when Lady Macbeth so opportunely faints.

After Duncan has been removed, another obstacle rises and Macbeth finds, to the fulfillment of his imperial theme, another murder necessary. "Full of scorpions" is his mind as he stands in the shadow of this second downward step. In agony of mind he cries:

"Come, sealing night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale!"

This event represents the complete transformation in the life and character of Macbeth, the sinning and regretful man turned into a monster of depravity. All the heinous cruelty inherent in human nature bursts from his blackened bosom and brings even the steel natured Lady Macbeth shrinking to his feet. All human sympathy, all remembrance of his former good qualities fade away to a vision of abhorrence and repulsion when one beholds him in the depths of his wickedness. Who was it that so ruthlessly and cowardly murdered the innocent wife and child of Macduff? When he struck Duncan he cried, "Methought I heard a voice crying, 'Macbeth doth murder sleep,' but now what does he say? "I cannot taint with fear. The spirits that know all mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:

'Fear not, Macbeth. No man born of woman
Shall have power o'er thee.'"

Is he worthy of human sympathy? But even now he excites a feeling of pity when he beholds before him all the fruits of labor turned to the ashes of destruction, all his desires turned to dishonor, and curses, "not loud, but deep," besetting him from all sides. It is not strange we hear him say:

"I have lived long enough; my May of life
Is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf."

Here, at last, he perceives that he has fallen to a point where he can not turn upward and ask, "Where have I fallen?" so like a bark that has been rudely seized and missteered, he drifts out upon the sea of Eternity—an outcast and a derelict of fate.

The March of Man

A. S. Baugh.

What is more admirable than a strong, steady man facing the baffling problems that confront every normal character as it tries to travel the long and narrow path to success? Here is a mountain to climb, a swift stream to swim, a thorny thicket to cross, and lurking here and there in grottos are hideous monsters waiting to devour him. Zealous in the pursuit of happiness, he grows stronger, wiser, and finds, when he has attained the goal for which he aimed, that there is a greater beyond.

Yet, what is more deplorable than a whining weakling who complains of his tiresome, rugged journey? He, too, sees a cliff to climb and lazily wanders around it. He is on a journey that has no destination; he does not know where he is going; he only follows the path that offers least resistance. He cannot travel against the wind; he refuses to mount a ridge or cross a river; so between the two he lies down in the green valley to rest, rest, rest.

After all, the life of man is like the flight of a kite as it struggles against the kite-string while a buoyant March wind raises it up, up, up until it looks like a speck in the sky dodging, ducking and suddenly darting up to strive the harder. But when the cord breaks and the opposition is destroyed, it falls helter-skelter from its lofty heights to lodge useless in some tree-top, or to dash itself to pieces on a jagged stone.

Birthdays

N. I. WHITE.

Here's hoping that the Birthday God
  Will work a miracle for you,
  And, with the freshness of the dew
From violet and goldenrod,

Will so invest each happy day
  Marking another year, joy-flown,
That Time will throw his scythe away,
  And pass the future by unmown—

Till Age, the accurate and keen,
  Has muddled up his crowded score,
  And glimpsing you at ninety-four
Will cry, "How young for seventeen!"

Editorial

INTELLECTUAL DISSIPATION

We have been warned over and over again concerning the results of dissipation. We know that when we form certain habits in which we indulge too freely, we are undermining our physical constitutions and making the organisms of our bodies much more susceptible to the ravages of disease than they would ordinarily be. As we all know, there are various forms of dissipation. Almost any habit may be degenerated into it. Many of the more flagrant types of dissipation have served as texts for preachers and lecturers so many times that it would be superfluous for us to touch upon them.

There is, however, one form of abuse which is not emphasized to any great extent by those who would be reformers. In fact, it is not regarded by many people as dissipation at all, but rather as a virtue of the many-sided man. We refer to what may be termed intellectual dissipation; that is, a degeneration of the pursuit of knowledge into mere idle pastime. As a general thing, the habitue of this form of dissipation does not realize that he is doing anything that ought to be condemned until the habit of reading has taken a grip upon him that works to the neglect and non-performance of other duties. The book-fiend, where there is no desire for anything higher than the ministering to the sensuous passions, is little better than the drug-fiend. Both find temporary elation in their respective form of dissipation, and neither gains anything of lasting value; the more each caters to his weakness, the more worthless he becomes to society. The highly florid type of dime novel literature has been a moving factor in creating intellectual dissipation among American youths. This form of dissipation is not so prevalent among young men and women who boast any pretentions in regard to education as among the working classes of our country. Among the young people, and many of the old, of factory districts, cheap five and ten cent literature is the only kind to be found. Instead

of elevating, this form of so-called literature tends to lower ideals. Its chief point of attractiveness lies in its highly inflamed pictures of life as it is not and in the stirring overdrawn action, both of which quickly secure a strangle hold upon the imagination of growing youth and often act upon it with as dangerous results as deadly drugs. Energy for labor ebbs away under the influence of cheap literature, and the book-fiend develops oftentimes into a drone and a general nuisance in a busy community.

An act prohibiting the sale of so-called literature of the dime novel type ought to be passed. That would, however, involve a great question of what is good literature; and the boundary line between good and bad literature is very vacillating; a satisfactory law is impractical. Therefore, the evil remains, and it seems that it lies with the teachers and social reformers of the country to keep down the results of it as best they may. The most practical way in which social workers may cope with this question seems to us to lie in the establishment of circulating libraries in factory districts and in the substitution of good for bad literature. But in this still arises the question, "What is good literature?" This leads us to the second phase of the discussion of intellectual dissipation.

SPECIALIZATION

This age demands specialization. If you don't believe this is true, just go to some big city and attempt to get a job. Your experiences will force you to agree with us on this point. Colleges throughout the country have recognized this demand for specialization, and many of them have responded to it. No longer does a young man come to Trinity College, study everything from quadratic equations to the "Divina Commoedia" in the original, receive his diploma, and go forth to conquer the world. Responding to the call of the world for specific and specialized service, the college has adopted the system of majors and minors—a system about which, we deplore to confess, many of us know about as much as about the Ptolemaic system of the universe. In spite of the fact that the major and minor system was brought into

force for the explicit purpose of helping students to prepare themselves for the demands that will be made upon them in the business world, many of us persist in arranging our course cards so as to take in as many so-termed "crip" courses as possible and in such a way that our schedules will be as regular as we can make them.

Many of us, especially Seniors, have reached a point from which we can look back with regret to the day we arranged our first course cards. We are nearing the end of our college careers and are enabled to see with comparative clearness mistakes we have made. Realizing the regret that a moment of thoughtlessness may cause in later years, we urge you, especially you of the first and second year classes, to use judgment in the selection of your future courses. Of course, an attractive schedule is a present virtue to a hard course; but, remember, after you have left college, the shaping of your entire life may hinge upon what you have learned and upon what you have left unlearned while at college. Surely, the inconvenience of afternoon classes, or the unattractiveness of courses that are not ranked among "crips," is not to be taken into consideration when the stake is the moulding of one's future life.

Remember that the world is broad; its fields of knowledge are unlimited. He that would be wise should select one particular field and seek to master it. He that tries to conquer the whole universe of knowledge is a genius, or—a fool.

BROAD AND UNSYSTEMATIC READING

All of us have known men who seemed to have a cursory and superficial knowledge of almost every subject; who had dabbled in literature, from stuff of the dime novel variety to the loftiest and most intellectual productions of the language; in music, from Irving Berlin to Mozart; in art, from Bud Fischer to Michel Angelo—in short, men who had a conglomeration of general knowledge and none of specific.

A mind that attempts to cover the universe in its span cannot be deep. It may appear so; but the human mind is merely the human mind. Wonderful as it may be, it simply cannot

digest, so to speak, an unlimited amount of knowledge. Like any machine, if so delicate a mechanism as the human mind may be spoken of as a machine, if imposed upon to too great an extent, it will collapse completely. The muscles of the human body may be trained to do a prodigious amount of work along a certain line; the tendons become set in a certain way, and as long as the action corresponds with the way those tendons have been accustomed to act, no great amount of weariness is experienced. But, let a man who has been accustomed to hammer on an anvil all day long without experiencing undue fatigue attempt to perform some labor that will bring his muscles into play in a different way from that which the downward stroke of the hammer necessitates, and it will be only a matter of a short time before all his muscles are strained and sore and his system upset generally.

The mind like the body may be trained to do an enormous amount of work along a particular line; but let it attempt to delve into too many divergent fields, and a jumble of confused ideas results.

We have seen men who apparently were not lost in any field—men with a knack of doing without much effort—a turn at anything that might come up. Of course, some men are naturally more versatile than others; yet, if we observe closely, we cannot help noticing that the highly versatile individual has no particularly strong point. He may rank up with the average individual in several different lines; yet, there is little of the exceptional about his ability. In other words, he is more or less shallow and superficial. This brings us back to the idea we wished to convey at the outset: the many-sided man, unless he has one particular line which he pursues rigidly without regard to all side-lines, using all subordinate pursuits merely as foils for the *primum mobile* of his life, is necessarily shallow.

We see no reason why a wide range of reading should be condemned; we do see, however, if we would escape falling into the habit of reading so promiscuously that our minds become receptacles for odds and ends boiled down into a kind of literary hash, that we ought by all means to form some system upon which to base our readings. If there is a particular sub-

ject that one of us is interested in (and there is, unless his mind has degenerated into a dumping ground of the aforementioned hash) let him make that subject the point from which he works, and let all extraneous reading be made entirely incidental to it.

A SUGGESTION

As the class of 1914 is about to make its exit from this institution of learning it is well for us to be thinking of some way in which we can make an attempt to repay to some degree our debt of gratitude for the many benefits derived during our stay here. For four years we have sojourned within its walls, received the highest type of instruction, been blessed by the influence of its cultural surroundings. No material donation can adequately express a correct appreciation on the part of this generation of students. It is the custom for outgoing classes to make a class gift, and to the extent that this represents the spirit of veneration and devotion of the students for our college, to the degree that it stands for genuine interest in our Alma Mater, it is really worthy. But there must be more behind it than a passive interest in the affairs of our institutions. The college loyalty so universal among men while in college certainly ought to be continued, and our pride in our college should grow even after we have passed through its portals. College spirit doesn't end when the diploma is received, and this spirit isn't alone manifested by vociferous yelling on the ball field, and elsewhere. Such demonstrations have their place, but the enthusiasm that really counts is that backed by a determined effort to advance our college and a willingness to make personal sacrifices to that end if necessary rather than a temporary display of emotions. The class of this year should decide early to make a worthwhile donation to Trinity, and it should exceed that made by previous classes. This is about the largest class ever graduated from Trinity, and it ought to do more than the others. But any effort should not alone be inspired by a desire to out-strip our predecessors, but also by a desire to truly represent our allegiance to our institution.

The most fitting way in which our class can evidence its

worthiness to be alumni of Trinity College is by a serious attempt to truly understand its ideals and aspirations and by an equally determined effort to translate these into our personal lives supplemented by a diffusion of these principles among those localities in which our vocations place us. It is known that Trinity is attempting a line of future growth on principles to a great extent peculiar to herself. If her students so conduct themselves in accordance with these principles that by their bearing and character they can be distinguished as Trinity men, then they will best reflect credit upon their Alma Mater.

There is a more direct way through which we can be of service. It is easier and more immediate, but it is only a means to accomplish the really worthy results. The more men Trinity has, the better can she serve the State and Nation. The more raw material at hand, the more of the finished product can she turn out. Trinity is prepared to take care of more men. She needs more men of the right sort, but to get men of this stripe we must deal with many sorts. The problem is to induce more students to come here. To this work the Greater Trinity Club is committed. But being only a central organization dealing with men at a distance its work is necessarily hindered. This organization needs branches in all parts of the State to assist in the work of lining up men for Trinity. If the men of 1914 will rally the Trinity men of their localities, organize clubs dedicated to the work of bringing more students to the college to act in conjunction with the Greater Trinity Club, they can perform a service to this institution that will enable Trinity to better carry on her great work. —B. W. R.

THE ARCHIVE wishes to acknowledge an error that appeared in the February issue of the magazine and at the same time to make apologies to the parties concerned. We published last month a story, "John Wesley II," and gave Miss Edna Taylor credit for it; Miss Ella Tuttle was the author, and to her do we extend sincere regrets that the mistake occurred. We promise faithfully that such an error will not occur again should she honor us with another contribution, which we hope she will do.

WAYSIDE WARES

AFTER THE FUNERAL

It was just after the funeral. The bereaved and subdued widow, enveloped in millinery gloom, was seated in the sitting-room with a few sympathizing friends. There was that constrained look so peculiar to the occasion observable on every countenance. The widow sighed.

"How do you feel, my dear?" asked her sister.

"Oh! I don't know," replied the poor woman, with difficulty restraining her tears. "But I hope everything passed off well."

"Indeed it did," chimed all the ladies.

"It was as large and respectable a funeral as we have seen this winter," exclaimed the sister, looking around upon the others.

"Yes, it was," agreed the lady from next door. "I was saying to Mrs. Slocum, only ten minutes ago, that the attendance couldn't have been better—the bad going considered."

"Did you see the Taylors?" asked the widow faintly, looking at her sister. "They go so rarely to funerals that I was surprised to see them here."

"Oh, yes! the Taylors were all here," said the sympathizing sister. "As you say, they go but little; they are so exclusive!"

"I thought I saw the Curtises also," suggested the bereaved woman, droopily.

"Oh, yes!" chimed in several.

"They came in their own carriage, too," added the sister, animatedly. "And then there were the Randalls and the Van Rensselaers. Mrs. Van Rensselaer had her cousin from the city with her; and Mrs. Randall wore a very heavy black silk, which I am sure was quite new. Did you see Col. Haywood and his daughters, love?"

"I thought I saw them; but I wasn't sure. They were here, then, were they?"

"Yes, indeed!" they all reassured her; and the lady who lived across the way observed:

"The Colonel was very sociable, and inquired most kindly about you, and the sickness of your husband."

The widow smiled faintly. She was gratified by the interest shown by the Colonel.

The friends now rose to go, each bidding her good-by, and expressing the hope that she would be calm. Her sister bowed them out. When she returned, she said:

"You can see, my love, what the neighbors think of it. I wouldn't have had anything unfortunate to happen for a good deal. But nothing did. The arrangements couldn't have been better."

"I think some of the people in the neighborhood must have been surprised to see so many of the uptown people here," suggested the afflicted woman, trying to look hopeful.

"You may be quite sure of that," asserted the sister. "I could see that plainly enough by their looks."

"Well, I am glad there is no occasion for talk," said the widow, smoothing the skirt of her dress.

And after that the boys took the chairs home, and the house was put in order.

TO BE TRANSLATED

A sorority freshman named Hannah
Once slipped on a peel of Banana;
She lit with a squosh and said, "Oh, my gosh!
I fear I have deltad my gamma!"—*Punch.*

MAN—A NEW BOOK OF PROVERBS

1. Man that is born of woman is of few dollars and full of egoism.

2. He cometh forth like a flower but is wilted by the high cost of living and shriveled by rents and taxes.

3. He hoppeth out of bed fifteen minutes late in the morning and findeth neither his milk man nor paper boy has arrived.

4. Headache followeth his thirst all the days of his life.

5. He hustleth for his train and misseth it by three-quarters of a minute.

6. He rusheth to his noonday lunch and choketh upon a fishbone in his chicken salad.

7. He crosseth the street in the full pride of his manhood and is tossed three blocks by a yellow honk-wagon.

8. Behold the man who cameth to his office to pay a great bill dieth of apoplexy whilst he is at lunch.

9. Yea, even his stenographer leaveth her chewing gum in his desk chair by accident, and he needs must wear his raincoat home.

10. What is man but the shuttlecock of fate walloped over the fence by the battledore of adversity?

11. Behold he garnereth in unto himself seven simoleons in one day, while his wife shoppeth and hath charged unto him a bill for nine simoleons.

12. In his infancy he stubbeth his toe and waileth lustily, and in his maturity he acquireth the gout and curseth abominably.

13. Yea, his troubles do follow him in his young manhood, and the first girl to whom he proposeth doth accept him.

14. And just as he saveth sufficient to purchase for his adornment a pair of white flannel trousers and an high straw lid with the bow abaft, lo and behold, his wife's relatives come and borroweth it from him.

15. *Verily, what is man but a stone-bruise upon the heel of existence?*

16. Even he is a freckle upon the face of *Miss Fortune,* for when he polisheth his silk hat he absent-mindedly turneth and sitteth upon it, being therefore the man who putteth loss in gloss.

17. Nor in his lexicon can there be found the word "luck," for should he lay a wager upon a horse, that animal dieth in the home stretch, and should he hold four kings and add his watch unto his stack in the pot, verily, another holdeth four aces.

18. He runneth for office, nor can any one guess what manner of man it was who cast the other vote for him.

19. Even will the letter carrier unwittingly drop the envelope addressed to him containing a check, but promptly deliver four duns.

20. He walketh in the street and a bulldog falleth upon him; he walketh in the fields and an aviator falleth upon him; he hideth in the cellar for protection and the gas meter explodeth and hoisteth him through the floorings unto the third floor; even if he diveth into forty fathoms of water, he bumpeth his bean upon a water-logged plank.

21. The bannister of life adown which he slideth is full of splinters, and the hand of fate leadeth him not but weareth brass knuckles and jabbeth him constantly.

22. The man for whom he went bond fleeth into Africa; the check he received is returned unto him marked in glaring letters across its face, "NO FUNDS;" his rent, insurance, lodge dues, coal bill, and three notes falleth due upon the same day.

23. Yea, verily, man that is born of woman is destined to bills and boils, toil and thirst, malaria and matrimony.

24. And when the end cometh he cannot even enjoy the epitaph provided for him, and the flowers sent to garnish his obsequies are by mistake delivered to the home of his bitterest enemy.—*Exchange.*

Dr. Brown (on English II), deploring tendency of modern theater-goers in failing to attend good plays)—Let a first-class drama come to the city, and the Academy is practically empty. Let something like the "Red Widow" come, and all afternoon classes are cut. Verily, verily, I say unto you, "Red Widows" and green sophomores go together.

Editor's Table

THE SOUTHERN STUDENT

A new magazine, *"The Southern Student,"* comes to our exchange department this month, and we gladly welcome it. This comes to us from Southern Female College, and is an excellent specimen of the executive, business-like, and literary capacities of the students of this college. One may get indications of the efficient editorial staff of this magazine even from its general appearance, but the versatility and high order of its contents indicate much more that its staff is "on to its job." We were impressed especially by the editorials, and we feel sure that a magazine which embodies thoughts of such power must have a wonderful influence for good in its community. "Nature in the Poetry of Hugo" has both strength and beauty of style. The subject is handled cleverly and with sympathy, and displays a thorough knowledge and understanding of Hugo's poetry. The quotations are, indeed, apt ones. In fact, we have only one objection to the whole essay, and that is its brevity. "Brave Irish Hearts" is an interesting and vigorous story about the pirates' attack on the homes of the Shamrock coast, and of the brave Irish hearts which saved them from the invaders. A love story, of course, is interwoven, but in such an original way that we like it very much. The other stories are equally as pleasing, both in subject-matter and style. Of these, "The Pink Cameo" seems more worthy of praise than the others, but, yet, its title does not seem very appropriate. In "The Emancipation of Edwin Wadsworth Chesterfield" we get a pleasing story—charming in its simplicity. As to the poetry, we were very much pleased with what there was, but there was a dearth of verse, as is frequent in the college magazines. The quaintness and the originality in "The Effects on Philosophic Research" are the most attractive features. The other poems, "Ultra," and "To the Sunset" embody broad thoughts in simple and impressive words and meter. They contain such stanzas as this:

Mine be the song of the brave and strong,
That seek no craven stay;
The goal that's past is ne'er the last
Up, onward, and away!

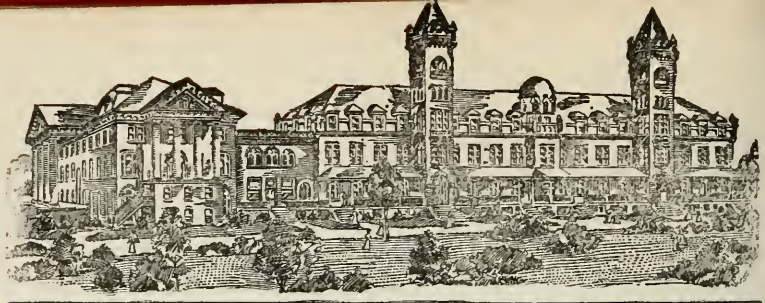
THE EMORY PHOENIX

The literary department of the *"Emory Phoenix"* contains a creditable amount of interesting material. The short stories, especially, are very interesting. "Moonlight on the Tennessee," by its very title, of course, gained our interest, and it succeeded in keeping it throughout the whole story. This has many of the characteristics of a good short story, and might truly be classed as one, if at the end we did not find those thoroughly disgusting paragraphs. The episode of the conversation with Uncle Henry adds very little to the story, and, in fact, seems to us to retard the main action. However, with these exceptions, the author displays much ingenuity. We were impressed by his evident ease in writing as well as his original arrangement of words. We get a sentimental account of a murder in "N. W. Eleventh Street," an account which is intensely interesting. Although it cannot be called entirely original, it is well executed. It abounds in tragic elements, and certainly works upon one's emotions. The poem, "On the Shore," reminds one at once of Byron's poetry, and, personally, we consider that sufficient praise. This gives us a delightful picture of the storm-tossed sea; we can almost hear the wild waves rage, and see their mighty forms lash against the sky; and at last we are reminded that all these only call us to feel the potency of God. The essay on Corra Harris is very good. The other departments also are entertaining, and these, too, manifest the originality of the editors.

THE TATTLER

It seems to us that the essay, "Where College Sometimes Fails," cannot be surpassed in depth of thought and thorough argument. In this essay we not only see where our colleges sometimes fail, but—and in this, above all else, does the value

of the production lie—we see how these failures may be overcome. Such an essay, based on sound, practical sense, cannot help gaining the interest and attention of all college students, and it seems strange that we find such as this so seldom, for they are certainly entertaining as well as inspiring. This one is splendid, indeed. Of the stories we were impressed most of all by "The Life-Motive." This has a certain weirdness about it that simply holds one to it. "Some Folks' Luck" is a good story, connected with several very interesting characters. Especially were we delighted with the characterization of the two children, for they are real children, and not the usual story-book kind. All of the stories that are contained in this edition deserve praise in that they give us new and unusual plots. All of them, too, show literary talent. "The Dream Builder" is really the only poem which we find in *"The Tattler."* This, however, is excellent. It abounds in mythological allusions, and quaint and delicate expressions. "In Jesting Guise" is cleverly done. "The Hammer" is another feature which adds much wit and humor to the magazine. All in all, *"The Tattler"* is a remarkable college magazine.



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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Volume XXVII April-May Number Six

MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the College.

Changes may be made in advertisements by notifying the Business Manager.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *Alma Mater*. If you do not wish to become subscribers, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of the old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

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The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., April-May, 1914

Tables Turned

Thos. J. Gill, Jr.

Williams strode up the path to the entrance of the west dormitory. A couple of neatly dressed rabbits bulged out the canvas cover of his game bag and attracted the admiring attention of the crowd of students loafing about the end of the building.

"What luck?" asked one of the boys.

"How many did you get, Benks?" inquired another.

"I only got two of the bunnies to-day," replied Williams, and he patted the game bag affectionately. "Say," he continued as he walked up the steps, "I'm sorry you boys have eaten supper."

"Aw, go on: don't you worry," reassured one of the boys. "We'll be on hand when the dinner bell rings." The door closed behind Williams, and the usual placid condition settled again on the natives of the north section. There was no life to their conversation. They simply waited till the spirit by its natural effervescence overflowed and moved them to speech. It was fully five minutes after Williams had left them that Johnston's face, aroused by the evolution of an unusually weighty project, began to show signs of animation. His friends watched the splendor of thought illumine his face and waited for the outcome. At the psychological moment Johnston straightened up from his lounging position on the old granite steps and spoke emphatically.

"Fellows, I've got a good one we can put over on old Benks Williams. You know he's in there frying that rabbit on his alcohol stove. Well, let's hang around till he gets it all cooked and then find some way to hook it. It'll be easy enough—call

him out of his room, or something like that. What do you say?"

"The very idea, old scout!"

"Sure, I'm hungry anyhow; this boarding house grub don't last any time!"

"You can count me in; it's rabbit for mine!"

"What! Rabbit! 'Earth hath not anything to show more fair?'"

These were some of the responses to Johnston's plan. The boys scattered; some to watch outside Williams' window; others to wait inside the building. Ten minutes passed, and they were on the point of working a ruse to get Williams out of his room; suddenly Williams' door opened, and he himself came out and locked the door behind him. With him there was borne out a fragrance which entered the notrils of the boys hidden on the stairway—a fragrance which conjured up a picture of crisp brown things. Williams walked briskly out of the building and started across the campus to the east dormitory; he was going to get a box of crackers to eat with the rabbit. He got a box of Uneedas and came back, alternately whistling and humming to himself. My, he was hungry! The long hunt through woods and fields had put an edge on his appetite. While he was cooking the rabbitt, tantalizing odors had satisfied his sense of smell; but the sense of taste had grown ravenously jealous. Honestly, he didn't believe he had ever been so hungry before in all his life. He entered his room, ripped open the box of crackers, and reached for the dish of rabbit which he had placed on the radiator. But, alas! It was there no longer. He looked in every conceivable place, thinking that he was mistaken about the radiator; but, no—it was not in the room. He glanced at the open window and immediately he saw the exit by which his rabbit had departed, not in leaps and bounds as of yore, but held closely in leash by one of his beloved fellow students. This was no joke. He was "mad." His hunger was almost forgotten in the rage which its disappointment had caused. However, he did nothing rash. Williams was of the kind that reasons things out and selects the best possible thing to do. He would have revenge! Certainly. He would make them smart for it. But, first, he must find out exactly who were implicated in the deed. He crept

out of his room and out of the building in order to take a look at the windows outside. While he was standing on his tip-toes to peer into a window on the lower floor, something hit him on the top of head. He felt about on the ground for the missile and soon found it. It was a bone from his rabbit. He looked up at the second floor window of the middle room; it was up. Undoubtedly the bone had come from there. He decided that his presence beneath the window was unknown. The bone had struck him accidentally. He hastened back into the building and slipped upstairs to the door of the suspected room. He could hear within the room the crunching of bones and bits of whispered conversation. Yes, it was the old gang—Bennett, Walker, Stevens, Johnston, and the rest. Oh, well, he would have revenge. He would be even with them. Now he must go down town and get something to eat.

During the first part of the next week several of the fellows, indulging in sly winks among themselves, asked him how he enjoyed that rabbit he killed the other day. To this Williams replied that the rabbit was fine—and he didn't lie, for he had actually eaten some at the cafe that night. All through the week, at every spare moment, Williams racked his brain for a scheme to get even. He wanted revenge equal to the hunger he had endured. No, it must be greater. If possible, he would like to affect them in their stomachs, the same spot in which they had hit him. He could shut them up in their rooms and cause them to miss a meal, but that wouldn't bring any great amount of satisfaction to him, or deprive them of much. No, that plan was too weak—he reasoned to himself. What was worse than hunger to the stomach? What was worse? *What was worse?* Suddenly it came to him—sickness of course—it was getting too much in the stomach, or getting something in the stomach, for which it has a great antipathy. He soon had a plan worked out.

Saturday morning came, and Benks Williams prepared to go hunting. He cleaned his gun conspicuously on the front steps, put on his leggings, and started away.

"Well, luck to you, son," said Walker who had been watching him clean his gun. An upstairs window was flung open and Johnston stuck his head out.

"Hey, Benks! Be sure to bring back enough game to offer your friends some this time. Hear?"

"All right, old Skeezicks," shouted Benks, "You can count on me this time."

Late that afternoon Williams returned and slunk to his room with a stealth that was purposely evident to half the students in his section. He went about his work in the same manner as a week previous. This time, also, he had two animals; one he fried and concealed on his closet shelf; the other he cooked and placed on the radiator to warm. Up to this time he had planned to call the boys in and present them with the tempting feast; but now a brilliant idea struck him—he would allow things to take their course just as they had done the week before. He believed he could rely on the nature of his victims to that extent. Therefore, he proceeded to lock his door and go for a box of crackers.

"You fellows must be having a feast over your way to-night," remarked the boy who sold crackers. "Johnston and Walker have both been over here for crackers to-night."

Williams chuckled inwardly and grinned outwardly. Aha! so all was working well.

"Aw, something like that," he answered the boy carelessly.

When he returned to his room, the plate on the radiator gleamed merrily in the electric light; its fatal contents were gone. For a few minutes Williams allowed himself to enjoy the imaginary picture of what was happening upstairs. Then he controlled his smiling features and prepared for the action which was to lead to the culmination of his revenge. He took a paper parcel out of his hunting-coat pocket and thrust it into the pocket of his coat; then he slipped up stairs and bent his head close to the keyhole of the suspected door. Now and then a mumbled remark was made, but evidently all were too busy for much conversation.

"Huh," said Stevens, "old Benks must think we're simple-minded—leave stuff lying round on radiators like that."

"Well, well," murmured the genial Bender, "no doubt 'twill teach the lad a lesson—'Live and learn,' you know."

"And I'm not the only one on the learning list to-night by a long shot," Williams said to himself.

Suddenly Benks heard a loud thump on the floor within as if some one had released a chair from its tilting position against the wall; then Johnston's big voice boomed out.

"Durn your hide, Jim Walker. Did you eat the last piece of rabbit on that plate? Damned if we don't make him kiss the cook for it, wont we boys?" and he laughed uproariously over the idea.

These remarks furnished Williams with a cue. He straightened his face into a sober expression and knocked at the door. In a moment all was silent within. He knocked again, and again there was no response.

"Oh, the joke's on me, fellows—I acknowledge it. Come on, let me in. I ain't going to hurt you."

"Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho!" The pent-up laughter of half a dozen boys rang out within the room. Someone turned the key, the door swung open, and Benks, assuming a crest-fallen, sheepish air, entered the room. How they "ragged" him, slapping him on the back, throwing back their heads in wild laughter, and poking all manner of fun at him.

"Well, old kid, I'm glad to see you take it in the right spirit" said Walker, after the boys had settled themselves in different parts of the room.

"Oh, there's no ill will, fellows; I believe in a man taking a joke in the right way all the time. I'll be even with you in the near future. Don't you worry."

"That's the talk, son," exclaimed Walker heartily, "Whenever you get a chance to put one over on your uncle Stephen, you're welcome!"

"Say, Jimmy," said Bennet, who was enjoying a lounging position on the bed, "do you not taste the sweetness of the departed flavor?"

"Yea, verily," replied Stevens from the depths of a broken-backed rocker, "In the language of the poet,—seen cotton-tails are sweet, but those unseen are sweeter."

This serene sastisfaction was pleasing to everyone in the room, but eminently so to Benks Williams. He felt that this spirit of genial complacency had reached its broadest level; now was the time to disrupt it. He rose and yawned sleepily.

"Well," he said, "I must get up my Math lesson; but before

I go, I want to show you something." He drew the paper parcel from his pocket and held it up dramatically as he continued to speak.

"You boys didn't get all of that rabbit. If you had only known what was in here, you wouldn't have bothered yourselves with the rest. However, it's always my policy to save the best till the last, and in order that you fellows might not be disappointed, I've brought this along." Curiosity and expectation were assuming control of the faces present. Every eye was turned on Williams as he continued to speak.

"Let's see; there are six of you boys, aren't there? Just right. I've got just enough souvenirs to go round. This bag," he patted it lovingly,—"this bag contains the four feet, the hide, and the tail of the rabbit you've been eating: I thought you'd like to keep them for mementos of the occasion."

"Bully boy! You're the thoughtful guy," cried Johnston, springing from his seat.

"Let's see them," said Walker.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute. Let me have my say first; then you can have them. The head is in here too," he said, with a laugh, "but I don't suppose you want to keep that—by the way, that was the most peculiar rabbit I've ever seen—had stripes on him—and *tail;* he had the longest tail I ever saw attached to a rabbit; why, I actually killed the sucker while he was climbing a tree."

"Aw, cut out the joking and show us the stuff," cut in Bennett, becoming impatient.

"All right, here goes," said Williams, and he emptied his parcel on a newspaper in the full glare of the electric light.

The boys, who had gathered close about him, drew back in disgust. There before them lay the external remains, not of a rabbit, but of a big gray tom cat. A deep silence filled the room; then Johnston assumed a menacing attitude.

"Benks," he demanded tragically, "do you solemnly swear that we've been eating *cat?*"

The rest of the boys looked at Williams beseechingly, as if he had the power to say yes or no.

"Fellows," said Benks, "I can not tell a lie. I shot him with my little gun. It's a cat all right—and it's cat you've been

eating. 'Thought I'd use him for dissecting purposes first, but couldn't resist the temptation."

A sickly pallor began to overspread the faces of the late revelers. Bennet began to moan softly and rub his stomach. Williams glanced at him sympathetically.

"Benny," my lad," he mocked, "do you not taste the sweetness of the departed flavor?"

The seriousness of the company was so all-pervading that Williams thought it wise to make his exit. As he swung out of the room he called back:

"Say, I've got some real rabbit down here in my closet. Come down, and we'll eat it."

After he had gone, Johnston threw a paper over the objects on the table; but they had already had their effect. The low groans and moans became wails; there was leaning out of windows, and much was cast into the outer-darkness.

Loch Lily

M. B. Andrews

Alone beside this Person-County Lake
I sit and muse: the sun in glory rare arose
And smiles upon the Lake; how softly blows
The fresh, sweet, cooling breeze, and it doth make
The fragrant lily-blossoms wave and shake,
So that the waters round them murmur sweet
And thrilling sighs, the flittering birds entreat
My soul to sing, and all of Nature cries Awake!

Therefore, awake, O speechless heart of mine,
And sing a soul-inspiring song divine;
Thus help the world of prose to realize
That birds yet sing, that waters ripple, roll,
That daily doth the sun in glory rise,
To sweeten life and elevate the soul.

Jimmie

A. R. ANDERSON

"The day 'o martyrs an' dyin' fur anuther man's over now," Big Tim Beckwith remarked as he refilled his cob pipe and after much searching produced a greasy match. "There used to be times whin a man wud die fur 'nuthern, but them times are gone. Its each man fur hisself nowadays. Ef you cant stan', you're boun'to fall."

"Oh, I dunno," drawled Bob Martin, "I've seed a lot o' men die fur ev'n a child sometimes. Just think o' all the fires in the country an' how men risk their lives."

"Wall, boys, I've seed many a man die in a battle an' in a fire, but I've nuvver seed but one that died fur jest pure luv."

The crowd around the little stove turned expectantly as old Tom Benson announced what they knew was a good yarn. He always had a story to tell, and without waiting to be asked, he began.

" 'Twarn't more then tin years ago, an' I wuz wurkin' on a all year constructin' job in New York. Long 'bout the middle o' July, we run shy o' men, the wurk wuz sorter laggin', an' the boss wuz boun' to git somebody else if he 'spected to finish the job by December. We'd bin hearin' a good while 'bout them im'grants whut's comin' in, so we warn't much 'sprised whin a hull troop cum over one hot day late in the month. They wuz a bunch o' Scotch, an' some o' the best wurkers thet I've uvver seed. 'Long side o' me they put a young chap named McFearson, an' nuvver in the hull day did he stop wurk, 'cept at dinner an' quittin' time. He wuz sech a good wurker thet I took a likin' to him purty soon, an' allus at meal time we'd set together an' divide up our pails. 'Twarn't long thin 'till we stayed together the hull time, an' soon the boys called us 'Dave an' Jon'.

"His real name wuz Jimmie—Jimmie McFeareon, an' he came straight over here frum Scotland. He had the purtiest hair an' the bluest eyes, but, boys, you oughter've heerd him sing them old Scotch songs. At goin' hum time, you cud hear him clean across the hull building singing 'Annie Laurie' an' suthin' 'bout my Scotch laddie. An' he wuz smart, too. He cud think

quicker'n a streak o' lightning. He saved my life twiest by his quick thinkin'. One time he wuz knocked unconcious fur a hull hour tryin' to keep a load o' brick frum fallin' on me. O, he wuz a good 'un, he wuz thet."

Here the old man stopped, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and recrossed his legs before resuming his story.

"Yeh, he wuz a reckless sorter cuss an' he'd help mighty near ennybody outen' trouble. He wuz all time doin' some balancin' stunt in the air; he didn't care shucks fur his life. He tole me so himself one time. 'Uncl' Tom', he'd say (he'd allus call me Uncl' Tom) 'I wouldn't min' dyin' much. Jes' think, you're gone in a jiffy; it don' hurt you 'tall. All I'd hev to do wud be to shoot myself, an' thin there'd be no more Jimmie.' Thin he'd take up a li'l gun he hed an' 'ud skear the life outen me sometimes. I wuz allus afeard thet he 'ud kill himself, so I kep' his gun part o' the time.

"Wall, he wint on this way fur a good while, makin' me luv him more an' more ev'ry day, afeard fur his life the hull time an' tryin' to make him quit his pranks. We wuz walkin' hum one day whin all uv a sudden a hoss cum tearin' down the street wid a young liddy sittin' in the keerage pale as death. 'Fore I cud hold that 'er boy, he wuz outen' the street 'nfront o' thet horse, an twarn't more than a secon' fore he wuz hangin' on to the reins. The hoss carried him 'bout fifty yards, but Jimmie stopped him at last! By the time I got there all skeared stiff, Jimmie wuz standin' up laughin' an' brushin' the dust offen his clothes. The young liddy jumped right outen' the buggy as soon as she got over her skear, an' threw her arms right 'roun Jimmie's neck. I don' blame her though, cause he hed sech purty hair an' eyes, an' he wuz standin' there smillin' 'sif nuthin 'tall hed happ'nd. Purty soon the gurl's father came up, an' he jest wud have Jimmie go hum wid him. Jimmie didn't wanter go 'tfirst; but fin'ly he give in, an' got in the big otto standing by the road. He didn't hev on nuthin' 'ceptin his old wurkin' ov'ralls, but he looked jest as good to me as the old man wid all his fine clothes.

"Wall, Jimmie cum back to his wurk nex' day all smilin' an' started on his job again. Durin' wurk an' at meal time, he told me all 'bout whut happ'nd 'round Mr. Trevvis' house; how he'd

sung his li'l Scotch songs to thim an' how they'd liked them. Mr. Trevvis wanted to gi' him some munny but he wudn't take it. He'd orter' known thet a boy like Jimmie warn't goin' take his munny. Ennyway, Jimmie kep' goin' 'roun to see the Trevvis's, an' now an' then they'd cum by an' take him out otto ridin'. They took me along onct; but I nuvver wan' to go agin'. I wuz skeared stiff the hull time. I'd lots ruther die by fallin' offen' a twent'th story than gittin' my neck broke in one o' thim contraptions. Jimmie liked thim, though, an' he cud a set an' talked to thet gurl the hull day, I believe."

Once more Old Tom stopped, this time to change the position of his wicker chair. The group of men in the corner had not moved since the story began, and now their intent faces bade the story go on.

" 'Twarnt long," the old fellow continued, 'before Jimmie fell in luv with thet gurl. Fur a long time, he wudn't say nuthin 'bout it to me, but I cud see the change cumin' over him. Fin'ly one ev'nin' he told me all 'bout it, an' all 'bout how much he luvved her. I'd bin 'spectin' it all 'long, an' I felt mighty sorry fur the boy, fur he hadn't no hope o' iver marryin' her. He nuvver told her 'bout it; he jest luvved her, thet's all. Now an' thin he'd save up 'nuff munny to sen' her some flowers, an' she'd allus thank him kindly fur thim. She seemed to like him purty well; he wuz so han'sum an' smilin' thet she cudn't help it. I'd 'uv married him; but I don' 'spose thet she 'uvver thought 'uv thet. She wuz the bes' kind o' people, an' he wan't nuthin' 'cept a Scotch im'grant.

"Wall, I'm gittin' sorter towards the end o' my story, now. We wuz puttin' the finishin' touches on our year's wurk, an' it wuz gittin' sorter cold. Jimmie wuz gittin' kinder sad o' late; 'twould soon be the end o' this job, an' thin he'd hev to shif' 'roun fur ernuther 'un, maybe not ennywhere near New York an' his lassie, as he used to call her. Our wurk wuz on the outer edge of New York over t'wards the Hudson, an' as it grew dark purty soon them days, we hed a right bad walk hum. I allus walked wid Jimmie to a big foundry, an' then he wen't t'wards the river an' I on over towards Harlem. One evnin' t'wards the en' o' November, we parted there, an' I had

gone a purty good piece down the road. All uv a sudden I heerd a pistol shot over t'wards the foundry. Bein's thet wuz the way thet Jimmie went, I beat it back's quick as pos'ble an' ran down the bank near the foundry. Jimmie, wuz there 'fore me, layin' on the groun' an' cryin' 's if his heart ud break. Near him wid a bullet hole plumb through his head wuz Mr. Trevvis. Whin Jimmie saw me, he wiped outen' his eye an' said as firm as he cud, 'I dun it' Uncl' Tom, I didn't now who 'twas; I wanted his munny.'

"Wall, I wudn't bin more s'prised ef you'd hit me in the head wid a hammer. Jimmie McFearson kill a man, an' fur his munny! I thought 'tfirst I must be dreamin' an'wiped outen' my eye. Still there wuz Jimmie all cryin', an' there wuz Mr. Trevvis in a li'l pool o' blood. I felt kinder funny all over; furst I'd look at Jimmie, then at Mr. Trevvis. I'd close my eyes, an' thin open them agin; still they wuz there.

" 'Tween us we got Mr. Trevvis hum—I dunno how we dun it. The off'cers cum 'long wid us there an' hus'led Jimmie an' me off to jail. Jimmie cleared me right away, an' put the hull blame on hisself. They let me go hum, but they locked him up. Nex' day I saw Jimmie's name on the furst page o' the paper an' all 'bout how he killed Trevvis. Furder down it said suthin' 'bout Trevvis failin' in bizness the day 'fore, an' how hard this dubble misfortin wud be fur the family to bear. Ev'rything wuz fur Trevvis an' agin Jimmie. But, how cud 'tbe 'totherwise;—he kep' sayin' thet he hed done it."

A tear glistened in Old Tom's eye, and for a few moments he stopped speaking; however, as no one offered any comment, he continued.

"So the only thing to be done wuz to convict Jimmie. He went to the chair smilin', an' honest, I knew as well as I knew my name thet he warn't guilty. He told me good-bye, said suthin' 'bout seein' me agin'; I wuz cryin', so I cudn't tell whut he wuz sayin'. Thin he wint through the li'l door; an' in less than a minit the lights grew dim, thin strong agin. I knew thet they wuz usin' the curr'nt to sen' Jimmie to Heav'n."

A hush fell over the little audience, and not a sound was heard as Old Tom reached in his coat pocket for his bill—folder. Slowly he drew it out and took from one of its numer-

ous pockets a scrap of soiled paper. He unfolded this an' looked at it for a short time before he spoke again.

"I foun' this paper in my coat after I came hum thet evenin'. Jimmie must've slipped ut in my pcket as he told me good-bye. It wuz dark in the hall, an' he cud uv done it easy. I knew there wuz boun' to be suthin' like this, I didn't know 'zactly whut it wud be. He says, 'I, here, Tim, read this, I can't."

Old Tom was on the verge of crying as he passed the paper over to Beckwith. The latter read the following note, his voice filled with awe:

"Uncle Tom: I didn't kill Mr. Trevvis; he killed himself. Don't tell the lassie. Good-bye.

JIMMIE."

A murmur ran around the whole crowd; but as Old Tom began speaking again, everything became quiet.

"He must a' thought an' wurked mighty fast to git thet cartridge outen' Trevvis's gun an' into hisn', cause it didn't take very long fur me to git there. Whut he dun wid the udder gun, I dunno. He cudn't see but one way o' savin' Miss Trevvis frum shame. I've nuvver told her, an' nuvver will. He didn't tell the truth 'bout it, but he's in Heav'n if ennybody is."

The old man got up from his chair slowly, reclaimed his little note, and turned to his dog, who had been snoozing on the outskirts of the crowd during the whole recital.

"Here, Jimmie, its time me an' you wuz hum wid them cows. Cum 'long now."

MODERNIZED LATIN

Professor Gill.—Mr. Newman, give me the principal parts of an irregular verb.

Newman.—Yes, sir, yes, sir—tango, tangere, terkie, trotum.

Ballade of Smiles

(Being a Complaint of His Lady)

N. I. WHITE

Prince Paris won a splendid smile
From Lady Helen oft, I ween;
Mad Antony could eke beguile
The lyric laughter from a queen.
Full many ladies have there been
Would smile on men *par charitie:*
Alas, for joys we may not win—
My Lady will not smile for me!

Grim Pluto, even, after while,
Might win a smile from Proserpine,
And Venus, in a sylvan aisle,
Might charm Adonis with her mien.
Calypso, with a smile serene,
Might waft Ulysses over sea:
Alas, for Paradise unseen—
My Lady will not smile for me!

Shalotts lone Lady, on her isle,
Might smile within her mirror's sheen;
Thus Eleanor might reconcile
Her lord, the King, from savage spleen,
And Rosamund, in bowers green,
Might smile upon her lovers knee:
Alas, for fickleness trrene—
My Lady will not smile for me!

L'ENVOI.

Have out thy arrows! Intervene,
Dan Cupidus, I plain to thee!
O thou who rulest Love's demesne,
My Lady will not smile for me!

The Coward

TREBOR YARRUM

Dempsey Darden was deep in a fit of sulks. With a heavy scowl wrinkling his brow and his lower lip protruding ominously, he stood on the sideline and listened to the chatter of the students congregated about him. He was in basketball suit. The talk, all of which was concerning the great game that was to take place on the following night with Brighton—the premier game of the season—concerned him not at all. He was at odds with the team, with his class-mates, and, it seemed to him, with the world.

Was he not being handed a raw deal? Had he not given every minute of his spare time to basketball practice, and had he not been given every reason by coach and captain to believe that he would make the team? Yet, here it was the season almost over, and he had not been in a single counting game. It was not fair. He had a right to expect consideration. Was this not his senior year and last year, and therefore his last chance of winning the right to wear a T? Moreover, could he not play as well as Sophomore Moseley, who had made center over him at the last minute? Well, and a sardonic grin wrinkled his face—Moseley was a member of the fraternity of which Captain Lamar was a member. That fact explained the situation.

His train of thought was interrupted.

"Just look at Moseley!" somebody at his side cried enthusiastically. "Dampf he can't beat anybody at that side-stepping dribble that ever played basket——." The remark remained unfinished. The big center had side-stepped his opponent; another man had sprung toward him. With his right hand he warded off the guard and made an overhand throw for the basket with his left. Everybody waited breathlessly for the fraction of a second. The ball described a half ellipse in mid air and descended straight for the basket. A *swish* of netting resounded as the ball dropped through the goal without touching the iron rim.

"Hurray! That's the stuff, Moseley, old boy! Keep it up, and dish out some of the same variety to old Brighton tomor-

row night." Shouts and cheers rose from all parts of the gymnasium.

Darden showed his disgust so plainly that some of the fellows round about him mentally dubbed him a sorehead.

"Nothin' but luck!" he growled. "Anybody might do that once; he wouldn't do it again in a hundred years."

The enthusiastic students were, however, too busily engaged in watching the practice to pay any attention to Darden. The referee threw up the ball between the centers. Both players jumped, exerting to the utmost every sinew of their brawny legs and arms in an effort to touch the ball. The man playing opposite Moseley was considerably heavier than the varsity center. Both men touched the ball at the same instant, and it dropped to the floor between them. Both made a dive for it. Johnson, the scrub center, touched it first and endeavored to pick it up for a dribble. Moseley interfered, and somehow or other their feet got tangled. Both fell to the floor. Johnson, who had landed on top, bounced up quickly; but the varsity center made no motion to rise. A low groan escaped his purpling lips; slowly and painfully he drew his left leg up under his chin and clasped the ankle with both hands. Players and spectators rushed to his side. His ankle was badly sprained.

Darden had seen the mix up, and indeed the first genuine smile that had lighted up his features appeared when he saw his rival go down under the bulky weight of the scrub center. He had seen Moseley fall many a time in order to make a grandstand play, and he had expected to see the lithe center spring from under his heavier opponent and get the ball before the latter had regained his feet. When he saw the blanched lips and eyes full of pain a moment later, the first thought that flashed into his mind was: "Moseley cannot play in the game tomorrow night. My chance has arrived."

Darden clenched his hands and waited. He realized, however, that it would never do to let anyone perceive his elation. With many words of solicitude he endeavored to ease the pain of his late rival, apparently forgetting that such a game as basketball existed. It was not until Captain Lamar had assigned several students to carry Moseley to his room and had tapped

Darden on the shoulder that the latter appeared to remember the significance of the accident.

"Its up to you, now, Darden." Lamar was speaking seriously.

"Winslow, Brighton's center, is six feet four and can jump like a rabbit. He's practically all the team this year. He got fourteen goals on Sadler, of Tartmouth, last Monday night and eleven on Reynolds, of Hampton. I suppose you know the signals?"

For a long half-hour the practice was kept up. At the end, Darden could hardly stand on his feet. He could not realize that his wind was so short. True, he hadn't been keeping in training to any extent since it had become evident to him that he wasn't going to be given a chance. Who would have thought that one's wind could slip away in so short a time? Why, he was in worse shape than he had been on the first day of practice.

In response to Captain Lamar's question "How's the wind, old fellow?" he had responded with what carelessness he could assume, "Fine as silk."

"Well, eat lightly tonight and turn in early," the captain returned. "Remember you're *it* tomorrow night." And with a friendly "so long," Lamar trotted toward his own room, leaving Dempsey to make his way to his section of the building alone.

After supper a big crowd of students congregated in Dempsey's room for the purpose of discussing the coming event of so much importance.

"They tell me," remarked Jimmy Ludlow, one of the know-it-alls that infest every college community, "that this fellow Winslow is the fastest player in the country. They say he never gets less than a dozen goals in a game."

"Why should we worry?" spoke up Freddy White, Dempsey's roommate loyally, "about how many goals he's been getting? He hasn't been playing against Dempsey Darden."

"Take it from me," put in Dick Nelson convincingly, "a fellow in his first real game is going to stick a whole lot closer than one who has been playing varsity ball for a long time. I'm willing to bet that Winslow don't get any more goals on Dempsey than Dempsey will get on him. Want to take me up?"

Apparently nobody was anxious to cover the bill that Dick, always ready for a bet, was brandishing enticingly.

"You got to take into consideration Dempsey's wind," resumed Freddy. "You know he holds the record for the endurance run. Last fall none of the fellows here were in Dempsey's class when it came to holding out."

"And his eye," spoke up another of Dempsey's admirers. "Why, I have seen him make some of the fanciest shots there are."

"Dempsey ought to have been on the team all along," continued Freddy. "If it hadn't been for fraternity politics figuring so prominently in the running of affairs of this college, Dempsey would have been playing center all season."

A hush followed this bold statement. Some of the fellows in the room were fraternity men; some were not. A short time previously the two factions had almost come to open struggle. Things had been smoothed over by the faculty, and affairs were beginning to resume their normal status. Such an open statement as Freddy had made was unwise, to say the least. Desultory conversation resulted, and in a few minutes the room was cleared except for a few close personal friends of Dempsey.

"You made a big bonehead play there!" remarked Dempsey to his roommate when the last of the fraternity element had left the room. "Of course, everybody knows what you said was true, but there was no use of your rubbing it in like that."

"Say, don't you feel at all nervous!" inquired White, abruptly changing the subject. "Of course, you know how much depends upon you in this game. If you make good, you have the place cinched where even Moseley can't take it from you; but if you should let Winslow run away with you, it will mean not only that you will lose out completely but that Thornton will lose all chances for State championship."

"Oh, I'm all right," asserted Dempsey. "I just want to get a chance to show what I can do. If I don't show up a damned sight better than Moseley has done, I don't even want to be given another chance."

"Sure, he's going to make good!" emphatically stated his little roommate.

"I think I'll chase myself round the track a couple o' times

before I turn in," yawned Dempsey: "Lamar told me to turn in early. I don't see any particular use of it, but guess I'd just as well begin to take orders."

Dempsey began to undress. Freddy got out his Latin book and interlinear and began trying to work that interesting little Chinese puzzle of making Latin words fit in with English translations. The other fellows declared that they had to beat it in order to get up some lessons, and proceeded to do accordingly. A few minutes of silence, broken only by the rattle of pages as Freddy occasionally ransacked the Latin dictionary for the principal parts of a verb followed.

"Oh, hell!" burst from Dempsey.

"Wot's the matter?" inquired Freddy casually, still searching diligently for a verb.

"I ain't going to bed yet. Let's go uptown."

"Uptown?" repeated Freddy with a rising intonation on the last syllable. "Thought you said Lamar told you to turn in early," holding his finger between the pages of the dictionary and looking round at his roommate in astonishment.

"What's the use?" parried Dempsey. 'S no use beginning training now. I can't sleep if I stay here. Come on; I'll take a chase round the track when I get back."

And he proceeded to put back on the clothes he had just taken off.

The two friends were esconsed in a dimly-lighted picture theater. Off went the lights and the following legend flashed upon the screen—"The Terror of Fear."

"Huh! That's a funny subject," remarked Freddy to his friend. "Can any one be afraid of fear? That's a funny idea."

"Shut up," politely rejoined his companion. "I came in here to see the pictures; not to hear your melodious accents."

The plot of the picture play was an unusual one. A strong man on the eve of a great crisis which was to make or mar his whole life ran across an old Hindu legend which ran to the effect that the fear of fear is the most subtle form of cowardice. He laughed at the idea; but the import of it clung in the recesses of his brain, and over and over he asked himself if it was possible for him to be afraid of fear. Before he knew it, he was a cringing coward, trembling at the least sound. In

the final scene he had become a raving maniac, and the picture closed with the man springing into a great abyss, fleeing from fear. It was a wild, fantastic conception, and the vividness and realism with which it was portrayed caused the audience to hold its breath while the machine reeled out the denouement.

That night after Dempsey had gone to bed, he tossed to and fro. He could not sleep. Thousands and thousands of basketballs floated round about him every time he closed his eyes. Winslow, in the form of a gigantic monster, dribbled a ball tantalizingly round him and dodged every effort he made to block him. And the monster grinned with devilish glee at his futile efforts to guard him.

Dempsey got up, turned on the lights and got out a book of poetry. Over and over he read a single poem, and still he did not realize that he had read it at all. With a restless movement he flung the book into the corner, grabbed his bathrobe, which he flung round his shoulders, and went for a drink of water. He only now realized that he was thirsty. Cup after cup of water he drank, and still his thirst was not quenched. He went to a window and looked out. The moon was shining brightly, and the whole outside seemed bathed in a softly shimmering glow of light. A cricket chirped shrilly. Dempsey started as if some one had shouted. He resolved to run round the track again in the hope of losing his restlessness. Going softly back to his room, he found his track shoes and put them on. He started violently, and glanced anxiously round.

It was only Freddy mumbling in his sleep. Slowly he crept from the room. The door slammed behind him; Dempsey jumped, then smiled at his nervousness. Round the track he sped, his heart keeping time with the motion of his legs. At the appearance of each bush or tree, something seemed to rise up through his sinews and being that almost stifled him. Once a black streak darted across his path. His mouth flew open, and his breath clogged in his throat, while his hair seemed to stiffen and rise upright. It was only a cat, and he realized it in a second; still, his heart, released from the suspended animation, rapped away like a trip hammer in his bosom. "Afraid of fear," the words rang continually in his subconscious brain, and the vision of the madman springing into the yawning

abyss rose before him. Yet, what did that have to do with him? What did he have to be afraid of? Why should he even fear Fear? The answer came instantly. He was not in training. Already he was splurging and gasping, and he had run round the track only once. His wind was gone. How then was he going to come up to the expectations of his college in the game tomorrow night? The fall would be great—not only a personal downfall, but the downfall of his college as well. Oh! if Moseley only hadn't got hurt. But it was too late to think of that. *His,* Dempsey's, time had come. He must show what he had. If he failed to make good, he would be shown up as a braggart.

When he reached his room, he was breathing heavily; sweat was pouring from his forehead; and his hair was wet. He went to the toilet room and drank water till it seemed that he could hold no more. Still he remained thirsty. Back in his room, he looked at his bed and turned away in repulsion. He could not go to bed again. It was of on use; he could not go to sleep. He sank into a chair by the table and buried his head in his arms. He sobbed aloud; yet he did not know it.

Freddy stirred in his bed, and awoke. Uncomprehendingly, he gazed at the figure sitting so despondently by the table. Slipping quietly from between the sheets, he tipped up behind Dempsey and placed his hands upon his roommate's shoulder.

Dempsey started up violently; when he recognized Freddy, he subsided limply.

"I can't do it; I can't," he burst out pitifully.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded his roommate in alarm. "Why aren't you asleep?"

"I can't sleep; there's no use in trying," was the despondent answer.

"But you must sleep!' rejoined his comrade energetically. "How can you play tomorrow night without having slept?"

Freddy was half asleep when he first got up, and had not caught the signficance of Dempsey's first words to him. As Freddy continued to urge his friend to go to bed, Dempsey did not have the courage to confess the thoughts that he had been harboring.

All night long he tumbled; fitful snatches of sleep were all that would come to him, and they were filled with the most diabolical of visions and dreams. He awoke from a fitful doze with the dawn. He could stand it no longer. Covertly he dressed, packed up a few of his belongings, and sneaked from the room.

Several hours later when Freddy awoke, he was surprised to find that Dempsey had already risen. As a usual thing, the younger of the two had to awake his roommate.

"Guess the excitement's getting into his bones," thought Freddy. "Gee: he must be rattled already. Well, I'll bet he didn't sleep much last night."

At breakfast, Demsey failed to show up. Freddy began to feel uneasy. On the way back from breakfast, he asked everybody he met if he'd seen Dempsey; but nobody had seen him. Freddy went back to his room, throughly disturbed, to get some some books for class work. There on his table was a note addressed to him in Dempsey's scrawling hand, and it seemed that the letters were more sprawling than ever.

Slowly opening it, he read:

"Dear Kid, I can't face the music. I'm not in condition; my wind is gone. Tell them anything you please. I guess there's a wide streak of yellow in my make-up. I can't help it.

Good-bye."

The note dropped from the boy's nerveless fingers and fell to the floor. Stooping swiftly, he picked it up and tore it into bits.

That morning it was announced in chapel that Dempsey Darden had been called home by an urgent telegram stating the serious illness of his mother.

Brighton won the game that night; Thornton rooters deplored the fact that Dempsey Darden was unable to be there. Had he been, they consoled themselves, a different tale would have been told.

Paradise

"Paradise is under the shadow of swords."—MAHOMET.

H. E. SPENCE

"Oh tell us where is Paradise,"
They asked their chieftain bold.
"Lies it beyond the starry skies?
We long to come to Paradise
And see its gate unfold."
Their chieftain spoke one warning word:
" 'Tis 'neath the shadow of the sword."

"Nay tell me not that Paradise
Lies 'neath the sword's dark shade,"
A youthful soldier bold replies,
" 'Tis found within the beaming eyes—
A place more fair than Paradise —
Of my beloved maid."
His chief said: "Not with thine adored,
But 'neath the shadow of the sword."

"I go in search of Paradise,"
The youthful gallant said;
Across the desert plain he hies
To where asleep his lady lies,
Ah! there, he thinks, is Paradise,
Beside his lady's bed:
'Tis there the sweets of heaven are poured,
Not 'neath the shadow of the sword.

'Twas Hell he found, not Paradise,
This youthful gallant bold,
A false light lit his lady's eyes,
For strangers crafty means devise
To blight the joys of Paradise,
She gave herself for gold;
"No peace," said he, "can be restored,
Save in the shadow of the sword."

He sought his chieftain's Paradise
Within the bloody fray,
Within his bosom vengeance lies,
He finds it joy of Paradise
His grudge of hate to pay;
They meet, they die, and joy's restored
Beneath the shadow of the sword.

Recollections

M. B. Andrews

I used to have a simple faith in God:
No doubts arose to agitate my mind
And soul; my tender little childish heart
Would oft respond with strange delight to songs
And prayers, and words of love my mother spake.
I used to sit upon the porch with her,
Before the going-down of sun each day,
And wait with anxious care till father came
With brothers three from out the fields of corn
And cotton green. She never failed to sing
Some dear old song to me. And well do I
Remember now, as once she sang, her face
Began to glow with rays of hope and love;
Her large blue eyes began to moisten; tears,
Like April dew-drops bright, began to roll
Adown her glowing cheeks. She placed her arms
About my slender form and drew me close
To her; and as she kissed my freckled cheeks
And whispered thoughts of love, my childish heart,
In rapture deep, cried out for God—and God
To me was everywhere.
But now, O what
A change. A dozen years or more have come
And gone since mother passed away; and, too,

My youthfulness has fled. My older heart
Is beating slower now, and doubts and fears
Arise that crush my very soul. Ah, who
Am I? and God? and where? Have I a soul—
A soul that cannot die? The master men
Of science cannot answer me; the laws
That they have found all seem to say
That, after all, when death shall come to claim
This mortal flesh and blood, the whole of life
Is done: the soul is not; there is no soul.
And then my heart grows cold as frozen stone;
I mourn that ever life was breathed into
This frame of mine—I mourn in agony.

With feelings thus and doubts that weigh me down,
I wander lone beside a silver rippling brook.
The shades are cool, and I sit down upon
A turf of velvet mosses fresh and green,
To ask again the questions I so oft
Have asked in vain before. The waters pass
And murmur like a babe; the waiving corn
Beyond the little stream is full of life;
Into my throbbing ears the mating thrush
Pours forth her sweet and cheerful song of spring.

My mind and soul forget their troubled state,
And quickly wander back to pleasant scenes
That long have ceased to be. Again I hear—
Or seem to hear—my mother's precious voice,
And see the crystal tear-drops coursing down
Her cheeks. I feel her arms about my form;
My heart grows young again; my soul cries out
For God—and God to me is everywhere!

The Early German Drama

S. L. Gulledge

In reading and studying the great masterpieces of German literature which have been produced during the last three centuries, one is led to think of the ways and conditions under which the foundation for this great volume of dramatic writing was laid. As is the case with everything, the beginning was crude and inconspicuous, but in the early centuries there can be seen faint traces and indications of the great things which were to follow.

Very little is known of the beginning of the German drama; in fact, up until the tenth century there is no evidence of any drama at all. It was about the year 1050 that Hroswitha, a monk from the Abbey of Gaudershein, first made his appearance and began to translate and adapt Latin plays for performance in the monastery. This acting was more like the reading of a play, in which as many took part as there were characters in the play, than the presentation of a play in the modern sense.

This acting of plays in the houses dedicated to the worship of God soon led to plays being acted in the churches; however the themes were different. The first subject to be used in a church was the story of the Wise and Foolish Virgins. The Wise Virgins were seen to appear and be received gladly by the lord of the house, but the Foolish Virgins, thinking that some other time was just as good, did not come till it was too late. The door was closed on them and they were never allowed to enter the chamber of the lord. From this humble beginning the religious drama advanced until it included many of the stories of the Old Testament and church legends among its themes. Such stories as Joseph in Egypt, the Judgment of Solomon, the trials of Job, and the fall of Adam and Eve were very popular during this period. Here the German drama really begins. The priests realized the fact that a much deeper impression was produced when the Bible was presented in the form of dialogue than was made by a discourse; hence, they did all that was in their power to develop and encourage the acting of religious plays in their churches.

In the Catholic Church there are many special festivals and feast days, and on these special occasions in medævial times, plays were always given. This gave rise to the familiar Christmas, Easter, and Passion plays, in which the birth, death, and resurrection of Christ were represented. It had been the custom for the priest to read the Bible to the congregation—on these special occasions, and now just as many took part in the reading as there were characters in the story. Especially was this true of the Passion-play. All during Passion-week, the stories of the suffering of Christ were read: this gave way to the plays on the same subject. These plays were drawn out to great lengths, in fact, at times the acting of one of the Passion-plays would cover a period of three or four days. The Passion-play which is performed by the citizens in Oberamergau in Bavaria each ten years is only a relic of these ancient plays.

The stages, erected in the cathedrals, upon which these plays were acted? were very crude. They consisted of rough platforms, three stories in height, which represented Heaven, Earth, and Hell. Ladders led up and down, and the spectators could see the saints being carried to Heaven right before their eyes. The play which dealt with the story of Lazarus and Dives was unusually well adapted to this kind of a stage. The characters all stayed on the stage; when their turn to act came, they would advance to the center of the stage. In order to avoid any mistake, each character would announce himself when he came forward. The stage was laid out to represent a city, a state, or even an empire, and when a character would cross the stage, that might mean that he had gone into a foreign country, or that he had gone into another part of the town. Whole centuries also might elapse during a play, without even a change of scene.

As the drama became more and more popular, people began to attend plays more for amusement than for instruction and religious edification. So naturally there came to be inserted into the religious drama many crude and rough jokes, which, to say the least, were not suited for church worship. Judas became the most popular comic character; he was often shown weighing piece by piece the blood money. "The race of Peter and John to the grave was also treated in a humorous spirit, and the later

religious plays were generally full of coarse fun like this." The devil became also a very comic character; he was noted for his cunning dialogue and witty sayings. This sacreligious placing together of profane and holy things was defended by the clergy and others on the grounds that it broke the monotony which resulted from reading and rereading the scriptures without any change in form or thought.

About the middle of the fifteenth century, there came to the front two writers, Hans Rosenblut and Hans Folz, who wrote a kind of secular drama which took of the baser characters of the religious drama, to which were added yet other coarse parts. The most important of these plays were the Carnival plays, which were acted on Shrove Tuesday, the day before the beginning of Lent. They were, as a rule, satiric and dealt with such themes as clownish peasants, quarrelsome wives, quack-doctors, beggars, and monks. The only advancement over the religious drama that can be noticed here is that these two men gave something of a plot to their plays. To the end, though, these plays continued to be very crude, and they usually ended with an apology something like this:

"If aught offend you in our rhyme,
Remember 'tis a merry time,
And Lent is quickly coming on
When all our frolics will be done."

During the latter part of the fifteenth century, there arose yet another kind of play known as the 'School-comedy." It had its origin in the acting of classic plays by the students; but soon both students and teachers began writing plays for representation in the schools and universities. They used as their models the plays of Terence and other classic writers, and their plays were always written in Latin. Reuchlieu may be considered as the founder of this type of play. He came to Heidelberg as professor in 1497, and there erected in one of the homes a stage which began the movement for the drama in the schools. These "School-comedies" became very popular, so much so that early in the sixteenth century, the existence of a widely known stage at a school was the chief means of attracting students.

Alongside of this schools drama, there grew up yet another type of comedy known as "People's-comedy" in which the common people were the actors and in which the simple life was represented. These plays were given in some open place in the country or some small village on the occasion of a country fair or local gathering. It is interesting to note here that this was the first kind of drama of any importance which was written in German. Before this time, the religious and school dramas has been written in Latin, the language of the educated class of the time.

This in brief is the outline of the German drama from its beginning until the dawn of Reformation which swept all Europe, producing its mighty change on the established institutions and customs of the period.

PHILOSOPHICAL DISTINCTION

Witty Freshman.—What's the difference between a glass of Coca-cola and a certain Professor?

Philosophical Junior.—Well, the Coca-cola rouses you, while the Professor drowsies you!

SIMPLY A PERSONAL MATTER

First Freshman.—Did you see the editorial in the Chronicle concerning the Co-Eds?

Second Freshman.—Yes; I wonder who it was stung 'im?

Problem: If *slats* weigh 10 lbs. per dozen, how much would Holloway?

Will some physicist please explain why it is that in Trinity College we have Brown, Green, and White, but still only one *Culler?*

Uncle Tom's Tale

Ernest S. Savage

"'Scuse me, Boss, but you show did scare me wid all dem unifom clothes on."

"Scare you? Why, do I look that peculiar, Uncle Tom?"

"O no, suh, 'cept I's always been kinder scared when I see a pusson dressed like dat, eber since de war. It puts me in mind ob Miss Jennie."

"Miss Jennie—what about her?"

"Good Lawd, boss, aint you neber hearn 'bout ole Missus' little gal what dem Yankees shot?"

"Why, certainly not, Uncle Tom; you know I've been too busy to fool with such things."

"To fool 'wid such things! Ya, dat's de way wid you young folks dese days. You go off to yer college an' study 'bout dem ole things what did hap'en way back yonder 'fo Moses got hung up in de bullrushes, an' you go 'bout here wid yuh fine clothes on, an' yuh head sot up in de air jes' like you does know it all, an' den when a body axes you 'bout som'p'en right here at yuh doah, you 'pears like you don't know nutten t'all. I didn't know der wuz nobody what didn't know 'bout meh little Miss Jennie."

"Well, suh, hit wuz like dis: You see dat pile ob rocks ober yonder on to'ther side de road? Dat's all dat is left ob meh ole Marster's purty home. Hit t'was built ob logs hune smoove an' den painted white. Large white post s'ported de roof of de long porch in front. De inside looked jes' like King Solomon's house; an' back ob de house wuz a long row ob houses fur de niggers, what plowed dem fields whar all dem bushes ober dar is.

"Ole Marse John, an' Missus, an' Miss Jenny, an' us all lib'd dar, suh, jes' as happy as could be. Nobody eber cum dar an ax to stay all night but what we treated him jes like home-folks. Many times hab I hearn shouts ob laughter ob de boys and gals from de country fur miles er'round, as dey danced dem ole time dances to de chune ob a fiddle an' banjo. Dem wuz happy times, boss.

"Miss Jenny wuz always sicher purty girl; her voice wuz sweeter dan de rippling ob de branch ober yonder at de foot ob de hill, an' she had sich sweet ways, suh, we all did lub her. Ole Massa an' us all spent lots ob money sending her off to school. An', suh, I heah dem young folks sey de boys wuz all crazy 'bout her.

"Once dere stopped hyar er young man from Virginia. He wuz a han'som' feller, an' his manners showed dat he nuver come from non' of yo' po' white trash nuther. He staid fer a long time an' in de evenin' when de moon wuz jes rising over dat yonder hill I could see him an' Miss Jenny walkin' thro de flowers jes ez slo', an' wid der heads right clos' together talkin' kinder soft like. Once I seed 'em go in Miss Jenny's bow'ry, an' deh set down right close by one 'nother an' he tek her han' an' slip somp'en on her finger an' den kiss hit two or three times. Next day he left an' I caught Miss Jenny a cryin'. I went an' fetched her som' big apples an' made Chloie cook her somp'en good for dinner.

"Not long arfter a Yankee man stopped hyar. He, too, wuz young an' han'som', but somehow I nuver liked dat look he had in his eye. He stayed a long time, an' Miss Jenny seemed to like him 'bout as well ez de tother one. But when he left, I didn't bring Miss Jenny no big apples, 'cause I didn' think she ought to be projectin' so wid de men.

"Fer many months after dat Miss Jenny would git letters every week, an' sometime she would tek 'em out to her little bow'ry an' read 'em an' fold 'em over her heart. But sometime she would look troubled an' go runnin' in de house.

"Dese men come to see her a lot, but one time deh bof come at de same time, an' when dey met, I could see de devil in dat Yankee's eye. Next day I could heah dem talking loud in de hous' an' I hud de Virginian seh: 'It is left fer you to 'cide 'twix us.'

"Den Miss Jenny sed, 'each of you go back to yo' homes. I will decide arfter you are gone an' notify de one I chuse.'

"So deh left, one gwine to de Norf and one to'ds de South. When deh hed been gon' fer a few hours, I seed dat Yankee comin' back. He rid up to de gate, got down from off his hoss, an' rushed in de hous'. I heah him beg Miss Jenny to be his

wife an' make him happy. He sounded jes like somebody what done killed a man beg'in' de judge fer his life. He wud drop down on his knees, but Miss Jenny would make him git up. She listen' to him till he wuz thro wid his tale; den she show'd him a letter what she had writ to him tellin' him to come back an' take her wid him.

" 'But now', sed she, wid her head set way up in de air looken' so defiant like, 'since you have sought to tek 'vantage of yo' rival, I will tear de letter to pieces, an' you mus' pass out of dat door and nuver darken it again'.

"I seed his face change color, his eyes begin to show de white. He sed to Miss Jenny, 'I'll follow dat damn Virginian an' kill him.' An' when he went out to de doah, he sed som'en 'bout repenting when I come back or face yo' Maker.

"In a week or so de Virginian come back. We had a big weddin'; an' when it twuz over, we had a dance, de grandest ob dem all. Miss Jenny looked jes like one ob dem angels what parson John done tell us' bout last Sunday, as she glided over dat flo' all dressed in her white wedden' gown.

"One day not long after I heah Ole Massa talkin' to Marse George—fer dat wuz de name ob de Virginian—'bout war. Next day Marse George come out of de house wid a gray uniform on, an' he rode off on ole Massa's best hoss.

"A lutle while later I seed a whole lot of men come chargin' up de road. Leadin' dese men wuz dat Yankee what Miss Jenny hed sent away. Dey stopped in front ob de house, an he jumped off of de hoss an' com' runin' in de house. I heah him say to Miss Jenny, 'I have fulfilled my promise. There is one damn Rebel less in dis world. Yo' fair Virginian lies dead down de road yonder, an' if you don't agree to marry me at once, my men shall shoot you like a dog.' He called his men an' dey drug her an' po' ole Massa out in de yard. It almost broke my heart to heah dat ole man, whose hair wuz jes ez white as snow, beg for mercy. But, seh, I felt proud when I heah Miss Jenny seh: 'Let de coward do his fiendish work, father; he can kill me, but I will neber marry a brute. I will soon be wid de man I lub!'

"Agin ole Massa begged for mercy, but dat Yankee laughed right in his face, and called foth a band of his men. He stood

ole Marse an' Miss Jenny up agin de house, an' ordered his men to shoot 'em.

"Oh,' Boss, Miss Jenny show did look grand standin' thar wid de red light of de settin' sun shinin' on her clar-cut, defiant features, wid her left han' over her heart an' her right one lifted to'ds de sky. Jes ez dem guns fired I heah her say, 'It is all finished.'

"De Yankee set de house on fire, drove de niggers an' hosses out in de woods an' rode away."

"Thomas Jefferson, you better come on heh, nigger, an' git yo' supper."

"Well, good day, boss, de ole 'oman is callen' me."

Ode to Trinity

(Tune: America).

Our hearts o'erflow for thee,
Our noble Trinity,
So fair and true;
In vigor of thy youth,
Though now in age forsooth,
Thou yieldest forth the truth,
That e'er is due.

Thou guide of noble life,
In sore, uncertain strife,
Our strength and stay;
Thou standest for the right,
In all the darkening night,
And risest o'er the height,
In fair array!

Thy struggles once were great,
And long mid doubtful fate,
In darkest day;
A Craven was thy guide;
A Kilgo then thy pride;
Now friends for thee provide
A brighter way.

May grander fate await
Our Alma Mater great,
In coming time;
Bear on thy banner true,
And every ill eschew,
Mid honor that is due,
To heights sublime!

We hail thee, fairest one,
For work so nobly done,
Our joy and pride;
Fill thou a greater field,
And cause a richer yield,
From errant notions shield,
And be our guide.

JAMES MONROE DOWNUM,

Boon, N. C.

The Counting Quality

F. F. THOMPSON.

It was one of those rare days in April when it seemed good to be alone. At least that is the way Mr. Hartford B. Hayes felt as he spun along in his new Hudson Six on the smooth highway that leads from the bustling little city of Burlington, South Carolina. The cool air brushed his face in a most pleasing way. Besides, the bewitching young thing by his side was more attractive today than ever. He felt as though a *coup d' état* by Napoleon was nothing in comparison with what he had put over his old rival in getting a new car.

"How do you like it, Miss Merton?" he asked with a self-satisfied smirk.

Oh! it is simply grand, Mr. Hayes," she replied with a rippling little laugh.

He had been going with her almost two years now, but she never had called him "Hartie" as the other girls did, and she never had let him call her Catherine. He didn't like it much; but perhaps that was the reason why he liked *her* so well. She was always so informally formal, and so tantalizingly attractive with him. He had often wondered how she treated Carl Manderson. Today, however, he didn't care. He had her all to himself.

"I had to beg Dad a long time before he gave it to me," he confided. "He wanted me to go to work in the store, but that is not like being with the boys, you know. I don't want to go to work yet."

"Seems as if you would want to do something after finishing college. You graduated nearly a year ago " she commented.

"Yes, I know. I'll start some of these days, but—"

"But Mr. Hayes," she interrupted, "you have such a fine old father, it seems as if you would want to go into business with him, and help some."

"Oh, the Governor's got plenty of money for both of us for awhile."

"Yes, I know," she replied, a peculiar little smile playing on her lips. "By the way, are you going to the Dillington's party next week?" and as the talk drifted on, twilight came before they returned to the city.

A few days later, Carl Manderson, cashier of the Merton National Bank, was sitting in the corner drug store near his boarding house waiting for an uptown car. Presently Hayes drove up in his machine, and came in for a drink. Perhaps Carl was envious of him. Anyway, he would like to own a car like that. He would jump in now and take a spin uptown, instead of waiting for that abominably slow street car. He could also take Catherine for frequent spins, and that is what he would like best of all.

He was cashier in her father's bank, and she had always treated him as a good friend, but that was not the question. Her blue eyes, and graceful, slender figure had entirely captivated him, but he was not rich and had not had the courage to tell her of his love. He had been to see her many times; but she was always so distractingly self-possessed. He had several times detected, as he thought, a peculiar light in her eyes. But he was not sure. Perhaps it was all up with him, since Hayes had his car. He had liked to take horseback rides with her, and he believed that she had also enjoyed their rides together. At least, she had always appeared to.

"Oh! I wish I had a square chance to show that rich guy up," he muttered. "He is not all that he is cracked up to be."

Hayes left the fountain and started up the street an instant before a commotion was heard on the outside. Carl stepped over to the door to see what iit was all about. The sight that he saw almost chilled the blood in his veins. Hartie, wringing his hands in despair, jumped from the middle of the street as a girl on horseback dashed madly past. Carl recognized the trim figure instantly as Catherine on her father's new spirited black. Every one could see from her pale, set face that she had lost control; and Hayes, the only man who had had a chance to do anything, had leaped out of the way.

What was he going to do? What could he do? Plans, impossible of execution, were formulated and discarded until the sound of the softly purring motor in Hayes' car reached his ear. A wild idea immediately flashed thru his head and he jumped into the car without further thought. Could he catch her? He would see. With a quick movement, he fed gasolene to the motor and threw the car into high gear without wait-

ing for it to gain momentum. With a jerk that partially raised the car from the ground, he was speeding down the Lake road, which stretched out before him in a straight line for two or three miles. The horse was half a mile away and appeared to be gaining. With quick resolve, he opened wide the throttle and shot ahead at greatly increased speed. The car rocked from one side of the road to the other, but he was gaining now. The horse could not last like that always, and besides the speedometer registered 55 miles an hour. Houses flashed past in a blurr, and he gained rapidly now. Soon he would be up with her,—he was almost up now,— but what was he going to do? Whatever it was had to be done quickly, for the road curved to the left in about a quarter of a mile.

"Can you turn closer to the car?" he shouted as he came up beside her and slowed down to the speed of the horse. As she recognized him, she gave a relieved little nod and began to work the big black closer to the car. They were almost to the curve, and Carl prepared to act. He had to do something now —or never.

The horse was in reach and Carl placed his right foot out on the running board. He guided the car with his left hand and grasped the bridle with his right. He then managed to shut off the gasolene, and leaped as the car shot off into the woods. The horse rounded the curve without perceptibly diminishing his speed, but an instant later he began to plunge slightly, lost step, and all-a-tremble came to a standstill with a human weight dangling from his bridle.

Carl, strong man that he was, was nearly exhausted, and dropped to the ground just in time to support Catherine as she slid from the horse.

"Are you hurt?" he asked anxiously. "Oh, I hope you arenot."

"No, I am not hurt. Thanks to you," she replied with a little twitch in her voice, "but I am terribly frightened. Oh! how can I ever repay you Carl? That was awfully brave."

What happened next can best be left to the imagination of the reader. Suffice is to say that Hayes and his automobile did not figure prominently in Catherine's future, while Carl— but, there, you've guessed it! Carl got what every proper kind of hero always gets—the prize of his heart's desire.

The Country Boy

A. S. BAUGH.

Everything seems mysterious to the superstitious, twelve-year-old country boy, who has the ignorant negroes of the farm for his sole companions and playmates. The refreshing breezes that delight him so in the heat of the day fill him full of fear at night as they make the pines and oaks murmur and groan. The musical sound of trickling brooklets that naturally lull one to sleep turn to hisses of witches and warlocks that prowl about in the night. The weird hoot of the owl as he calls to his mate from his lonely perch in some dead tree, and the moving shadows of leafy boughs as they sway to and fro in the shimmering moonlight cast a ghostly gloom over darkness. Still darkness *is* horrible. Every pulsation of the heart roars like thunder; each breath is a gasp; every nerve tinges with a quiver. The hideous shriek of the peafowl peals out in the mellow night air to strike the key-stone of the black aerial arch;—it clashes and crumbles at the sound and hurls a trembling heart into chaos.

So long as the sun is shining, the country boy is fearless. All day he runs wild over fields and meadows, riding calves and billy-goats, hunting for snakes and all kinds of vermin. He risks his life for a bird-egg; he carries worms, snails, bugs, frogs, and crawfish in every pocket, and delights in torturing cats and strange dogs in every way to make them fight. But when dark comes, he shuns every shadow, tries to whistle away his fears, and takes to his heels at the least sound of rattling reeds or leaves.

Such a character was Thomas Jefferson Greene.

Old "Uncle Joe" had been telling Tommy ghost stories ever since blackness first began to creep over the heavens. He had been told of headless horsemen that roam about in the night, of every place on the plantation that was haunted, and in particular of the north-west corner of his "pa's house." The frightened child had made faithful old Joe take him home in his arms, nor would he allow Joe to leave until he had been put under the protection of his tender mother. That miraculous power of protection to a son, found only in frail motherhood,

was the only comfort that could soothe poor Thomas. How it is done, let mothers tell. She had only to say, "Now, run along to bed like a man."

Shame and indignation made him swallow the lump in his throat and obey. A rebuke would never have accomplished this. But Thomas did not go skipping to his room; before he ascended the rickety ladder—like stairs that led to the garret—he hesitated more than once to catch the reassuring glance of his mother. Each pause doubled his fears, but each glance thribbled his determination. So, with this surplus of courage, if it may be called such, he went slowly up the steps. By the time he had reached the head of the stair-case he had divested himself of overalls and shirt. If he could only cross the room in safety to his bed, he could smother his imagination beneath the cover. But as he opened the door a black monster sprang from the window towards him.

The terrified child summoned all his wits to meet the emergency, and, for one of his age under such circumstances, he exercised remarkable presence of mind. He did the most reasonable thing he could have done;—he made a leap for the stair-case. Had he succeeded in accomplishing his purpose he would have hurled himself pell-mell down the steps.

But lo, in fleeing from one danger he had leaped into the embrace of another. He found himself held fast in the arms of,—"Mother," he exclaimed. Mrs. Greene had tripped noislessly up the steps behind Tommy, foreseeing the outcome. When he leaped for the stairs, he found himself entwined in the arms of his mother.

"Why, Thomas, you're not afraid?"

"Oo-Oo-Oo, Mother!—a horrible black thing,, without no arms an' feet, an' with one yellow eye right in the middle of his head jumped at me—No! No! No! don't, O please don't let's go in there; he'll eat us both alive—O, *there* he is."

His mother had carried him back in her arms to the closed door of his bedroom. On opening the door, Tommy saw the same monster spring forth from the window. The frightened child's wide-open eyes literally sparked fire. He grasped his mother frantically again.

"Why, Thomas, are you afraid of a window curtain? If you are, I will take it down."

The opening of the door had created a draft and the curtain had waved out towards the door as Tommy had entered.

Tommy only breathed a sigh of relief.

"Now, my boy, go to sleep. There are no ghosts. God is here with you when I am away; He wont let anything harm you. Are you going to bed without saying your prayers, son?"

"No-m'm," quivered Tommy, "I forgot."

He had crawled in bed and pulled the cover over his head before his mother realized that he was out of her arms. Tumbling out again, he clung to his mother's knees while he poured out his heart to his Maker; and it may be well to remark in passing that uppermost in his heart at that time was his own safety.

Mrs. Greene left the door ajar this time, knowing that the very sound of her voice would be a comfort to the child. The old clock down stairs had ticked away half an hour and Tommy was still rolling and tumbling in his bed.

His parents were asleep, his father audibly so. A thousand horrible things suggested themselves to him. How awful is silence in the night!

But what is that scratching noise down stairs? "Tip, tip, tip," across the floor: "Tiptrip, tiptrip, tiptrip," it had started up the steps. Whatever it was, it stopped every few steps to scratch and utter a weird sort of whine. Then up a few more steps it would come, repeating the same performance every few steps. When it reached the top step, it started directly for the crack of the door. Tommy was doing some rapid thinking. It would certainly see him if he stayed in bed, even though he should lie motionless. O, his heart was almost bursting his breast. He might escape notice by crawling under the bed.

Without further delay he crept out on the back side and slid down between the bed and the wall. Rolling over on his face, he buried his head in his hands like a foolish ostrich sticks his head in the hot desert sands, thinking that he cannot be seen because he cannot see himself. But alas, too late—with one spring the monster had leaped to his bedside, paused a

moment, and crawled under the bed. Tommy could feel his flesh crawl as the monster's claws scratched his arm.

In a moment of desperation he resorted to an appeal for his life:—O, Mr. Ghost, have merc—"

"R-r-r-raw" sharply interrupted the monster.

"O, Toby, I never was as glad ter see yer before in my life."

Impulsively he pressed the pup to his breast, squeezing him till he yelped; then in contrition kissed him. Still clasping the furry little creature in his arms, he crawled back in bed and pulled the cover up over himself and the pup.

THE ORIGIN OF GHOSTS

Financially embarrassed Husband.—Wife, dear, we'll just have to sell our chickens—they're eating their heads off.

Wife.—That's no reason we must sell them: children eat their heads off a half-dozen times before they are ten years old.

Innocent little Girl.—Mamma, that's where ghosts come from, aint it?

Editorial

ACCURACY—HABIT OF BEING SPECIFIC

One of the most flagrant faults of people generally and one that cannot be too strongly guarded against is that of inaccuracy. This tendency like all faults of greater and less magnitude is in reality a result of careless habit-formation. In ordinary conversation we are prone to make statements exaggerating the facts involved; if perhaps we do not really exaggerate, we often create all the same a wrong impression by making use of general instead of specific terms. We are careless; we are unconsciously inaccurate.

Now in reading this and in thinking of the widespread tendency toward exaggeration and inaccuracy, you will probably shrug your shoulders and ask yourself, "Well, what after all does it matter if we are not always specific in our terms?" On the face of the matter, we will admit that there seems to be small argument to back our assertion that we should strive always to be specific and accurate in our speech. Our ordinary conversation is hyperbolical, and everybody accepts it as such; still, we maintain that therein humanity at large is at fault. This statement may seem bold and unwarranted. Let us look further into the matter, and see how inaccurate and general statements may under certain circumstances be construed.

The recent fire that swept through the business part of this city is vividly recalled by all of us. The various newspaper acounts of the fire also are still remembered. In these newspaper accounts of the conflagration and loss of property we have vivid examples as to what lengths general statements and inaccuracy of terms may be stretched.

The news was wired out of this city that Durham was on fire; that the heart of the city was ablaze and that water could not be obtained. What was the outcome of these statements? They were construed according to the individual imaginations of newspaper men throughout the country. As a result, the

morning papers all over the country carried stories of the disaster, all of them misleading to an extent and many of them outrageously untrue. People awoke next morning all over the country to read of the calamity; people who had relatives or other interests in this city were needlessly terrified by the accounts of the fire. One Durham girl happened to be visiting in Richmond at the time. One of that city's morning sheets carried most exaggerated account of the fire and subsequent disasters. This paper went so far as to say that all the business houses of Durham were destroyed, that fire was raging through the residential section of the city with no prospects of being assuaged, and that the citizens scantily clad were congregated round the edges of the town watching the flames feed on their homes. The young lady whose home was in Durham on reading this wild, inflated tale of an unscrupulous reporter's brain was frightened almost to death and was on the verge of nervous prostration before she received a reassuring message from her parents.

Other cases of people needlessly terrified by reports founded upon mere general statements of this fire were reported.

This merely goes to prove that we have no right to make misleading statements—statements that may be variously construed—because they may serve, however remotely, as the basis of false impressions that may amount to considerable; hence, we should be chary in our everyday use of exaggerated speech, since it may lead us unconsciously into a habit of being general instead of specific, inaccurate instead of exact.

THE TEAM AND COLLEGE SPIRIT

It has become traditional in college life to talk enthusiastically about college spirit in support of college teams. We declare that we have college spirit, and we lose our tempers if anyone dares initmate that we haven't. We protest that we will give our financial and moral support to our team, whether the team be a good one or a poor one; we maintain that we will support a losing team with as good grace as we will cheer for a winning team.

We fool ourselves. It is not in keeping with human nature to be enthusiastic over a losing proposition. No matter how

much we try to inveigle ourselves into believing in college spirit in the abstract, we know well enough that college spirit rises spontaneously to the support of a winning team and that it has to be flogged to the assistance of a losing one. It is human nature to wish to excel; and neither youth nor age need seek to prove that an abstract virtue is as real under one circumstance as another.

Now, we know that we have a team this year of which we may justly be exceedingly proud. With our athletic restrictions it is marvelous that Trinity has been enabled to turn out such a superior team. None of us doubt that there is no stronger college team in the state.

It is right that we should support our team in every way; nobody doubts it. Let us prove by our actions and our words that college spirit is very much alive at Trinity; it is. No matter how good our team is, it can be encouraged and helped immeasurably by the assurance that it has at its back a student body that is going to support it through whatever may come up and a college spirit that is undauntable—a spirit that has its being in the consciousness of our team's intrinsic worth. Let the team feel your individual support and our united strength behind it. There are manifold ways in which the team may be made to feel this; by no means the least is *your* presence at every game and *your* cheering and encouragement while on the field. *Keep the spirit alive.*

WAYSIDE WARES

*SUNSHINE AND SHADOWS * OF A NURSE'S LIFE*

MONDAY

Today the sun is brightly shining.
The clouds all show a silver lining;
Hospital's full to over-flowing,
People coming—people going.
There's just a lot of work to do,
But every heart is brave and true.

TUESDAY

The morning dawned in roseate hue,
But turned to cloudy, misty blue;
The patient's dying—stand by his side,
Of thoughts keep back the seething tide.
His heart will stop and more will break;
Oh! we must save him for their sake!
With softened tread and bated breath,
We fight to conquor calm, cold death.

WEDNESDAY

'Tis Longfellow's day all "dark and dreary,"
Bad headache—limbs so weary;
It is for far off home I'm pining,
I'm sure that there the "sun's still shining."
And now with mind so far away
How can I bear this dreary day!

THURSDAY

This morning the weather is no better—
But there's the postman! Any letter?
He always comes—comes rain or shine—
Yes I know this one is mine.

*Found in a volume of Shelley's poems in the library, written on a double sheet of linen letter paper unsigned.

The sun has risen in all her splendor
Since I've read the love lines tender.
Around my heart fond love is twining—
Will the sun be always shining?

FRIDAY

The sun will shine to-day, I know—
And make our very hearts to glow,
For oh! it is such untold joy,
To help restore some mother's boy;
Or to relieve some restless pain.
And help the sick to health again.
Lord in giving out Thy bliss,
I want no greater share than this.

SATURDAY

The sunbeams sifting through the clouds
The day with sad sweet stillness shrouds
With useful toil and hours of rest
A nurses's life is ever blest.
The sunshine's filtered mellow glory
Is worth the clouds of sadder story;
We'll still strive on nor deem it hard,
To serve our fellows and our Lord.

SUNDAY

The Sabbath dawns in solemn splendor,
And floods our hearts with feelings tender;
With softened step we're wont to tread
Around the sick on restless bed.
The church bells ring—our hearts we raise
In supplication and in praise.
Not ours to worship with the throng—
Our hearts must sing our praising song.

A COMEDY ILLUSTRATING THE OLD SAYING: "'ANY FORTRESS CAN BE STORMED IF AN ASS LADEN WITH GOLD CAN ENTER IT", AND ALSO SHOWING THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

BY JACK W. WALLACE.

RESUME.

The night following the Hartford game, in which Barker, right end, received slight injuries, the athletic committee of Gaudet University abolish football. Trent, Coy and Hardy, influential Seniors, appear before the committee in behalf of the student body. They attempt reasoning but to no avail; Hardy threatens to abuse them in "The Gaudetian" and while eloquently pleading the cause, by a providential bit of luck, lights on the key to the situation.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Dr. B. A. Bigot, President of Gaudet University.
Dr. Titus Sycophant, Dean.
Dr. Grafton Peoples, Dean of The School of Finance.
Hardy, Editor of the College newspaper, "The Gaudetian." (Hardy alias Pulitzer).
Trent, Captain of the football team.
Coy—gravy-rider and son of a trustee.

(Act I. Scene 1. Scene: Trent's room. Night after the Hartford game. Enter Hardy, Coy and Trent.)

Trent (with proprietary air): "Well, Pul, my boy, how d'you like the ole game?"

Hardy (slapping Trent on the shoulder): "Bully, bully. I'd flunk Dago to see you hand Burnette just one more portion of a stiff arm."

Trent: "What it takes to put the hooks to Enslee, WE got it. What d'you say, Coy, ole chappy!"

Coy (listlessly): "What it takes to eradicate the nefarious sport at Gaudet, ole Syco said *he* had it."

Hardy (with a periodical air): "Whats that?"

Coy (lighting a cigarette): "Oh, nothing! Another one of Syco's Utopian dreams. Just because Barker got a finger

bent up a little in the game, he wants to start an anti-football movement."

Trent (rising from his chair): "The ———"

(Enter roomer across the hall, a genius in disguise). Roomer: "Oh! Curses, the audacity of it, the audacity of it!"

Trent (impatiently): "Of what, of what! You ivory domed—"

Genius (apologetically): "Oh, they've cancelled the Enslee game."

Coy: "The devil you say!"

Hardy (huriedly approaching the door): "Well, you'll have to excuse me. I'll run a headliner in tomorrow's Gaudetian, cuss out the whole administration, from the janitors up if I have to get shipped in the bargain."

Coy (rising from his chair): "Just a minute, Pul. Let's go and talk it over. If anyone can get anything out of that committee, we can (jestingly). Pul, you just traten to show um up in an editorial, and they'll call for the bovine cord pretty quick."

Hardy (seriously): "That's not such a bad idea after all, even if you did suggest it. It's just four months till dip day, and I've waited four long years for just such an opportunity. I'll show um the power of the press. All this talk about the freedom of the press is all rot! Old Bigot thinks he can run *me,* does he? I'll show um. I'll——"

Trent (seeing some fun in the air): "I say there, Pul, just turn off that faucet for a few minutes and when we get there, Lay on MacDuff 'and—— ———' "

Coy (grabbing a cap): "Well, let's go right away so we'll catch all three of them together."

Trent (going out the door): "Follow me—we are three."

EXIT.

Act II. scene 1. President's office. Deans Sycophant and Peoples in consultation with Pres. Bigot. Enter Hardy, Coy and Trent.)

Dr. Bigot (unmindful of the intruders): "As I was about to say—"

Hardy (boldly): "Pardon the intrusion sir, but—"

Dr. Bigot (unmindful of the endearing appellation "Doc."):

Hardy (tone, strictly business): "Being the editor of the Gaudetian, I wish to know whether that report is authentic."

Dr. Bigot (with affected surprise): "And to what report do you refer?"

Hardy (firmly: "The Enslee matter."

Dr. Bigot (nonchalantly): "Oh, the Enslee matter! Oh! Why of course, sir, of course! The same press dispatch that reports the afternoon's accident will also bear the action of the faculty, viz: *The abolition of football at Gaudet University.* And I rejoice—"

Coy (interrupting, nudging Trent): "Oh Doc, how could you! It's so sudden. What other diversion is there? You roast us for going to variety theatres and yet you take away our only diversion. Oh Doc, how could you!" (with plaintive tone).

Dr. Bigot (unmindful of the endearing appellation Doc.): "Young gentlemen, it is my purpose to rid this institution of every vestige of rowdyism and mobocrasy, to place its ideals on a higher plane (crescendo); to make a change for higher living."

Dean Sycophant (who boards with him): "Exactly, exactly! Mr. Hardy, thats the opinion of the committee; and we're expecting you to make a strong appeal to the student body through the medium of the press."

Hardy (alias Pulitzer, with poise): "There'll be a strong appeal, sir; but being the editor of 'The Gaudetian', I intend to publish my sentiments and no others."

Dean Peoples (shifting his avoirdupois and attempting to look intelligent): "Well, my boy, only make it a point that your sentiments agree with ours."

Hardy (approaching the table): "When the paper comes from the press tomorrow, you can judge for yourself on what points we agree."

Dr. Bigot (deliberately): "And what at the present time do you intend to publish?"

Hardy (hotly): "My own views." (In his excitement he unconciously picks up a slip of paper from the desk.)

Dr. Peoples: "And what are they?"

Hardy (eloquent in this long-looked-for opportunity): "Sir, I intend to shake off the bonds of *Bigotry,* sever my connection as a *sycophamic* editor, and cease uttering other *People's* opinions." (Relaxing from this outbreak, he glances at the slip of paper and read the following:)

Dr. B. A. Bigot,—If you will abolish football at Gaudet, will give you 100,000 dollars, to be divided among the faculty according to their respective rank. Sincerely yours,

Wood B. Goodman.

Hardy (aside): "Oho, a change for higher living, *some* change for high-living."

Trent (despairingly): "Doctor, can't you see that athletics will go to the dogs; what is a college without a foot—"

Bigot (interrupting): "A college is what its president makes it. What I say is law and as you well know, I never go back on my word. Football is dead forever in Gaudet University."

Coy (awaking): "I say, Doc, how do you like that little funeral ditty from Chopin?"

Hardy (with the-man-of-the-hour-tone): "I may publish an article by Camp, entitled, 'Football and the love for one's *Alma Mater.* And then on the other hand, I may publish (opening the slip) a letter from Mr. Wood B. Goodman."

Bigot (jumping from his chair): "Sycophant, you careless devil! Hardy, you—give me that letter."

Hardy (defiantly): "And I presume we'll play Enslee Saturday?"

Bigot (nervously picking up the telephone): "Yes, yes, yes, 13. Can't you hear? Western Union? Take this message.

'Dr. J. Y. Ford, President Enslee College.

Whitman, N. J.

Will play you Saturday. All expenses paid.

Dr. B. A. Bigot, D. F.'"

Editor's Table

VANDERBILT OBSERVER.

A feeling of pleasure came to us on glancing over the contents of the *Vanderbilt Observer,* for we not only saw poems that looked quite interesting, but essays and stories with such titles as "The Copy", "College Extremes", "After Office Hours" and "Realists" caught our eye. Productions with such subjects claimed, of course, more than a passing glance from us, and our feeling of pleasure was added to immensely. The most impressive contribution is the frontispiece, "Chi Non S'Arrischia Non Gradagna," the call to rise upward, to *live.* "The Copy" has a good plot, but we feel that the manner of expression could be improved, especially the conversation. "After Office Hours" is an intensely interesting mystery story, a mystery story in a realm of realism; hence the mystery part is more effective. We liked the originality shown in "Realists." The author takes the view that there is no necessity for intense realism in literature; contends that diversion is what we seek when we read, and that real sketches of life-as-it-is gives us more. However, we must say that the account of his early impressions of Buffalo Bill and Diamond Dick are quite realistic. "The Drift of Pinions" is a pleasing and instructive estimate of the poems of the Canadian poet, Marjorie Pickterell—a poet unknown to the majority of us. This review shows an appreciation of the best in her poetry, and tells us interesting facts about her life and work. Majestic, melodious, and beautiful is the poem "Twilight on Olympus". Such poetry as this scarcely finds a comparison in our exchanges. We quote the last stanza:

> "Ye gods that are no more, this age of prose,
> These times—this love of mercenary gain
> Have been your ruin. No more upon his pipe
> The shepherd plays, nor do the Zephyrs bring
> Their gentle whispers for the knowing ear

While echo gambols on from rock to rock.
All that is past; the sunbeams flit away,
And shadows take their place; the immortal gods
Are dead, and ghost-like all are gone.
Gone is the wild, weird music of the spheres,
All, all is gone save only one rich bron—
The memory of the gods that are no more."

The Randolph-Macon Monthly.

A most unusual thing among college publications is to be found in the March number of "The Randolph-Macon Monthly". Even in this day when there seems to be such a marked dearth of poetry in the magazine world, this edition contains a poem that actually covers two pages—and quality as well as quantity is there. This poem is worthy of the highest praise. "Disenchanted" it is called, but enchantment it certainly gives. The very way the words are placed and the repetition of certain words add to the beauty. The ending, especially the last two lines, is very impressive. Most college magazines would consider themselves quite happy to contain even one poem such as this, but in "The Randolph-Macon Monthly" there are many others, and they are all good. "In the Blood" is the story of a New York broker's dream of gaining wealth, and of his gaining wealth in reality, and it shows us that "it is not only in dreams that men murder and rob," but that such is in the blood. The dream is a horrible, gruesome one, but very interesting. We were attracted especially by the descriptive passages, the frequent use of color epithets adding much to the beauty of the pictures. "The Unknown Grave" is an unusually good story, in which the incident concerning the death of Aaron Burr's daughter, the wife of Governor Alston of South Carolina, are told, and are connected with the facts about the unknown grave at Alexandria, Virginia. It is handled in an ingenuous way. The essay, 'Folk Songs of the Negro", shows a knowledge of the subject, and an understanding of the race; but the author seems to have forgotten about Paul Denbar and his verse. "The Literary Crisis at Randolph-Macon" sounds a note which, we are sure, will be welcome to all editors of

college monthlies. It certainly expresses the situation that seems to exist at most of our colleges, and we were especially glad to see the cause of such a condition and the remedy for it given. We feel sure that this piece will be profitable to more than one body of students. However, we might add that this crisis is not very evident from this month's edition of the magazine.

THE BUFF AND BLUE.

The literary department of "The Buff and Blue" is not at all good. It contains only three contributions—an essay, a poem, and a sketch. The poem, "Silent Sympathy", is the best of the three contributions. This, however, has not many of the elements of real poetry. The essay on the "Use of Memory in Religion" is fairly good. "The History of the Forest Giant" would perhaps do credit to a grammar-school pupil, but seems to us entirely below the standard of college student. It is altogether inappropriate in such a magazine. The editorials are both appropriate and well written. Entirely too much space, it seems to us, is given to local and alumni news. In considering the magazine as a whole it is below the standard of college magazines. Larger print, for one thing, would make this publication more readable and more attractive.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Volume XXVII MAY Number Seven

MANAGER'S NOTICE

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. Its purpose is to foster the literary spirit among the students of the College.

Changes may be made in advertisements by notifying the Business Manager.

This issue is being sent to a number of alumni and old students who we hope will see fit to subscribe, and thus continue their loyalty to their *Alma Mater*. If you do not wish to become subscribers, please notify us at once, or the magazine will be sent to you during the year. The names of the old subscribers will be continued unless the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Subscription: One year, $1.50; single copies, 25 cents.

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The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., May, 1914

Commencement Program

Sunday, June 7, 8:30 p. m.—Baccalaureate Address, the Reverend Plato Tracy Durham, Charlotte, North Carolina.

Tuesday, June 9, 11 a. m.—Baccalaureate Sermon, President Henry Churchill King, D.D., S.T.D., LL.D., Oberlin College.

Tuesday, June 9, 1 p. m.—Alumni Dinner, Address, the Honorable Daniel Calhoun Roper, class 8, First Assistant Postmaster General, Washington, D. C.

Tuesday, June 9, 8 p. m.—Graduating Orations.

Wednesday, June 10, 10:30 a. m.—Commencement Address, Le Baron Russell Briggs, Litt. D, LL. D., Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, Harvard University.

Valedictory Address of Alexander Smith Peace, 1862

Ladies and Gentlemen: According to an old custom which it seems has survived the death of so much else that was good, honorable and to memory ever dear, I have to-day the honor as well as the duty to deliver the Valedictory Address.

With no superior ability for the task, the difficulty is greatly increased by very peculiar circumstances.

The meaning of this collegiate custom is that some member of the Senior Class should speak the adieus of the Class to each other, to the Faculty and to the students generally.

But how shall I speak to my Class? In 1861 we were twenty-four in number as Juniors; in the winter of 1862 the calls of my country and the imperative arm of military authority removed me from these halls to the field of fierce contest, where I remained until the sorrowful April of 1865. Eight of my class graduated in 1862 and have gone to do and to dare in the ways of the world. We are scattered never again to be united and I am alone today. A great river of blood rolls between me and my loved classmates as we once were. When the clouds of war moved away I found more to assemble with me in the halls of my Alma Mater. Six young men of my class are no more upon the earth. With the respect due to their patriotism and their personal worth, we will today remember them in this hall in which they have all spoken to this audience, many of whom have heard them with pleasure. Their names and residences were as follows: H. G. Andrews, Randolph County; T. W. Brock, Jones County; A. C. Blackburn, Stokes County; J. S. Durham, Bladen County; D. G. Fordham, Jones County; W. H. Jones, Franklin County.

They have gone to early graves but even their short lives were honorable and useful. W. G. Andrews was high minded, generous and brave, ambitious as Caesar yet just as Cato, a splendid young man, the model of a gentleman.

His indomitable energy was a wonder and a proverb; and the tone of his spirit was heard in an eloquence that made him the pride of the College rostrum. Early in the war he raised a company, and by energy and daring quickly rose to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. At Gettysburg he was in that awful charge that faced two hundred heavy guns and made a hundred thousand men recoil. Fiercely onward he led his men, but fell with "Forward!" upon his lips, and victory in his eye, as falls a hero. Father, mother and friends may have comfort in the knowledge that cruelty never stained his sword, nor dishonor his fair fame.

T. W. Brock was in all respects one of the best young men I ever knew. The church has rarely ever had a more zealous spirit, a purer or brighter shining light. He was one of the best scholars of his class, and the sweet spirit of his piety yet rests upon my heart. I loved him as a brother and during our whole acquaintance I never saw an act nor heard a word to blame. He entered the service in Professor Carr's Company and not only did honor to his State but made an impression for good that brought forth abundant fruit. He fell in the fierce battle near Petersburg, and for him many a tear was shed. "'Mong all the ranks of mortal men we shall rarely see his like again."

A. C. Blackburn was one of our most accomplished members, good in scholarship, remarkably polished in manners, full of the very best kind of life, he was a leader in matters of taste, and the charm of every circle.

A young man of mark, a great favorite in his literary society, and a prominent actor in many a festive scene here, he was widely known throughout the State and had laid a good foundation in public esteem for a future brilliant career. But he was killed bravely fighting at the head of his company at Gettysburg. On that fatal and bloody field he moved unblanched where the storm raged most furiously and was stricken dead with a cheer on his lips. He sleeps in a hero's grave without a blot or stain on his memory.

J. S. Durham was a sweet and gentle spirit; with a smile for all, a reproach for none. Lovingly he persuaded the erring to a better way, and by his own example moved

them to the rewards of real merit. He was never known to fail on a recitation nor to neglect a duty, nor did he receive a demerit or fail to win distinction in his class. The rudest boys restrained themselves in his presence and the best conceded him to be a worthy exemplar. He shared in the hardships, the service and the glories of Lee's Army until his health was utterly ruined, when he was permitted to return to his home near the Cape Fear river. There the brave soldier, beloved son and brother came back to die. Surrounded by father, mother, brothers and sisters he gently went away, true to the Methodist Church of which he had long been a member, rich in the noblest Christian faith.

D. G. Fordham was quiet and unassuming. His acquaintance in College even was not extensive. He stood well in his classes and had a fair name on the College record. He entered the Cavalry service in Eastern North Carolina, that branch of the Army which endured such unparallelled hardships, performed such incredible feats of daring and reaped so little praise. For weeks at a time he and his companions guarded long lines of swamp, without shelter, often without food. While on this kind of duty on a lonely picket post an enemy climbed a lofty tree and shot him dead. How sad thus to die far off in the silent woods with no friend to receive the last lingering look or decently to bury his body!

"Let a tear be dropped by every eye
For the youth so lonely doomed to die."

W. H. Jones was the pet of the class, gentle, affectionate and delicate as a lady. He was finely cultured in polite learning far beyond the usual college standard. Rudeness or the rough sports of hardier youths he could not endure, but for a vivid conception of the beautiful, or a keen relish of the noblest things in literature I have never seen his equal. He remained in the army of Virginia, until like thousands of others his constitution was irretrievably ruined. After remaining some time at home with the best medical skill, with every effort of a dear home and loving friends to arrest disease and drive away the increasing shadows he

came back to Trinity to seek again in these groves the health which he had once enjoyed. He fancied that here he could take firm hold on life again. But he came too late. Over yonder at the corner his sands of life ran slowly out. The President and Faculty gathered round him as a weary son come home: all these citizens showed a concern as if one of their own children was dying; and the ladies, young and old, came daily with delicacies to woo his appetite, and with flowers to deck his pillow. They came with sweetest sympathy to cheer him and with prayers for his recovery. But he could not live. One beautiful summer day his spirit passed away to the better land. There were weeping men and mothers and maids around him but they all felt it was glorious to die so sweetly.

Thus has the Senior Class in order for 1862 been scattered by the storm of war. Eight graduated in regular course—six have fallen, others have gone to life's labors without finishing their studies and I stand almost as a stranger in the halls of my youth, and finish my course in a new generation.

If I cannot say farewell to my former associates I can speak true words in their praise. Right well and manly have they borne themselves in trials that tested every accomplishment and every virtue. They have been worthy of their College, their country and themselves.

And I feel a joyous thrill of pride at the exhibition of this day. What true alumnus can fail to exult that his College, his Alma Mater, had withstood the tornado that has swept away even guaranteed rights and the charter of States! I bow with profoundest respect and deepest gratitude to the Trustees, the Faculty and all the citizens who have stood like a wall around Trinity, bringing her up from the wreck of half a continent with improved finances and increased public favor. All who love their country and their race ought to rise up to do you honor. You have the right today to feel the pride of worthy citizens who have deserved well of their countrymen, and we and you and all owe profound thanksgiving to God for His Gracious providences. In making my adieus today I do not, and will not, dissolve my connection

with the College, nor do I desire to detach myself from the kind regards and ever remaining good will of the Trustees, the Faculty and the kind citizens of this community. I have spent many pleasant as well as profitable days here, days that still shine brightly in my memory and will forever give genial light and warmth to my heart. If it has become a proverb over most of the South that the students of this Institution think there is no place on earth like Trinity, it is a proverb founded on things most pleasant to remember.

When an institution is reputable in the land for its literary character in which a Spirit presides and prevails that removes all difficulties with a strong yet gentle hand, and breathes such a spirit upon all the variable elements of College life, that all is in harmony and peace and hope, how can the youthful heart fail to love and be strongly attached for life? Such are the scenes and influences which surround us here; our College days are calm and beautiful full of the richest things from the literature of all people, chastened and purified by the spirit of a lovely faith, warmed by the genial life of the noblest humanity. This is an island home in the midst of deep green seas where hurtful gales never reach us, where flowers are mingled and grown in a perpetual summer of the soul.

Such influences and such memories we will forever hold dear. They will cheer us in many a hard conflict of life; we shall hear the songs of these days through the din of the busy world, and the fountains now opened in our souls will fail neither by winter's cold nor summer's heat.

In this spirit I give you the address of the hour. With my classmates who graduated before me I hope soon to join in friendly emulation striving for the honorable, the useful and the good. For those who are dead I have given but feeble utterances to the beautiful story of their brief career, but I may devoutly hope that when my days are finished to die as full of faith, as much loved, and to join them in the great multitude with robes and palms and harps.

Gentlemen of the Trustees, Mr. President and gentlemen of the Faculty, my fellow students and ladies and gentlemen all—The Collegiate year of 1866 has ended; the Senior

Class has performed its last duty; the exercises of the day are closing—I bid you a heartfelt and respectful adieu.

Alexander Smith Peace was born in 1840 near Mt. Energy in Granville County, N. C., left motherless with five small brothers at a very early age, attended a neighborhood country school till he entered Old Trinity under the Presidency of Dr. Craven, was called from peaceful collegiate duty to the defense of his country, severely wounded at South Anna Bridge, that noted conflict in which Col. Hargrove with sixty-two Confederates held in check more than a thousand Federal soldiers for several hours from crossing the Bridge, carried from the field of battle in a wheelbarrow.

After somewhat regaining health acted as Captain till the close of the war. Full of determination to gain his diploma returned to Trinity and finished the last half session, studied law under Judge Pearson, practiced many years in Oxford, married Miss Ella C. Grandy in 1874—held many public positions of trust—died of paralysis in 1905 survived by a wife, five sons and a daughter, a true Methodist and devoted to the interests of his Alma Mater.

Eventide

M. B. ANDREWS

"Fast falls the eventide,"
  Came the sweet echo
From the fragrant garden-side;
  Sun was bending low:
Close I drew and, peeping, spied
  Locks as white as snow.

Chopping, chopping weeds and grass,
  Using hands and hoe,
Never watching stranger pass,
  Singing soft and low:
Modern knowledge, worthless mass,
  Stuff he didn't know.

Had no theories to prove,
  Had no doubts to show;
God to him was up above,
  Hell to him below:
Happy hearted, full of love.
  Locks as white as snow.

Fate and Pink Pajamas

Trebor Yarrum

If Teddy Lorraine had only listened to his mother's advice that morning, it probably wouldn't have happened at all. She had suggested that he carry an extra suit along, but Teddy assured her that as he was going to stay in Norfolk only two or three days at most, it wouldn't be worth the trouble. A suitcase is always more or less of a nuisance; a satchel occasions so much less trouble.

When Teddy left Raleigh at 11 a. m., a cloudless sky was overhead; when he reached Suffolk five hours later, the sky was becoming overcast, and the atmosphere was heavy; when he arrived at Portsmouth, a drizzling rain had set in; and before the ferry-boat reached Norfolk, the rain was falling in a steady downpour. And Teddy's raincoat was hanging on the hall-rack at home, while his umbrella reposed snugly in a corner of his office.

It wouldn't be exactly in keeping with the strictest etiquette of polite society to record the exact words employed by Teddy to express his appreciation as he gazed moodily upon the waves lashing the sides of the ferry-boat and felt the cold spray dashing into his face. The boat reached the pier, and Teddy stepped from the highly odorous ferry-boat upon the more highly odorous wharf. Garlic and limburger soaked in H_2S would be a delightfully fresh and inviting odor compared to the smell that hovers round a Norfolk wharf on a rainy day.

Teddy turned up his coat collar and his nose simultaneously, pulled his hat down tightly over his forehead, and stepped with lowered head into the rain-swept street. There was nothing else to do; not a sign of a carriage or a taxi-cab was in sight.

It was only five blocks to the Lynnhaven; but when Teddy eventually arrived beneath its hospitable roof, he was drenched to the skin.

"Room and bath," he announced to the dapper clerk as he scrawled his name in the ledger.

"You look's if the bath would be superfluous," remarked the clerk with a significant uplift of the brows, as he casually selected a key from the board at his side.

"Here, boy, show the gentleman to number 318."

The uniformed bellboy took the key and led the way to the elevator. A few minutes later Teddy was regarding his bedraggled appearance ruefully in the mirror of his bureau.

"Well, this is a helluva come-off, ain't it?" he demanded belligerently of the image that scowled at him from the mirror. "What am I going to do?—To hell with this nasty weather!"

He stepped over to the door and rang for a bellboy. Sitting gingerly on the edge of a chair, he began to remove his shoes.

"Say," he inquired when the boy appeared in the doorway, "can a fellow get his clothes pressed in the hotel here?"

"Sure, boss," grinned the yellow boy, "I'll tend to it for yer."

"How soon can I get 'em back?" demanded Teddy, beginning to remove his clothes.

"In two or three hours."

"All right, I'll just go to bed and take a nap, while the duds are being pressed."

Teddy sat on the edge of the bed clad in a pair of pink flannel pajamas—a birthday present from his eccentric Aunt Lavinia. He was reflecting. Presently he got up and walked over to the room telephone.

"Guess I'll call up Natalie and chat with her a while." He picked up the directory and sought out the number.

"Hello, give me 2069, Ghent, please.******Hello, who is that? Mr. Halstead's? Is Miss Natalie in? May I speak to her?—

"Hello, that you, Nat?* * * Huh?, can't you guess * * * Oh, come off, you're joshing. Yes, it's me—Ted. I'm stopping at the Lynnhaven for a few days on business. Coming out tonight if you've no objections. How's that? * * * I can't come till night. Got to look up an old maid aunt of mine. She lives at one of the hotels here, I don't know

which. I've got a scheme I'm going to pull off, and I want to try to get Aunt Lavinia to back it. It's a crackerjack; all it needs is a little kale to back it right now. Soon's it gets afloat it'll carry itself along—" and various other mixed metaphors and worse, which need not interest us.

Teddy Lorraine and Natalie Halstead had attended the same college; had been members of the same class; and had graduated at the same time. All this might be irrelevant, but Ted declared, and Natalie concurred that these facts were sufficient grounds for them to be the very best of chums; and chums they were.

Natalie's father was rich, and on her last birthday, he had presented her with a beautiful touring car. Being of a very independent and romantic nature, she immediately set to work to run it, and almost tortured poor Jacques, the chauffeur, to death in her reckless disregard of angles and curves. At the time of Teddy's advent into Norfolk, she had in her estimation become entirely proficient in the handling of a car and had dismissed Jacques, who crossed himself and devoutly thanked the Virgin that she had seen fit to preserve his miserable carcass through the past few strenuous days. Soon after Teddy called her up, Natalie happened upon the idea of calling for her friend and giving him a surprise—and a joyride. Mrs. Halstead had to go to an afternoon meeting of her Charity society.

"Just get ready, Mumsey, and I'll carry you down the street, I want you to meet Teddy. He's such a dear! Then I'll drive to Mrs. Stuyvesant's, and Teddy and I will take a spin out to the View." There was no use in arguing with Natalie when she spoke in this pleasant, offhand manner. Her mother had learned that from experience; so she merely suggested,

"Won't you need a chaperone, my dear? I don't mind missing this meeting. It won't be very important."

"Nonsense, Mumsey, you don't know Ted Lorraine. Certainly, we won't need a chaperone."

"As you like, my dear."

A short while later, the two ladies approached the clerk of the Lynnhaven.

"We wish to see Mr. Lorraine, who is stopping here. Is he in?"

Natalie smiled, and the clerk, who was not at all unimpressionable replied,

"Yes, ma'am, he's in room 318. I'll call him."

"Oh no, please don't," interposed Natalie quickly. "Can't we go up to his room? You see, we want to surprise him." The clerk looked dubious and scratched his head.

"Why, Natalie, would that be the proper thing?" began mild Mrs. Halstead.

"To be sure, it's proper if *I* do it," returned her daughter, somewhat sharply.

"Why, I suppose you may go up. I don't see why you shouldn't," concluded the clerk. "Here, boy, show the ladies up to 318."

Now, the clerk of the Lynnhaven Hotel was a man, and as such he felt it his duty to warn Lorraine that ladies were descending—rather ascending—upon him. Accordingly, no sooner had the elevator started upward bearing Natalie and her mother than he rang 318 on the house wire.

"Two ladies are coming up to see you, sir," he spoke softly into the mouthpiece." He almost toppled over at the answer.

"The hell you say! Why, you fool, what do you mean by sending ladies up to my room? I can't see them!"

"They were very anxious, sir," explained the clerk apologetically.

"Why, man," continued Teddy, his rancor increasing, "I haven't got any clothes to put on. Why'n the devil didn't you tell 'em I wasn't in? Oh you bonehead, fool—"

What other appellations Teddy's vocabulary might have contained were suddenly restrained. Footsteps were approaching along the corridor just outside his door. He could hear the faint chatter of women's voices. He looked about him desperately. Was there no escape? He knew intuitively that it was Natalie. He knew, also, that unless he admitted her, explanations would be due, and what sort of an explanation did he have to offer? That he didn't have any clothes? It was too absurd. He could see the light of de-

rision that would come over her face at that explanation. Why hadn't that damned, shallow-brained bonehead downstairs told her that he was not in?

Someone knocked on the door. Teddy started violently. He must escape. But, hark! Natalie is talking.

"Oh, I'm afraid he's sick or something. I know Teddy doesn't ever sleep in the daytime. He told me that once himself. We must get in to see what is the matter with him. Go get a key, bellboy."

Teddy waited to hear no more. Already the cold sweat was standing in beads on his forehead, and it seemed that a cord was pressed tightly round his temples. He sprang to the window. The fire-escape! Glory! Why hadn't he thought of it before? He would climb to the roof and stay there till they should leave. Natalie would believe him when he expressed regret tonight that he was not in when they called.

Out of the window he crawled, and clad only in pink pajamas, he climbed upwards. Horrors! He could not get to the roof from that escape. It went up no farther than the top floor, and that was fully fifteen feet from the roof. He discovered this momentous fact soon after starting upwards. His heart almost stopped beating. What should he do? He had took a look down. A hundred feet or more down there was Charlotte Street. The crowds of afternoon shoppers were abroad, and the streets were full of people. He shuddered. He couldn't go down; that was evident. He would be arrested as a crazy man. He couldn't stay here; that too was evident. He would soon be discovered and arrested on some charge. What excuse could he give for exhibiting himself thus between earth and sky?

There was a raised window just above him. Any port would be welcome in a stress like this. He peeped within. Apparently nobody was at home. He would take the chance. He could stay in there until Natalie and her mother had departed from his room; then he could sneak back down there, and nobody would be the wiser.

"Thank the Lord!" he breathed fervently when he stood safe inside the room. "That was *some* escape, believe me." He laughed a short nervous laugh.

He had not noticed that this room connected with an adjoining one until he saw the door opening. It was too late to recede. A tall angular lady, well past middle age stepped into the room. She paused transfixed as her eyes fell upon Teddy. Her mouth flew open, but she did not scream—immediately. No doubt the sight of a man clad in pink pajamas appearing unexpectedly in one's room was enough to frighten one speechless.

"Well, what do you want?" she at length essayed, as Teddy made no attempt to speak or to move. "Don't you dare move, or I'll scream!" she commanded.

Teddy was "up against it." He didn't know what to do or to say. He continued to stand there with his mouth open till the old lady lost her temper.

"Well, why don't you say something?" she snapped. "Are you dumb?"

Still Teddy did not speak.

"He is crazy," flashed into the old lady's mind, and she screamed. Screamed, did I say? Well, maybe she did; but screaming doesn't half express what she did: she yelled, shrieked and bawled. Still, Teddy did not venture to move nor to speak.

Sounds in the hall approached. The door was flung open, and a number of terrified people burst into the room, only to come to a dead stop at the sight of the young man, deathly pale standing rigidly by the window.

"He's crazy!" screamed the old lady, "take him away. He's come to kill me and take my money, I know he has—take him off, take him off!" Several men grabbed the unresisting Teddy and held him tightly. Teddy's cup of bitterness ran over when he beheld Natalie for a moment among the curious. He threw his hands up over his face. When he removed them, Natalie had disappeared. He felt that he was disgraced forever—in her sight, at any rate.

"Here, what's this? Let me in." Someone with a commanding voice was speaking. It was the clerk.

Here was the spark that was needed to fire Teddy's fagged energy. With a quick jerk, successful because of its

unexpectedness, he sprang from the grasp of the men holding him and grabbed the clerk.

"You're to blame for this mess!" he cried angrily. "Now you straighten things out, or I'll break every bone in your body." Teddy shook the man savagely as an earnest of what was coming if things were not straightened out quickly.

"Turn me loose," commanded the clerk. "Get out of here, you all," turning to the throng of the curious.

When the room was cleared of all except Teddy, the old lady and the clerk, the latter explained, with Teddy's help, the situation. When he had finished, the old lady was sitting on the edge of the bed convulsed in laughter.

"Well, that's the funniest thing I ever heard of!" she gasped. "Young man, you are certainly bound to succeed in the world. A man who takes advantage of every opportunity like you did, can't fail to win out, even if he does make occasional blunders. Oh, I just wish I could have seen you on the fire-escape and known what you were up to." And she laughed again.

"Dressed in pink pajamas—just like those I sent my little nephew Teddy, for his birthday present. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Nephew Teddy? Say, what's your name," asked Teddy with a glad premonition surging up within him. "Are you Aunt Lavinia James? I believe you are!"

"I'm Lavinia James, all right, but who are you?" The old lady had become serious, and was regarding Teddy half-suspiciously over the rim of her spectacles.

"I'm Teddy Lorraine. Don't you know me, Aunt Lavinia? Look, these are the pajamas you sent me."

"The Lord help us! Teddy, my little Teddy, how you have grown!"

That night Teddy called on Natalie.

"So sorry I wasn't at the hotel when you called," he bluffed with all the grace in the world. "I was out calling on my aunt. She's a grand old lady, and she's going to back my scheme."

"Did you hear about that awful affair at the hotel this afternoon?" asked Natalie sometime later in the evening. "A horrid man dressed only in pajamas broke into a sweet old lady's room. I suppose he was going to rob her—perhaps kill her. She discovered him and screamed. —Ugh!—He was a horrible looking brute! I know I shall dream about him tonight."

Teddy eyed her quizzically; but was no trace of guile apparent. She snuggled her head on his shoulder; he grinned.

"I'll bet you dream about me too!" he declared boldly.

"Reckon so?" she asked sweetly; and Teddy never did know just exactly what her words and tone implied.

After the Storm

Mary Wescott

Ebb-tide along the bar tonight
And the soft winds' crooning song—
The gentle splash of the waves at play,
(Ah, high they rolled at break of day
And fierce the storm, and long).

Cold light from the round new-risen moon
In silvery floods and still,
Each crest of the foam-crowned waves gleams white
(They frothed in rage on yester-night
And Ah, how they wreaked their will).

Along the marge where the wavelets play
In their ceaseless rise and fall,
With wild, wierd eyes and streaming hair
Gaunt corpses lie mid wreckage there
And the moonlight forms their ~~fall~~ fall

The Decline of Laughter

THOS. J. GILL

"Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep and you weep alone." There was a time when men wept in sympathy, but that time has long passed; there is a time—now—when it seems that men are forgetting to laugh. Certainly laughter is on the decline. As we approach the centers of civilization, we find an increasing lack of laughter. Even the smile is not all prevalent; it flits here and there, polite, condescending, satirical. The countryman still laughs, the negro laughs, children laugh; but we who are older, we who consider ourselves educated seem to have forgotten how to laugh—seem to have choked out the emotion of laughter. Why is this? Why do we hear so seldom the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind? Why do we see no more "laughter holding both his sides"?

This charge, that laughter is on a decline, is a serious one; but when we have grasped the conception of the real meaning of laughter, I think it will be admitted as true. Some writer has said, "Laughter is genuine which has in it neither the shrill, hysterical note of mere excitement, nor the hard metallic twang of the cynic's sneer—which rings in the honest voice of gracious good humor, which is innocent and unsatirical." This definition is good as far as it goes, but it has little connotative value. It gives us no real idea of what laughter is; it tells us rather what it is not. Real laughter is the spontaneous overflow of feeling; it is emotional and elemental. "Make 'em laugh; mak 'em cry," said Wilkie Collins in his advice to fiction-writers. That is, strike at the emotions of men and you will get a reaction. Laughter is the expression of physical enjoyment. The swimmer laugh as he feels the exhilarating waters roll about him; the fisherman laughs as he walks along the river bank exulting in the feel of the ideal spring day; the countryman laughs over his dinner, when he has come in hungry from the field. These examples show how unaffected and unpremeditated laughter is. Nature, thus, expresses in the face and manner the sentiment which rules the heart.

Since laughter has been found to be the expression of physical enjoyment, it would seem that animals should be able to laugh, and they do. How joyously the dog barks when he sees some one approaching with his food! How the cat laughs over the captured mouse, and how she plays with her captive in order that she may laugh the more in expectation of the coming meal! In Beowulf we find Grendel, the dragon, laughing. As he entered the castle "He saw in the hall many of warriors, a band in peace sleeping all together, a heap of kin-warriors. Then laughed his mood—since to him was fallen a hope of much food." Having defined in some measure the composition of real laughter, the question naturally arises, What is the nature of that which we commonly call laughter? It is not spontaneous, for it is easily controlled. "I have a rich neighbor," said Izaak Walton, "who is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh." This is a common attitude toward laughter, that it is purely a volitional thing; that it has a time and a place. When Pope said, "Laugh where we must," he was thinking of the popular kind of laughter. There is something about this so-called laughter which at times seems unpleasant and almost cruel. This is because it is governed entirely by the brain, and, thus, by all the impulses that enter the brain. This unpleasantness has its source in the fact that we laugh from a sense of our own superiority and a corresponding loss of dignity in others. When the deacon falls asleep in the front pew, we laugh because we are awake, and because of his loss of dignity. When a gentleman slips on a wet pavement and falls sprawling to the ground, we laugh because we are standing; and when he gets up and casts angry glances at us, we continue to laugh because he has lost his temper, and because we are in a state of perfect good humor. Again, we laugh at the manners and actions of countrymen, who have come to town (or it may be into society), because we in our sophistication feel that he is far below us; this is our way of showing to others that we are superior to the uninitiated. We call such incidents as these amusing, and thus the verb amuse and its present participle amusing—if not the noun from the same root—have taken on an idea of

the satirical. The proverbial expression, "He who laughs last laughs best" is characteristic of this kind of laughter. The saying does not refer to real, spontaneous laughter; if it did, there would be no point to the proverb. It can only refer to this unkind, satirical substitute which we call laughter.

How has this pseudo-laughter become so prevalent? Why has genuine laughter been so largely choked out? These are the questions which now arise and call for explanation. Here again our supposed superiority takes a hand. Our children are trained from their youth up to be very moderate in their laughter, for society regards the expression of anything approaching the physical as vulgar. The simple-hearted negro, the uncultured contryman, and the undeveloped youth give unbridled rein to their mirth; therefore we, we who consider ourselves superior to them in all things, must restrain our laughter lest we be mistaken for members of the common herd. Thus laughter has become to us a distinguishing mark of the ignorant, the unsophisticated, and the uncultured.

As a result of this check on our laughter, the emotion from which it springs has become choked. We learn to laugh a little laugh, which very soon becomes a smile. In regard to the degree of expression which we give to our physical enjoyment, this is a smiling age. That is, if all the laughing countenances, smiling faces, and sober expressions were lumped together, and the average taken, the result would be a smile. Now, a smile like a little philosophy is a dangerous thing, it is so easily perverted; it so easily suffers chance. Unless we take care it becomes ironical, satirical, sneering, hypocritical. The danger lies in the fact that it is hard to distinguish between a true smile and a false. A smile may be cultivated to such a point of perfection that it deceives; a laugh, never.

These substitutes for smiles, these subtle contortions of our features have various uses. This fact, that they have a use, distinguishes them conclusively from smiles. The genuine smile is spontaneous, unpremeditated, purposeless. According to their various uses we may classify these so-

called smiles as professional, condescending, satirical, and hypocritical.

The professional smile is cutivated by our business men; they regard it as a valuable asset, as a part of their stock in trade. The traveling salesman makes his rounds with his face beaming benignantly. His face is wreathed in smiles, we are accustomed to say—and, in truth, they are nothing more than external decorations. With the aid of this habitual smile, he sells his goods, and after he has left his customer, he laughs the modern laugh of superiority.

The smile of condescension is more easily distinguished from the real smile, and is probably one of the least tolerated smiles among us; it is the favorite of the supreme egoist. The owner of this type of smile passes us on the street, and the smile which he directs towards us is so expressive in itself that he refrains from speaking altogether. Probably so much expression was never packed into a smaller compass; in an instant he seems to have said, "Why, how are you, my friend? I hope you appreciate the fact that such a person as myself has passed you this morning, and that I have stooped to notice so insignificant a person as yourself." There is something classical about this smile; it is of a very cool nature, and effectually wards off all advance of a familiar kind. It is no wonder that this smile is intolerable to us; we, too, have been trained in society's code of superiority, and it is natural for us to resent all attitudes which seem to class us as inferior.

The professional smile and the smile of condescension, as we have seen, are modeled somewhat in imitation of a real smile; and, as a matter of course, they become more or less habitual. Each of these smiles has a purpose; the first is worthy in that it is a matter of good policy; the second is condemnable in that it seeks to build up the *ego*. The third type of smile, the satirical, is very different from these; it resembles a real smile much closer than the other types, for it expresses real feeling and does not attempt to conceal its purpose. It is frank if not always friendly. Its purpose, like that of satire, is to lampoon, to ridicule, to get even. This smile to be really effective must have an audience with eyes;

it is before this audience that the smiler seeks to increase his own superiority by holding up an opponent to ridicule. Unlike satire this smile is always subjective. If there were no audience to see the satirical smile—if the smiler and the objects of his ridicule alone were present—it would no longer be satirical, or a smile at all; it would take on the nature of invective, and, thus, become a sneer. As a matter of fact we have made such progress in our civilization that sneers have become quite commonplace.

The last type of smile which we have to discuss and the least pleasant of the four types is the smile of the hypocrite. I am convinced that every man living, if questioned about the matter, would express his loathing for the hypocrite and his smile; yet he lives and smiles every day. The very expression, "the hypocrite's smile" has become hackneyed; the proverbial wolf still adorns himself with the well-worn sheep's clothing. There is absolutely no spontaneity about the laughter or smile of the hypocrite; it is practical, planned out, and full of unworthy purpose. Its single aim is to deceive. Happily the life of the hypocrite is such that his real character appears warningly beneath the cultivated smile.

All of these types of smiles are merely weakened forms of false laughter. They are not a part of our original equipment, but have been acquired for a purpose. They go to prove the fact that "there is no vice so simple but assumes some mark of virtue on his outward parts."

This is not a pessimistic view of the state of laughter, but an entirely unprejudiced one. Our faces are the indices of our feelings, and in them we were intended to register the expression of our laughter; but the smiles of calculation, condescension, derision, and deceit have so far usurped the place given for the index of real laughter that it seldom rises to the surface. There seems to be no place for it. Real laughter, however, is deeper than the face. It rises within us and affects our whole physical nature. Perhaps we continue to laugh inwardly, and the index alone has been put out of commission. This would at least be an optimistic view of the matter.

Ode to David

E. Lester Culbreth

The sweet singer of Palestine
Has gone to his great reward,
But has left a legacy, beautiful, serene
Inspired of the muses' divine accord.

When patriotism's coals a-glowing
Were kindled into righteous wrath
By the Philistines' bold encroaching,
He buried his steel in the heart of Gath.

While his masterpieces he composes,
He draws, to adorn his wonderful art,
From the gardens of rhetoric, roses,
And plainly reveals the thoughts of his heart.

He was guided by that lonely star
That later sent its welcome beams
Over the Judean hills afar
About the Town of Bethlehem.

Though very mournful in bereavement,
He knew life's pleasant flavor
And saw the dewdrops of achievement
That sparkle in the fields of labor.

Passion and purity met in his heart
Whether in labor or repose
As red and white by nature's art
Meet in the bosom of a rose.

A Business Proposition

JACK W. WALLACE

The theatres were just letting out. The streets were filled with fashionably gowned women and men in evening dress, nudging their way to the purring taxis.

"Well, Margaret, where shall it be?"

"Let's go to The Madrid. That's where all the actresses and the fast set dine. It is worth an evening just to sit there and watch the crowd, and besides they have a wonderful orchestra."

"Wouldn't you rather go to some little quiet Cafe, where we can have a cosy chat. The Astor House. What do you say."

Well," she replied in a hurt tone, "just as you say."

It was obvious that her concession was merely perfunctory, so he directed the chauffeur to The Madrid. The cafe was already crowded, but with a little material persuasion there was no difficulty in securing a good table.

Their table was in the balcony about midway. They sat there for some time without a word. It was a wonderful sight—the luxurious cafe—the exquisitely gowned women—waiters gliding to and fro. Among the hundreds of women there was not even one who seemed out of place; each gown surpassed the other in elegance; and each face one imagines he has seen over the footlights. It is intoxicating just to watch the fluttering crowd; inhale the heavy scented air; listen to the strains of some piece of music, which brings to mind some tender recollection.

"Well, Charles, aren't you glad you took my advice?"

"Yes—but the after effect. One sees about him hundreds of wealthy people, or people who live fast lives. People who have no aim in life other than to live twenty-four hours each day; people who contribute nothing to the world; people who just live for the sake of living. I never come away from such a place without experiencing a strange sensation. It is like coming out into the fresh air from a stuffy room."

"But Charles, you must take into consideration the fact that the idle rich view the world from different eyes than

the majority of folks. This fast life appeals to them as your own manner of living to you. The luxury, which surrounds them from day to day, creates artificial tastes, and kills every natural tendency."

"Yes, I guess you're right. Perhaps their sensations are just as natural to them as ours to us. Well, whether they are or no, I'm satisfied with my way of living, so I should worry.

Margaret Sheldon was an only child of wealthy parents. Being born in luxury and having corresponding tastes, no doubt the theories she expressed coincided with her own. Like so many other women of her position, she, too, wanted to live twenty-four hours each day. Such women are never happy in married life unless their husbands have similar tastes and can supply their extravagant wants. They expect to live in the same style as at their father's home, and they have a right to expect it. If a man marries a girl and is not able to give her what she has been accustomed to, then he is to blame for the unhappiness which might result.

Charles Emmons Dinsmore was the only son of a wealthy southern planter. He, likewise, had lived in luxury, but luxury of a different kind. His boyhood days were spent in the South, so his tastes were distinctly Southern. Some day he would go back there and manage his father's affairs.

Upon arriving at Margaret's home, he dismissed the taxi, and walked the ten blocks to his apartment. As he walked along, he pictured his southern home and Margaret the lady of the house. Now they were at dinner in the old wainscoted dining-room; now they were strolling down the gravel walk to the river. But at each attempt to picture her in that scene of domestic tranquility, there arose the vision of a crowded cafe with Margaret at his side.

It was long past midnight. He sat in the dark, gazing listlessly out over the brilliantly lighted city. He was thinking of Margaret.

She was beautiful—yes. She was accomplished—and city girls rarely are, for they are too engrossed having a good time to develop their faculties. She had a good disposition. What more could a man desire? He reasoned it out by a cold

analysis, and concluded to propose. He loved her, but as a matter-of-fact young man, he debated the question as a business proposition, basing his argument on the theory that love compounded with a little common sense would form a happy concoction.

Yes, he would propose.

Next evening he alighted at her home, and gave the button two firm pushes, like a man of decision. He was ushered into the music-room, where Margaret sat on the davenport gently stroking a Persian cat. She did not hear him enter as the thick rugs deadened the sound of his footsteps. He stopped under the chandelier so that his form threw a shadow over her, but even this did not disturb her. He coughed.

"Oh, it's you, Charles. I thought it was the butler. You cough exactly like him."

He took a seat beside her and grasped both her hands.

"I've decided to marry you," he said in a deliberate manner.

"Rather sudden. When?"

"Oh, any time that suits you."

"Can you support an establishment. Two motors. Six servants. Two homes."

"Yes."

"Well, I'm on."

That evening after leaving Margaret's, he went to a nearby station and sent his father a night message:

"Am engaged to Margaret Sheldon, daughter of Richard P. Sheldon of The Century National Bank."

While at lunch the following day, he received the following reply:

"My Dear Son:

Both your mother and I are shocked at your conduct. Parents have a right to expect some gratitude from their children, and nothing can make parents happier than for a son to show his regard for them by asking their advice before taking such a great step. Your mother is very much grieved. Am sending you a few thousand to keep you until you secure employment.

Affectionately,
Father."

Dinsmore knew that his father was a man of his word, and it dawned upon him for the first time that children do owe something to their parents. Yes—a great deal. He walked into the den and took down the receiver.

"Give me 2-3-0-6 Bryant."

"That you Margaret?"

"Yes."

"Just received a line from the governor. He's cut my pension. I'll have to cancel that contract."

"Too bad. Good night Mr. Dinsmore."

"Good night Margaret."

A Freshman's Rosary

The hours that I snap class, Dear Heart,
  Are filled with mem'ries sweet to me—
I count them o'er, what joy they do impart
  In reverie, in reverie.

Each hour I haste to while away
  With book, or dope, or picture show,
And, O, I'm glad until there comes the day
  When they the cause would know—

The faculty can't see the gain,
  They think my joy of little use—
They post my cuts, and then I rack my brain
  For an excuse * * * for an excuse.

The Football Movement

H. F. TAYLOR, '13

The movement to inaugurate football at Trinity College as an athletic sport of intercollegiate rank has been pursued with such vigor as to command the attention it justly deserves not only from students and alumni but from the editors of the state papers as well. Under such circumstances it would not be surprising if comment has been evoked from many alumni, and the writer thinks it not inappropriate to formulate the ideas that the circular question stimulated.

It is claimed for last year's class to a greater degree than for any other that they are peculiarly fitted to reason on the subject, whatever may be their several abilities or inabilities otherwise, for in addition to having had some little taste of working to a purpose they are not yet remote enough in point of time from their college days to starve sentiment for college spirit, and yet their sudden immersion into work probably has a tendency to neutralize any hypertrophied enthusiasm that they might otherwise be guilty of harboring.

The writer, in the first place believes the subject not to be so one-sided as to preclude any argument on the other; it does not appear to be one of those neglected ideas which has simply lain dormant, needing only attention and publicity to be effectuated without question, as some of its champions in their enthusiasm may be led to believe. We can not with great prudence accuse the trustees of the college of depriving the students of this sport and the college of this animus on the grounds of supineness or indifference or neglect.

In the Popular Science Monthly for last December there is an article by Dr. P. H. Churchman which all those interested should read. It's title is *The Place of Study in the College Curriculum.* It is neither necessary nor desirable for the substance of that article to be presented here. Let it be sufficient to say that there is no question about the place of study itself is missing. This article emphasizes the conviction that colleges are dangerously near the point of being a travesty; institutions upon which millions are being lavished

for equipment and faculty; traditions are established and the veneer of education elaborately applied—all a hollow show. But all this does not mean to say that after we have, like the ostrich, hidden our heads in the sand, the world does not see. It sees and laughs and knows that colleges probably do it little harm anyhow. To quote Dr. Churchman's proposed advertisement of such an institution, "Blank University offers to young men of good disposition four years of pleasant life combined with social and athletic advantages. Any who are so inclined may attend some of our large assortment of easy and attractive courses; and, if, in addition, they will do a small amount of work, the bachelor's degree will be conferred upon them." Many of those people with whom we must deal after our college careers are over do not know enough about the diploma to know what it means. Others have been fooled so often with "college graduates" as positively and frankly to prefer the humbler but worthy self-made men. There is also a large class of men who ask the college man what he can do, and do not even see the pityingly wise look on the face of the graduate as he tries to explain that his object is not "doing" but "being." The magazine is in the library.

Now, to get back home, many of last year's graduates are teaching; the writer records himself among that number. Our experiences are, probably to a large extent, common. We have had some of our ideas exploded with such violence as to be ludicrous; one year has been enough to annihilate many of the academic fancies we loved so well. The ideas were splendid, only—the sad part—they did not work. Now we find ourselves facing the whole problem of education from a different angle.

Among these fancies was that which persuaded us that we could do much of our reading and studying dry books after graduation; that we are justified in employing our time on unimportant college activities and doing anything to excuse us from the duties we were there to perform. The writer, while not afflicted with the higher honors, had subordinate duties which in a measure made up in number for their inferior magnitude. While students we enormously overesti-

mate the value of these petty emoluments. The idea that the honor and reward for them is in some wise commensurate with the outlay varies inversely as the cube of the distance from which it is viewed. The achievement of being a star on some team, or being an assistant on some college publication or being the winking president of some club appears so enormously out of proportion as to eclipse the major function of many a student. If these activities were in a measure equally distributed they would be altogether worthy, but since they volve upon a few to the extent that few find little time for anything else, and that the great majority of those not so honored are diligently striving after them to a similar exclusion of true purpose, it is a positively pernicious state of affairs. The emolument is small and of the nature of a rare, aged but worthless coin; a good relic or souvenir but of small buying power.

Intercollegiate athletics is one such unimportant activity. It has three objects ordinarily attached to it, the one usually appearing which is most important under the circumstances. All may be valid; all may likewise be questioned. These objects are: (1) it offers the necessary physical exercise for students, (2) promotes college spirit which (3) attracts new students and holds old ones.

These who make the team get more of the exercise than they need to the exclusion of their major duties, those who do not, quit; none get it except in season. The majority of students interested in the game are on the bleachers' stand. The exercise is poorly distributed both as to time of year and to the mass of students. This poor distribution alone is sufficient to condemn football as an unsatisfactory form of exercise. Most students go through college with no avoidable exercise without a serious breakdown. Any form of exercise in college will be more or less compulsory and disagreeable because the duties and mode of life in college do not involve it as a necessary concomitant. If it must be compulsory then let it strike all equally and at all times equally.

In connection with this discussion of the physical value of athletics, it is not inappropriate to cite another article in the magazine mentioned above by C. E. Dawson, entitled

*Parasitic Culture.** By way of leading up to his theme which attacks the system of education forcing a great burden—parasitic, he calls it—of the so-called culture upon students, he offers argument to show that it is a mistake to develop any part of the individual mechanism beyond the uses for which it is primarily intended. To emphasize the physical development beyond the simple requirements of robust health not only wastes one's time and diverts one's attention from study, but is positively injurious in that it loads one's body with an amount of useless, *Parasitic* muscle demanding the physiological activities to keep it in repair just as much as if it were one's necessary stock in trade. By citing examples of strong men who break down under the stress of sedentary pursuits he renders very doubtful the dictum that people can not have bodies too strong physically. We have taken it for granted that a strong—the stronger the better—body is the companion of a strong mind, and vice versa. This statement may be allowed if we are cautious to discriminate between the *strong* and the *vigorous,* or *not deranged.* If college work be taken as the type of work to follow it then it seems that the adaptation attained there should be sufficient for physical needs, at least such a view should render the practice of emphasizing athletics questionable in the extreme.

As to promoting college spirit, this term is somewhat undefinable but is generally understood as meaning enthusiasm in college for things collegiate. We grant that it is a good thing. There is ground, however, for suspicion that those who defend football on the ground of college spirit accept college spirit as a mask for negligence of duty, or as a means of attracting and holding students. If more spirit is needed, the necessity of encouraging it with football bespeaks a paucity of spirit in the institution aside from football. The grasshopper has not yet become a burden on the campus nor do many students clamor and complain of the oppression and dullness of surroundings. We of the last graduating class happily count it a pleasure to get back or think back, and numerous classes share this pleasure with us. There is slight

*Popular Science Monthly, 77, 256; Sept., 1910.

probability that any student will ever encounter another period in his life more effervescent with spirit than that in which he now finds himself.

While one who takes this view renders himself liable to the charge of gloomy pessimism, still there are those who see in the modern system a tendency to coat the educational pill with too thick a layer of sugar. Perhaps it might be given hypodermically or under a hypnotic spell. Somebody has remarked that the value of an education is in the getting it. While this statement may not contain the whole truth, is it not a very dangerous doctrine to teach men most of whom are in the finishing process that life does not consist of a continuous carnival except in rare cases—not so dangerous, at least, as regarding the hardships to be encountered as a skeleton in the closet the terrible secret of whose existence should be carefully guarded from them.

Th real argument that is most potent and least mentioned is that it brings more students. We may as well admit that, though we wink it away, this argument is the only serious one, the others all blinds. Well, the desire for more students is laudable, worthy and need not be concealed. The minority also admits that football will attract them. The high school students that the writer has encountered, almost to a man think absolutely of nothing else but athletics. And add to this, they expect to play their way through college—we neglect to consider whether they will be disappointed or not. This is positively a deplorable state of affairs, especially when we consider that these who go to college are only twelve per cent. of the high school graduates, and the only hope for higher education. It appears that colleges are enormously culpable when they permit such wanton disposal of their little share of patronage. When we compare the real advantages college men have with the use made of them we marvel at our own stupidity. These amusements can be had anywhere while the money is being made to pay for them; but the opportunities, the libraries, the laboratories, the authority and culture are only thrown together in the college.

Those concerned with state secondary education are becoming more and more independent of college entrance requirements, and the vocational institutions are gaining much more rapidly than the purely academic institutions. All this mainly for the reason that the latter institutions are considered the retreats of mediaeval tradition—whether justly or not. Those in charge of the high schools, realizing that about 88 per cent. of those graduates will never go anywhere else and the 12 per cent. who do go receive only the spurious ideas of snobbery, concern themselves more with a serious effort to do their duty with their charges than with what becomes of the few who pursue athletics further. And those who do go to college are influenced in the direction of the vocational schools.*

No one will urge that we neglect the securing of new students. But here is where Trinity College has an opportunity to distinguish herself. If she makes education and scholarship her standard she will not lose; only the type of her students will be changed. Your fans will go elsewhere, your aspirants to scholarship will come here. And which is the more desirable reputation, that for a winning football squad or that for which any graduate will pride himself?

This is the attitude of one who considered the subject seriously and voted against the movement. He may be confronted with the objection that he takes life too seriously, but it occasionally happens that it is only served up in this one style and he has no discretion in the matter. The brevity of the argument is meant to defer the pursuit into detail to the acumen of college men.

*The statements made in this paragraph may be verified in the report of the U. S. Commissioner of Education for the last few years. Also V. University Registration Statistics, by Rudolph Tombo.

An Advertisement

M. B. Andrews

I've traveled much throughout this land,
  And even crossed the sea,
But somehow I have never met
  The one designed for me.

I marvel at this fate of mine,
  And wonder can it be
That God, the Maker, has forgot
  To fashion one for me.

He made the waters for the fish,
  For birds he made the air;
Then I am sure that there is one
  Designed for me somewhere.

And if indeed there's such a one
  In all this world, I pray
These lines may fall into her hands
  Before another day:

For whether she be here at home,
  Or far across the sea,
I promise all unto the one
  Whom God designed for me.

The Promoter of My Career

BY WALTER GLASGOW SHEPPARD

"Hal Brandon, lawyer," that was my title when I left the gates of old Trinity, but where the devil I was to locate, and what to do when I got there, were problems which even Solomon, in all his wonderful wisdom, could not have solved, had he been standing in my very boots, and eating out of the same spoon with me at that very moment. But I had to go somewhere, and I did not have many calm moments to make a decision, and so I launched my canoe on the waters of Luck, closed my ears to the din of the cynic, and settled down in Duke City. It was there that I met the girl who shaped the destiny of my career.

Why I selected Duke City, I hardly know. I had heard of the place, and liked the reputation which it bore, but there was nothing there that I knew of which would be a great inducement to me as a young lawyer, except the fact that I had a college chum who hailed from that place. It was he who first suggested the place, and as he prevailed upon me to give them the benefit of my legal talent, I instantly decided to go there and open up my office. Duke City is a fine place, however, for any man of business proclivities, for it is a hustling, thriving city in the Piedmont region of one of the best sections of the South. It is a great place for manufacturing industries, being a great cotton and tobacco manufacturing center. The people of the place are a wide-awake, thrifty set of folks who are bent on turning time and energy into money. But although there was a good bit of litigation there, there was also a large number of practitioners in the place, and there evidently was little chance for a beginner at the bar.

But I settled there, nevertheless.

Of course I expected a hard time, and knew that I had no flowery beds of ease on which to recline. That had been my lot from the cradle up. I was not born wealthy, in fact, I might as well say I was born unwealthy—a circumstance, of course, over which I had no control whatever—and soon

I was bereft of both father and mother, and left on the cold, cruel world to live or die. I was left, by my father's last will and testament, in charge of an uncle, and he reared me to the college-entrance age. I entered the State University at seventeen, and was doing fairly well, I thought, until my Junior year, when a crowd of boys and I happened to fall into a little poker game, and as luck would have it, in came the Professor. Of course I was invited to leave the University, and was up against it again. But I knew that I had to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow, and so I went at once to Trinity University, and entered the Law Department of that institution. That fact, I guess, accounts for my being a lawyer. I managed to stay there the required number of years, played a little set back and poker now and then, but luckily they do not pay as much attention to a game of cards in the Law Department of a University as they do in the academic course of a small institution. I finished, got my license, and found myself lodging in Duke City, in circumstances which one who aspires for even a decent living, could not envy.

It seems to me that I stayed in that place about three or four months before anyone knew I was living there, except my landlady. I attended court regularly, however, and finally got introduced to the town by being a witness in a certain important case, and from then on I tried to mingle with the people, and to identify myself with the activities of the city. But with all this, at the end of my first nine months' experience as a lawyer, I had not yet been able to secure a single client. I studied in my office during the languishing days, and anxiously hoped that some poor devil would see that sign which I had so handsomely painted and hung over my entrance door. Life almost grew weary in Duke City, notwithstanding however much I liked the place, and patience seemed almost to cease to be a virtue. In fact I wondered if patience had any virtue after all, and realized that I must get something to do in my practice or give it up, and follow the line of least resistance to something else. But I decided to stick it out for one year at least, thinking perhaps something would turn up.

I had some money, which my father had left me, and had it not been for that, I perhaps should have had to leave Duke City some time ago, or else apply for a cell in the county home. Seeing a chance at an investment, however, I had put the greater part of what I had into mill stock in Duke City, and was living off the meagre sum of five hundred dollars per year.

Life wore on this way for still another month, and the clouds of despondency began to grow dark and gloomy, but just at this point in my career something touched my life which seemed to brighten things even in the very face of adversity.

I had not taken much part in the social life of Duke City during my stay there. I had been invited to some of the social functions, attended a few of the public dances, and called once or twice to see some of the girls, but the social whirl of the place never appealed to me until one night at a ball, given in honor of the Secretary of the Interior, whose home was at Duke City, I met a girl who deeply interested me at first sight. She was a Miss Futrelle, who with her father, had only recently moved to Duke City, as I learned later. I saw only a little of her that night, but every once in a while I would catch her eye as she danced around the hall. She seemed to be quite popular as every dance on her card was taken, and so I got a chance to talk to her only at intervals. I saw her long enough, however, to learn that she and her father lived in the Veverton Apartments, and had moved to Duke City for their permanent residence.

Now the Veverton Apartments were only a short distance from my boarding place, and I had to pass there each day on my way to the city. This suited me exactly. I forgot my failure for a while, and decided to know something more of Miss Futrelle. I accordingly called once or twice to see her, and grew more infatuated with her every day. She was a perfect beauty, tall, but not disproportionately so; graceful, with an air of a goddess about her walk; had beautiful, sparkling blue eyes, light hair, and exquisite features. She seemed to me a paragon of all that is excellent in

womankind. She was proud, but not haughty, and her temperament was of a kind, sympathetic and genial nature. I soon learned to love her, and she in turn seemed interested in me.

By this time I had made some friends among the town people, and had been thrown in touch with the best element of the city, but yet there was no encouragement in my practice. The town, however, at this time, was very much interested in a bond election, which was to take place soon. The campaign was for the City Beautiful, and a hot fight was imminent. A good per cent. of the people fought for the measure for improving the city, but there was also a large number of them who were antagonistic to the measure. As a consequence, a fierce campaign was waged, and many of the lawyers, ministers and teachers stumped the city in behalf of the measure. And, strange to think, I was appointed by the party executive officer to speak for the bonds.

This came as quite a surprise, and thinking perhaps I would gain some notoriety out of it, if nothing else, and also being urged by Gladys Futrelle, for that was her name, I agreed to attempt to take the stump. I went to my office to prepare my speeches, and had not been there more than an hour before I was informed that the Ellington Cotton Mills, in which I had invested my last thousand dollars, had failed, and had been bought out by some strange firm, and that they could not pay more than twenty per cent on the dollar. This came to me like a thunder stroke out of a clear sky. I thought of poor old Job, and wondered if I were to be a second Biblical example. I was again in a quandary, and did not know what to do. I quit work on my speech and paced the floor, wondering had I better try to tough out the rest of that year in that place, practicing economy, for I had about given up hopes of practicing law. I had about reached the conclusion that I would quit all, pack up and leave Duke City, and go into some other line of business, when my mind lit upon Gladys Futrelle. She was all that would keep me at that moment from making

that decision. But I thought of her, and decided to wait until that night, for I had a date with her that evening.

Gladys laughed at the idea of quitting, but sympathized with me and persuaded me to give up the foolish notion of leaving Duke City. She told me of the brilliant career a lawyer had before him, and almost made me realize success when poverty stared me in the face like a ghost. She insisted that I enter the campaign for the City Beautiful, and stump the town as requested by the party. I thought the matter over, and decided to do as she suggested. For I would have done anything Gladys said at that time, because not only had I learned to love her but she had proved that she loved me.

I left that evening with another new spirit pulsating my very being, went back to my room and decided to get down at once to my work, and aid in the bond election as best I could.

I loved Gladys, and I thought she loved me, but there was one thing puzzled me. Her father, Colonel Anson Futrelle was not at all friendly toward me. In fact, he did not want Gladys to go with me. He was anxious for her to marry Baxter Bell, a young fellow of wealth and family in Baltimore, from whence they came. Colonel Futrelle was an exceedingly wealthy man, having business interests all over the country, and he wanted Gladys to marry someone equal to her in social and financial standing, and he knew that was not I, for you could have auctioneered me off for a two cent piece with a hole in it. But the girl swore to me that she actually hated the fellow and that she would never consent to marry him. He was a young man whom her mother had picked out for her when she was but a child, and her mother's last request was that she marry Baxter Bell. This of course worried my brain, but realizing the interest that Gladys had in my future, I went away determined to stick, and make things lively in the coming bond election.

The election came off, and the advocates won out. The bonds were issued, and steps taken at once toward improving and beautifying the city. We won a great fight. A

strong line of opposition had been built up on the other side, and it looked for a while that the antis were going to carry the election. I did some tall speaking for the measure, and got quite a bit of experience out of the adventure. I lost a few friends, however, by the deed, but I gained a good number as well. One of these I shall never forget. It was old Dick Jones, a blind tiger, who had been indicted for selling whiskey and cocaine. And by some chance, I know not what, while I was speaking in ward number six, old Dick happened to be in the crowd, and a statement or two made in the discourse about the "liberties of us under dogs," struck him so forcibly that he decided that he would get me to fight his case, and so he came into my office the following morning after the election and gave me my first case. I shall always love the old man, for although I lost the case, and he, poor fellow, was sent to the roads, I looked upon him as a god-send to me. Of course he did not look upon me as affectionately as I did him, but I consoled him, telling him that I did well to save him from the electric chair. He took the sentence good naturedly, for he knew that he was guilty, paid me my fee of ten dollars, and went on to the roads. This was my first earned money, and I was as proud of it as William Travers Jerome was of his thousands which he got in the Harry K. Thaw case. I looked upon this as a good starter, and felt fully capable then of handling any legal question which might confront me.

I did not share the joy of having my first client by myself, however, for Gladys seemed equally as proud as I. She used to coax me about my success, making me believe I had really achieved great things, and telling me of my future—how brilliant it would be.

She came by for me that afternoon in her auto, as she was accustomed to do, and she set in on me, telling me how sucessful I would be some day at the bar.

"Why Hal," she began, "I told you all things come to those who wait. You see you have done wonderfully well. Why even if you did not win your case you acquitted yourself splendidly. The best one can do is all that can be asked of anybody. And besides, Hal, you are just now introduc-

ing yourself to the public. Your practice will just begin to grow now, and soon you will be a prominent man in this place."

Ol course all this was encouraging news, but I could not stand all this flattery and told her:

"You will make me real conceited, if you do not stop this, Gladys. I have not done anything yet—but what I have done—you were the cause of it. You taught me more of the virtues of life in these few months than I have learned in these twenty-five years. You have taught me the lesson of perseverance, and if I ever amount to anything in this world, it will be due to your influence over me. I have had my first case in court, and that doesn't mean much except by way of breaking in. But I have another suit which concerns me more than anything else now—and that is the suit against your father for you. If I can win that, Gladys dear, I am confident that other things will come—let them come or not as they may, what care I? If I can win you, I shall be happy."

She looked up into my eyes and said:

"Hal, I thank you for those words. You know I am willing. I have learned to love you, and want to marry you. I can be happy with no one except you, but you know there is a great barrier in the way—my father. If he only gives his consent, we can be happy the rest of our lives. But father is an austere man, at times erratic, and terribly set on his own ideas. We must work some way to get his consent. Stick to your work, and make good, boy, and maybe we will come out all right yet."

And I knew what she meant too, when she said, "Father is in the way," for Colonel Futrelle was one of the hardest men to approach I have ever known. I could not even get a hearing with him, it seemed. We finished our ride, Gladys brought me home, and went on around to her apartments. I went on up to my room, almost a happy man, but realizing that I must get that "barrier" out of the way. I knew it would not do to kill the old gentleman—that might be one way of doing it—but that didn't appeal to me; in fact I knew that would not work well. But I knew

it must be done some way, and so I set out with that grave problem on my mind.

My practice began to pick up some then. I was soon appointed guardian ad litem by the court to defend an infant who had a suit at the bar, and I had a little better success with this case than I did with my blind tiger case. Of course there was nothing in it but the practice, but that helped at that stage of the game. Another case soon followed, however, which meant quite a bit to me. It was a damage suit for the injury of a child who had been run over by Colonel Futrelle's car while he was out driving. And the funny part of the matter was that I got the case. I knew, or rather thought, that Gladys did it, but I was proud that even she had power to wield the old man's mind toward me. The fates were exceedingly kind toward me, and I won the suit for him by proving that the accident was caused by negligence on the part of the child's father, and that it could not be avoided, and that the injury was not sufficient to demand damages. I thought I had the old man my way then, but found I was not yet so sure of that. He began to like me better, but still insisted on Gladys' marrying Baxter Bell, of Baltimore.

At this period my interest was diverted from the old man, however, for the municipal campaign was to come off in a few weeks. And all unexpectedly, I was urged to run for mayor of Duke City. The party primary was held, and I was the nominee. The fight was not over by any means, though, for the minority party had a strong candidate, and I was sure he would be elected. My practice increased during the campaign, and for a while there was a question in my mind whether or not I had better run for mayor or stick to my practice. The weeks slipped by, and I saw Gladys every day. She was delighted with the fact that the party had chosen me as candidate for mayor. We both anxiously awaited the eventful day of the election. The day came—I hardly knew how—it crept up so quickly, and I found myself sitting on the porch of the Veverton Apartment Building, awaiting the returns from the election. By my side sat Gladys who had always been my right hand friend,

and the promoter of my career. The result was announced at twenty-five minutes past six o'clock, and the news spread abroad that I, Hal Brandon, had been elected Mayor of Duke City. If I had received ten million dollars from Rockefeller, I could not have been happier, for in a few minutes Colonel Futrelle came in to congratulate me, and as he entered he pulled from his pocket the Baltimore Sun of the Sunday before, which carried the announcement of the marriage of Mr. Baxter Bell to Miss Elouise Busbee. He handed it to Gladys and said: "There daughter, here is some news for you, which you will be glad to hear. Read it."

And then turning to me he said: "My boy, you two have my consent. And here is a deed to the Ellington Cotton Mills in which you lost your money. You have made a good start; keep it up."

My Rosebud

S. H.

Sweet rosebud, wet with beads of dew
Fragrant flower of pale and fairest hue
So mute and tender, yet full of speech;
My heart thy silent tongue doth reach.

O sweetest breath of Spring new-born,
Most wondrous birth from the ugly thorn;
Thou pourest out thy fragrant love
Profuse, around, about, above.

But soon my little rosebud friend,
Thy mission of life and joy must end;
Old and sere thy petals shall grow
And then thine own sweet self must go.

Sweet rosebud, so like another,
A living, sweet remembered flower,
That when I gaze entranced at thee,
My own sweet rosebud's face I see.

Inspected

AMY B. MUSE

In the cold grey light of an April 5 a. m., twelve Zeta Thetas were doing the final honors to their beloved Inspector on the occasion of her annual visit. The Cadillac was there, and Peg and Erin were to escort her to the Junction.

Everybody had to give her the grip with hugs and kisses, amid choruses of "goodbyes" and:

"We wish we could all go; but classes—"

"You've simply got to come commencement!"

"Wish we could keep you."

"Give our love to the R. M. C. girls."

Then the Cadillac started and they stood on the steps waving their hands and singing:

"Hand in hand we'll struggle
For the frat—to us so dear
And be sure that victories
Come each year."

As they finished the last verse the machine rounded a curve and was lost to sight.

"Such a relief!"

"I didn't know it could be such a strain just to be good for a week!", and from sheer joy of freedom they had to kiss and hug and tango down the veranda.

"I think we've gotten along fine!"

"Wasn't our luncheon swell?"

"Aren't you crazy about the way she praised our programmes and our altruistic work?"

"If she could see the length of our 'charity' calls she'd collapse, but they *do* sound good in the minutes."

"Come on, let's go upstairs and straighten up before school. I promised Joe and Em their pennants before this afternoon."

"Say, it looks so good in here; I hate to tear it up. Didn't we pull off a big one with those frat pennants and the Sigma Rho sofa pillow? Guess she thought it was funny the other rooms were so bare."

"We've got to put Peg's drugget back—her sister's coming this afternoon.——there, roll it up while I hold the bed. Gee, I hate to tear things up; it makes everything look so bad after having so much in here. Here Jen, take your ivory toilet set home; I'm afraid something will happen to it. Back to simple life, sisters!"

"Here, you all take your things and go back to bed. I've got some Latin II to make up, and its my day to be called on. There's Erin's good chair; take it, and bring me mine; and take her Delta Mu "skin" too while you're at it. Wait, you haven't gotten Peg's suitors off the mantlepiece. I feel bashful with so many men around—am afraid I can't study. I had to lie to Meta about Mr. Will. She asked me where he was from; I didn't know so I said, 'Atlanta' (I thought that would sound good. Then she wanted to know his whole name, said she knew someone there that looked like him, so I had to lie again. I didn't want to but I couldn't think what Peg said his last name was so I said 'Keith.' She said that wasn't the man she knew. I guess not! Aren't you wild about the way things went off, and think of it, she knows we all have season tickets. Goodbye 'til breakfast.

Ruth pulled off the dainty lace kimona she had been shivering around in for the last week, and her boudoir cap with the gold lace and rosebud, and tossed both into her trunk, fished out her old bathrobe, and exchanged her dainty blue slippers for red felts. Her neglected Menaechmi was found on the shelf; with "Jack" nearby she drew up a chair and started to work. It was six o'clock, one and a half hours before rising bell, the other eleven Zeta Thetas were in their rooms asleep—everything was still. So intent was she on finishing before seven-thirty that she did not hear a machine stop before the building, the hall door open softly, and three figures creep stealthily through the hall and up the stairs.

"You go on, I know the way. I'll slip in without waking her and she'll never know until seven-thirty that I'm back."

A moment later Ruth thought she must be sleeping—and dreaming. It seemed that their Inspector had returned,

had opened the door and was looking at her, sitting there in her old red bathrobe. She reached out her hand, it struck the chair, this was reality! She wasn't dreaming!

"Meta Holden!"

A merry laugh came from the apparition at the door and apparently Ruth's confusion was the joke.

"Yes, I'm here, a bad penny. The agent said the train would be five hours late on account of a wreck, and suggested that the girls bring me back for breakfast. The sunrise was beautiful and we've had a lovely drive!"

Meta had become something of an actress by much experience in overlooking things and played her part so perfectly that after she departed the second time the remaining sisters tangoed all over the veranda.

"Just to think she didn't even notice the difference."

Once on the train Meta looked out of the window a long time, and then she smiled. She was thinking of the good old days at Wellesley and where they "fixed" for the Inspector.

The Phantom Train

B. D. M.

On the mountain division of the Hocking Valley Railroad there is a point known as Horseshoe Bend. Here the track twists around into the shape of a perfect horseshoe, and the tracks are so close together that one can step from a moving train, gather a hatful of nuts, and catch it again as it comes around on the opposite track. The space between the two tracks is filled with dense woods, but at a certain point there is an opening through woods so that one can see from one track to the other. At this place there occurred one of the most terrible wrecks in the history of the H. V. R. R. Two passenger trains crashed together at full speed and both toppled over the crest of the mountain into the roaring cataracts two hundred feet below.

One of the swiftest and most trusted engineers on the mountain division was a tall, big fellow named Jack Kinney, who ran the midnight express. For ten years Kinney had driven his big mogul at a mile-a-minute slip speed over the mountain without a tremor of fear, until one night an accicident happened that completely unnerved him. As he went rushing through Horseshoe Bend he saw, to his horror, a gleaming headlight rounding the opposite curve not eighty feet ahead. With lightning rapidity he crushed in the throttle, reversed and threw on full emergency. When the big engine, roaring and hissing, with fire spurting from her wheels, came to a grinding standstill the light had disappeared.

"What was it?" cried the fireman to the white-faced, trembling engineer. "Didn't you see that headlight?" he demanded hoarsely.

"No, I haven't seen anything."

"What the——" began the engineer, weakly, and ended in an incoherent mumble.

In a few minutes the train started again, but for the first time in eight months Jack Kinney went into River Junction behind time. After this incident Kinney was a changed man. He was naturally as strong and brave a fellow as ever pulled a

throttle, but this strange, mysterious occurrence preyed upon his mind until he became miserable and dreaded to see the call boy coming for him. His trembling fingers lost their control over his "Molly," as he called his huge shining engine; and it soon became known that he "couldn't make the time." Gradually the rumor spread that he had lost his nerve and was "seeing visions." When an engineer's nerve is gone, he is like a drum with a hole punched through it, and not counted much. One night as Kinney was oiling up his engine before going out on his run, one of the trainmen passed by him and remarked jestingly, "been seeing any more ghosts, Jack?" Kinney laughed pleasantly and replied, "You wait and I'll show you one of them one of these nights."

After the train had started and got well under way, Kinney thought of the flagman's remark and smiled. The night was beautiful. The moonlight silvered the landscape around, and the cool breeze fanned the engineer's cheek as he leaned out of the cab of the swaying engine. Gradually he felt his old reliance coming back to him. He opened the throttle a little wider and the splendid, black, glossy monster responded to his touch and sped like a meteor by meadows, fields of golden grain, through sleepy villages and cities in its swift midnight journey. As it neared Horseshoe Bend, Kinney leaned out the cab window, peering ahead. Suddenly, through the trees he beheld a blinding, glaring headlight sweeping swiftly and silently towards him, the green, glistening cars rocking and reeling along behind. In a flash he threw on all his emergency air, and with a wild cry, leapt from the cab. The train stopped. Everything seemed clear and silent. Several went back to the spot where the engineer lay. He was dead, his face distorted in speechless terror, upraised in the pale moonlight.

Several months later the new engineer on the run saw something at Horseshoe Bend that greatly astonished him. As the engine passed the opening he caught sight of the round, full moon shining through the trees from the opposite curve, and it resembled strikingly the headlight of an approaching train.

To An Arbutus Blossom

Dainty flow'ret can it be
That a felon fair I see
Sneaking slily out of sight
Conscience smitten from the light?

Rogue thou art with all thy grace;
Well to hide thy blushing face:
Bees and butterflies all know
Thou'rt not rightly dowered so.

Whence thy stolen finery
And the comeliness I see?
Whence but from her rosy face?
Whose but hers thy loveliness?

Compensation

M. B. Andrews

I am no king; I don't lament
  I've never met one's daughters;
But I am glad that I have spent
  Four years in college quarters:
I smote the Rock, the Rock was rent,
  Forth gushed sweet wisdom-waters.

Parody

A flock of names that by me swiftly flit,
One after one; sounds of wars, embassies
Quarreling; fall of kings and dynasties;
Brave martyrs, dying rather than submit;
I have thought of all by turn and yet do sit
Idle! and soon the small mark's low degrees
Must see, scratched rudely on my destinies;
And the professor's brow with anger knit.
Even thus last quiz and two more quizzes I lay
And could not win thee, P, by any stealth.
So do not let me wear this quiz away:
Without thee what is all the season's wealth?
Come, blessed star, and help me here today,
Sweet bringer of delight and joyous health.

Editorial

A man is no better than his reputation. This is an axiom accepted generally by society, and, however unjust it may be in specific cases, as a general statement, it is undoubtedly true. A man is judged by his acts; his acts are interpreted by an indiscriminating audience—the world; the interpretation the world puts upon a man's acts is the reputation he must perforce bear. It has become hackneyed to compare life to a play; nevertheless, it is an apt and colorful figure. The reputation of a man and of a play are strikingly similar in their methods of determination. The repute of a play is usually determined by a handful of critics early in its career; the fame of a man is decided as a rule early in life. The habits one builds up in youth are those that will cling to him through life. Since this is true, it behooves us to exercise caution in forming habits. Habits, good and bad, are easily formed; once formed, they are hard to forego.

We know that many men unjustly gain bad reputations. In towns and cities it is the easiest thing in the world for a young man to become tarnished in the eyes of society. He may be seen by some sanctimonious prude emerging from a poolroom. He instantly loses caste with that particular prude, who in righteous indignation passes the word to a kindred spirit that such and such a young man is headed straight for perdition. Of course, it does not concern *us* what bloodless prudes and their ilk think of us. We say that it does not matter what such people think concerning us. In a sense that is true; but when we reflect, we see that it does matter. Our reputations are determined by the world; the world is indiscriminating in its decisions.

Let us strive to keep our lives above reproach.

Editor's Table

SOME CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA MAGAZINE

The most interesting article in the last issue of *The Archive,* from the point of view both of subject matter and handling, is the essay on Peter Stewart Ney—Marshal Ney. The author endeavors to show—and if all of his authorities are strictly correct does show—that a French refugee who gave his name as Peter Stewart Ney was the great Marshal Ney of France. The material is carefully collected and well handled and seems to be conclusive. Although, in view of the fact that reports differ so widely on this subject and that rumor is quite frequently accepted as truth, one might not be willing to accept the conclusion reached in the essay as final, there is ample ground for admitting its possibility, a possibility which further investigation may resolve into certainty.

The Archive contains eight pieces of verse this month, five of which are translations from other languages. While translations are perhaps valuable as a metrical exercise, they are very rarely as successful as original work. It is difficult and at times impossible to take the delicate imagery of one language and put it into another without destroying most of its beauty and charm and the translation suffers by comparison. "Le Vase Brise" has only faintly suggested its splendid original. Two of the translations, "The Sacking of the City" and the selection from Catullus, are more successful. The last four lines from the latter are particularly good. The original verse is better, although "The Passing of the Gate" is vague as to what it means.

It is in fiction that *The Archive* is weakest. The first story, "A Modified Dream," is the best of the three. It has a plot that O. Henry would have delighted in and around which he would have built one of his best stories told in

the inimitable O. Henry way. The author, however, has failed to get out of the plot any more than was absolutely necessary to give the bare facts—the story is only three pages long, and comes nearer being a synopsis than a story. For the lack of a little work, and a little detail an excellent story has been lost. "A Scurvy Trick of Fate," in addition to being a serial, is only—though perhaps intentionally—literary melodrama. We can understand how "A Co-ed Cinderella" was written, but not why it was printed.

We heartily approve of the editorial on the "Lack of Thinking."

Southwestern University Magazine

The Trinity Archive for October contains some good stories and poems. The story, "An Unusual Co-ed" contains much humor and uses a unique method of characterization. "A Scurvy Trick of Fate," a series story, has a well worked out plot and has one especially well drawn character, Miss Sophronia Sue Sorghran. Of the poems, "Langeweil" deserves mention. It is apt in its figures, musical, and gives a unity of expression that is seldom found in amateur poetry. On the whole the magazine is good, but we believe it would be improved by the addition of one or two good essays.

Davidson College Magazine

In the main, *The Trinity Archive* makes a good impression with its opening number. Turning the pages, we find ourselves agreeably—probably not agreeably surprised so much as satisfied—with the amount of creditable poetry that this issue contains. And here, right at the outset, we wish in particular to pay tribute to the authoress of "The Derelict Ship." There is a smoothness and rhythm in the lines that is seldom found in the poetry of college periodicals. "A Distant Song" also is quite musical. In fact, all the poetry of this issue may be classed as good.

Whether the article under the heading Editor's Table was written after the material was submitted for that par-

ticular issue, or whether the writer was simply judging from past experience, we don't know; at any rate, the lines about better poetry than prose are rather happy. The October *Archive* at least bears out the idea. "An Unusual Co-ed" is fairly well written, but the plot and characters seem rather far-fetched, while there are one or two conceits in the story that would seem better if a little more simply put. "A Scurvy Trick of Fate" has much of the usual run of short love stories—a reckless young profligate; a simple country beauty; love at first glance (not sight). The conclusion of this installment also reminds us somewhat of the letters that appear in the "Children's Corner" of the church papers.

The editorials deal with two very prominent aspects of college life. But the first seems to us rather long drawn out for an editorial. It could very well be classed as an essay in some other department of the magazine. And that is one thing in particular that the majority of college magazines lack. Not all of us are carried away by the trite phrases, sentences, etc., that deal with that magic word —Love.

THE ARKANSAN

The Trinity Archive published in Trinity College of Durham, North Carolina, is undoubtedly the most valuable acquisition to the exchange files of *The Arkansan* received to date. The neat and attractive covers enclose a variety of literary forms of splendid quality. The November issue, however, does not exhibit the volume of good material that distinguishes the initial issue. An improvement in the mechanical features adds materially to the attractive appearance of *The Archive*. The title and seal on the cover page printed in raised letters gives to the publication a pleasing finish. Elimination of typographical errors is an evident result of close attention and strict observance of editorial duties. The best features of *The Archive* are to be found in the high-toned poetic contributions and the forceful editorials. This magazine surpasses all others that have come within our notice in the high degree of excellence displayed in poetic

creation. The editorial department obviously is in the hands of able artists. Remove all features of *The Archive* and the articles discussed editorially would sustain high worth for the publication.

"The Passing of the Gate" is the expression of a noble sentiment in charming verse form. "The Sea Foam Fairies" is a good study in poetic diction, a tripping effect and delicacy of touch for featuring the production.

"A Modified Dream" is a good short story. The plot is simple and novel, the sentences well constructed and the conversation handled in a creditable manner.

"Peter Stewart Ney—Marshal Ney" is a lengthy essay composed largely of quotations and historical references designed to identify a soldier of the French Revolution by the name of Peter Stewart Ney who is buried in a small town in North Carolina, with the great general of Napoleon of that name.

The latest issue of *The Archive* is deficient in one respect—lack of originality in subject matter of the contributions. Too much of the material is drawn from second-hand sources. When verse adaptations occupy so much space the readers form the idea that a dearth of high grade material from original sources exists and that translations are used to fill space.

The Archive would be a creditable index of the literary attainments of any college. It is fair indication of the extent to which literary achievements has been fostered and developed in Trinity College.

The College Message

We would like to congratulate all our exchanges on the first issue of their magazines, but as we have received only one, *The Trinity Archive,* we extend to it all our congratulations. This number does not contain as much material as previously, but there is no doubt that by the next issue its old time standard will be regained.

We are glad to note that the editor proposes to introduce a department on the true accounts of actual events, and we extend our best wishes for the success of this new

department. It is very probable that it will create a greater interest among the students.

THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN

"The Co-ed Annabel Lee" in *The Trinity Archive,* certainly seems forced, to say the beast. "Love Lyrics of a Lovelorn Freshman" is no better.

WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

One of the best all-round magazines we have had the privilege to examine this year in the December *Trinty Archive.* In its literary department it appears excellent, and we would not wish to see an editorial department more diligently worked. College spirit is shown enthusiastically in every section of the magazine. In such compositions as "Almost a Hero," "Altar Lilies," "At the Old Home Place," and "John Sebastian Bach," *The Archive* appears at its best. "Almost a Hero" is striking, and it seems so far that it is going to be a splendid story. We like to see a continued story occasionally in some of our exchanges, and we wish to commend this one. We find some excellent verse in *The Archive* very frequently and in this issue we are well pleased with "Altar Lilies" and "At the Old Home Place." They are both appealing poems. "Altar Lilies" is very earnest, and "At the Old Home Place" is touching. The essay on "John Sebastian Bach" deserves mention, since remarkably condensed. To be as brief as it is and yet so historically full is indicative of a well written article. There is something about *The Archive* which we do not see frequently about others of our exchanges. It is the Alumni Department. There contributions in this department are well worth our comment. We are struck with this section of *The Archive,* and we would suggest that it would benefit some of our exchanges to add a similar department. We have previously mentioned the editorials, but for the sake of emphasis we would state that *The Archive* has strong editors, since the editorials are always strong and interesting. In summary we wish to congratulate *The Archive* on the splendid ability with which it was composed.

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